SOME RECOLLECTIONS

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ADMIRAL
SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, G.C.B.

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I DO NOT PRESUME

TO DEDICATE THIS UNIMPORTANT BOOK TO THEM;

BUT I RESPECTFULLY WISH TO EXPRESS

MY INTENSE AND GRATEFUL ADMIRATION

OF THE

SPLENDID COURAGE, UNFLINCHING ENDURANCE, AND

EMINENT SKILL

SHOWN BY THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY

AND ITS AUXILIARIES

AND OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE

AND INDEED BY ALL BRITISH SEAMEN AND FISHERMEN

DURING THIS TREMENDOUS WAR

IN DEFENCE OF CIVILISATION AND THE

FREEDOM OF THE WORLD

AGAINST COVETOUS AND TREACHEROUS BARBARISM

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

1842
CYPRIAN ARTHUR GEORGE BRIDGE
AGED 3.
From a Miniature.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

BY

ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE
G.C.B.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

21028
a.L

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1918

PREFACE

In this book it has been my endeavour to recall the circumstances of life in the Navy in the middle of the nineteenth century, and also to tell the reader something about the islands of the Western Pacific as they were before they attracted the attention of distinguished men of letters. In both cases the conditions dealt with in the following pages have more or less completely passed away. They have, as far as I am aware, been rarely recorded in detail by those who could speak from personal knowledge of them; and it is hoped that this book will supplement such accounts as are already in existence.

An early portion of the work is devoted to what is purely family history, which, it is believed, will be considered suitable and becoming in a book that is meant to be an autobiographical narrative.

C. B.

February 1918.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

On many occasions it has been suggested to me that I should put my recollections on paper, in order that they might be published. The suggestions were made usually by relations and intimate friends, but more than once they came from publishers, a fact which gave some slight foundation to the supposition that an account of my experiences during more than fifty years in the Navy might perhaps interest the general public. When I have expressed reluctance to comply with requests to prepare my reminiscences for issue as a book, it has been rejoined that many of my relations would be interested by a record of my long and rather varied experience. It is therefore to no small extent for the entertainment of members of my own family that I now begin to write—not a connected story so much as a record of a series of different occurrences in my life, usually afloat, but sometimes ashore.

CHAPTER II

INTERESTING TO RELATIONS ONLY

1. *Spelling of Names.*

OUR name, according to the earliest records of it that we can find, was originally spelled Bruges; and as French was still much spoken in England at the time, it was pronounced—and, indeed, sometimes written—Bruge without the final *s*. In the English pronunciation it became Brudges or Brudge, it being common in English speech to put a *d* sound before the *g* of words borrowed from the French; for example, *age*, *page*, *rage*, *loge*, which we pronounce *aidge*, *paidge*, *raidge*, *lodge*. In some parts of England a partridge is called a rudge, showing how easily *i* and *u* sounds were confused. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, and often in the sixteenth, the name was spelled Bridge, but Bridges sometimes occurred in documents. As a learned Herald has observed, the spelling of surnames in former times was "accidental." No one minded very much how he spelt somebody else's name, varying the spelling even in the same document. The owner of a particular surname usually, but not invariably, adhered to one way of spelling it; but his brothers and near relations varied it at their pleasure, and indeed seemed purposely to write it differently one from another.

In the case of our name, Bridge and Bridges were often written Brydge and Brydges. I have had

letters addressed to me in both of these last two spellings, and many people who are good enough to write to me believe that my surname is Bridges. The great variety in which a name, apparently so simple, can be written is extraordinary. I once made a collection of these varieties and was astonished at the number of them. It has lately been found that all were not included in my collection, as one member of the family, several generations back, beat all records by spelling his name Bredge.

There is reason to believe that the name, as formerly spelled, viz., Bruges, came from the well-known city in Flanders, and was applied by Englishmen to the Flemings who migrated to this country a great many years ago. Corroborative of this belief is the fact that the name was sometimes spelled Brugge, the Flemish name of the city above-mentioned. The early Flemish settlements here were by no means confined to one part of the country, which accounts for the occurrence of the surname Bridge or Bridges in more than one county, and does not betoken any blood relationship. In some instances, as seems to be the case in Kent, the name came from a place in the county and was borne, when surnames had been generally assumed, by families which lived in, or owned property in, a parish or district so named.

Flemings came to England in fairly considerable numbers before the end of the twelfth century; some of them—men of Bruges—followed the English into what is now Pembrokeshire and first settled in that locality. The Flemings and other immigrants from the Low Countries, who settled in considerable numbers in Norfolk and other eastern counties, came much later, largely owing to the religious troubles in the sixteenth century. The surname, Bruges, in its many varieties of Bridge, Bridges, etc., is almost or entirely unknown amongst them and their descendants, perhaps because by the date

of their coming the practice of bearing family names was common in all classes, so that each brought his surname with him, and was not designated by the name of the place from which he was supposed to come.

The Pembrokeshire settlers engaged in manufacture, chiefly weaving, and in general business. Trade naturally developed to the eastward of their settlement, Bristol being already a commercial town of importance; and so men of Bruges who, as the use of surnames was becoming common in all ranks of society, were called by that name, migrated to the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, and settled for a considerable period in the former. They evidently prospered, as by the middle of the fourteenth century they owned landed property in Gloucestershire.

2. *Genealogical.*

A member of the family, who afterwards, amidst many different spellings of his name, became Sir John Bridge, was Sheriff of London in the latter part of Henry VII.'s reign and was Lord Mayor in Henry VIII.'s reign (in 1520). He settled at West Ham in Essex and, according to the great county historian, Morant, is the ancestor of all the Essex Bridges. A member of Sir John's family was created Lord Chandos by Queen Mary in 1554, the earlier peerage held by a family whose surname was Chandos having become extinct. William Bridge, Captain of the royal yacht *Mary*, who was buried at Harwich in Essex in 1743, where so many of our family lie, bore the Chandos arms, that coat being carved on his tombstone. It is "differenced" with a crescent, showing that he claimed descent through the second son of the first Lord Chandos of the 1554 creation.

The Bridge family was prolific. My great-grand-

father had eight sons, besides daughters. My grandfather had seven children and my father had nine, thus keeping up what had long been recognised as a characteristic of the family. With its large numbers it soon spread widely over the county of Essex. In 1610, according to a local historian, Cyprian Warner and Thomas Bridge were owners of adjoining manors near Great Baddow, and Thomas' son married Cyprian Warner's daughter. It may be mentioned that there was a Cyprian Bridge in Essex in 1585. The Warners were a great eastern counties family, and had been prominent since the middle of the fourteenth century. One branch had its seat in the neighbourhood of Baddow at Warner Hall, usually called "Warner's" by the people living near.

In 1648 Cyprian Warner—whose Christian name was written Ciprian—sailed for Virginia in the ship *Paul* of London. The Rev. Laurence Washington, of the Northamptonshire family, was incumbent of Purleigh, less than five miles from Warner Hall. In 1658 two of his sons sailed for Virginia; one of them became the ancestor of the great President George Washington, whose grandmother was a Miss Warner, daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner, of Warner Hall, Virginia.

When the war between King Charles I. and the Parliament had been in progress for some time, the country was divided by the Parliament into *Classes*, and certain residents were appointed to direct each *Classis*, which was an ecclesiastical unit similar to a Presbytery in the Church of Scotland. In the printed list of these laid before the Parliament in 1648, the name of Cyprian Bridge—spelled Ciprian, like that of his Warner relative—appears as in one of the Essex *Classes*. He lived at Tendring or Great Oakley, our branch of the family having gravitated towards Dovercourt and Harwich.

The grandson of the person just mentioned, also

named Cyprian, who was born in 1690, lived and died at Dovercourt. His portrait, painted in 1707, is in my possession. His son was also called Cyprian; and his son, with the same Christian name, was my great-grandfather. He was born in 1737 and died in 1814. I have his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted in 1759. He married the elder of the two daughters of Lieut. Baker Phillips, of the Royal Navy (d. 1745). The lady inherited from her uncle, Captain Phillips of the Army, a moderate-sized landed estate at Washbrook, near Ipswich. My great-grandfather had another property in the neighbourhood called Betterens. The two properties amounted to several hundred acres. I have a printed advertisement of the sale of one part of the estate. I have also a letter from a lawyer to my great-grandfather, asking to be allowed to carry out the letting of a farm of his. My great-grandfather sold his property in parcels between 1780 and 1790. He had, as already mentioned, a large family. His eldest son, Cyprian, was a midshipman in the Navy, served in Lord Rodney's great battle of the 12th April 1782, and was lost at sea in the great storm of the following year in one of the prizes—I think the *Ville de Paris* —captured in that battle, he being one of the prize crew. He was about seventeen and a half years old. We still have a miniature of him in his uniform. A brother of his, Baker Phillips Bridge, also a midshipman in the Navy, was drowned when on leave, having been knocked overboard by the boom of a little yacht in which he was sailing. I have a curious steel box which was found in his pocket on the recovery of the body. He was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. A third brother, Walter Sickelprice Bridge, also served in the Navy. He left the Service during the rather long peace — 1783-93 — became a merchant, and settled on the Continent.

My grandfather, Thomas, entered the service of the Honourable East India Company as a midshipman, afterwards joining the Admiralty Packet Service, of which he eventually became the Commodore on the Harwich Station. I have in my possession two gold medals with their ribands, presented to him in 1798 for special war services.

The organisation of the packet service of those days was peculiar. The vessels which had to cross the ocean, chiefly to America and the West Indies, belonged to the Admiralty, but were officered and manned by a specially engaged body of men. The packets that plied across the North Sea were the property of private owners who leased them to the Government, and, for a certain sum of money annually awarded, provided officers, crews, and stores. In days in which opportunities for investing money savings were very few, gentlemen in the coast counties and the Channel Islands, who had saved a little money, found fairly profitable investment in the purchase of vessels to be used as privateers, or leased to the Government as packets.

In the case of the latter, the terms of the contract often gave the owner of the vessel the right of appointing the commander, thus opening a career for one of his younger sons. My great-grandfather followed this course and became a shipowner. Amongst my papers I have a letter of marque granted to him during the War of American Independence, and authorising him to fit out a vessel of his as a privateer. There is no record of his having done so; but, no doubt, like other people of respectable means, he regarded a letter authorising him to equip a vessel for privateering as a useful thing to have about him. He did, however, lease vessels to the Government for employment as packets.

Of my great-grandfather's sons, no less than three served in the Royal Army, and one in the

Indian Army. Samuel became a Captain in the 82nd Regiment (now the Prince of Wales' Lancashire Regiment). When the old 95th Regiment was converted into the Rifle Brigade, he was lent to it from his own regiment and served with it for some time. I have an admirably drawn black profile miniature of him in the Rifle Brigade uniform of the day. He retired from the Army whilst still a captain and then lived in France, occupying a small chateau or country-house—called, if I remember rightly, Chateau-Belle-Marée — in the neighbourhood of Calais. He died there in 1848. I have a portrait of him in oils, given to me by his son, my father's first cousin, Baker Phillips Bridge (2nd). In the Franco-German War of 1870-71 the château was occupied by Prussian soldiers, one of whom put his foot through the portrait. When it came into my possession there was an L-shaped gash in it, and plain marks of the nails of the Prussian's boot. It has, however, been so cleverly mended that it is not easy to find where the injury was.

Another son of my great-grandfather, John, had a rather unusual experience. He was in the 45th Regiment (now the Sherwood Foresters), and became Major in the 63rd (now the Manchester Regiment). He was quartered in Dublin, and, when riding in the Phoenix Park, his horse put its foot into a hole and threw him badly, so that his leg was seriously injured. He was obliged to go on sick-leave for a long time, during which he lived at Colchester, in Essex. He must have become popular with his neighbours, because—in, I think, 1812—they elected him mayor. This was probably a unique case of a military officer on the active list being elected a mayor of a town. A few years ago the then mayor was kind enough to invite me to the celebrated Colchester oyster feast. In thanking him for his hospitality, I told him of

my great-uncle, who was a predecessor of his in office. He was so greatly interested that he had the Corporation records examined. He found that, presumably owing to doubts as to the legality of an officer still on the active list of the Army serving as mayor, some of the citizens of Colchester protested against the election. A commission came down from London to investigate the case and gave its decision in favour of my great-uncle. Nevertheless, as he did not wish to be a cause of dissension amongst the burgesses, he resigned the mayoralty, after holding it for two or three months. He afterwards returned to his military duties and became a major.

The two other sons of my great-grandfather who entered the military profession were George, and Cyprian, the second son who bore that name. George became a Captain in the Bengal Infantry, took part in the expedition to Java, where he was wounded in action, and died of the effect of his wounds at Calcutta in the early part of 1812.

Cyprian, whose eldest brother and namesake, it will be remembered, was in the Navy and was lost at sea in 1783 (that is to say, before this Cyprian's birth) when on a voyage to England in one of the prize-ships taken in Lord Rodney's victory, went into the Royal Artillery. He was for the then usual period at the Woolwich Academy, which, when he entered it (1798), was inside the gates of the Royal Arsenal. Amongst our family papers there is a receipted bill for his sword, dated in 1799, and sent in by a sword-maker at Charing Cross. He commanded the artillery in some of the battles of the American War of 1812-15, and was mentioned with approbation in the despatches printed in London. In the expedition to Portugal in 1827, he was in the Royal Horse Artillery attached to the Expeditionary Force. His last service was in command of the Horse Artillery quartered at

Ballincollig, in the South of Ireland. When I was serving on the coast of Ireland in 1863 in H.M.S. *Hawke*, and in command of the gunboat *Griper*, I met several of my great-uncle's old friends who remembered him at Ballincollig. He died at Cheltenham in 1843, leaving one son, Colonel Cyprian Bridge, who commanded the 58th Regiment (now the Northamptonshire Regiment), and for a short time was in command of a brigade at Aldershot.

I remember one of my great-grandfather's married daughters, Joanna. She was a widow before I saw her, having married William Cowper, son of the Rev. Dr Cowper, Rector of Dovercourt. Her husband had served in the Peninsular War as a captain in one of the specially raised cavalry regiments, composed of foreign troopers with British officers, of which there were several in the British Service. My great-aunt lived to a great age and, in fact, was very old when I first saw her. She was very active, had a neat and graceful figure, and was remarkably good-looking, thus confirming the stories of her beauty as a young woman. Her activity was quite youthful. One evening in the drawing-room after dining with her, when she was about ninety, I happened to say that I had not heard a particular waltz tune which was then much talked of. She promptly said, "Then I will play it for you"; and going to the piano she played it as a duet with one of her daughters. She had a particularly sweet voice and a charming way of speaking, whilst her manner was remarkably dignified and gracious, so it was no wonder that she was a great favourite with all who knew her.

She told me of an interesting experience of hers. She, when a girl, and some of the family had gone to Yarmouth for the sea-bathing. During their stay there Admiral (afterwards Lord) Duncan's fleet anchored in the Roads. My great-aunt, Joanna,

was one of a party of young ladies who, with some of their elders, were invited to attend Divine Service on board one of the ships of the line. After the church service was over, some of the ward-room officers urged the visitors to remain for the early Sunday dinner. Fortunately for those visitors their chaperons insisted on their return to the shore. In the afternoon the wind shifted, bad weather came on, communication with the shore was stopped, and the fleet had to put to sea in a hurry. Shortly afterwards the great mutiny in the North Sea fleet occurred.

3. *Experiences of a Large Family.*

My grandfather, Thomas Bridge, had some exciting experiences in the great wars from 1793 to the fall of Napoleon. I have already mentioned the two fine gold medals given to him for distinguished service in 1798. One was presented by the Senate of Hamburg and the other by the Admiralty of Hamburg, which, as a free city or almost independent republic, was strongly on the side of Great Britain in the war then raging. At a later period my grandfather was employed on particular service, which nearly ended in his captivity, or even execution. He was asked if he could take despatches into Germany, which meant making his way through the hostile lines. He consented to make an attempt and landed in Holland. As he could speak Dutch fluently, he tried to pass himself off as a Dutchman. He had to wait for some little time at the place where he landed, and one day, when walking in the street, was dismayed at being unexpectedly accosted by a stranger, who addressed him in English, saying, "I know that you are an Englishman." The stranger was an English doctor who was one of the *détenus* in France, unable to get back to England after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. He had managed

to escape so far as to reach Holland, where of course he was not very safe. He declared that he would never go back into captivity alive, and was prepared to take almost any daring course in order to get to England again. He and my grandfather managed to get hold of two passports, and, with the aid of some chemical material procured by the doctor, erased the entries already made in them and inserted others. They professed to be going to buy horses for the French army. Either the amended passports were regarded as satisfactory, or the various authorities and guards whom they had to pass were negligent, for they succeeded in getting to Hamburg.

Here their troubles increased. They were arrested and taken before a French general, who, they expected, would have them promptly shot. From this fate they were saved by the extraordinary address and audacity of my grandfather's companion, who was a perfect master of the French language. He vigorously scolded the general for interfering with the duty of people employed to make purchases on behalf of the French army. The general was sufficiently impressed by his tirade to say that he would see them again. They must appear before him on the next morning. In the meantime they were under supervision. On leaving the building in which they had been interrogated, they agreed to separate. Evening was approaching, and a thick fog coming on helped them to get away from unfriendly observers.

My grandfather was able to reach unimpeded the bank of the river, along which he walked downstream. The fog was so thick that his progress was necessarily slow. After several hours he heard a boat rowing down the river. It came so close to the bank that he was able to make its occupants aware of his presence. They stopped and took him on board. The rowers were fishermen taking a

pilot to Cuxhaven. My grandfather soon found that his new acquaintances were friendly to the English, and he arranged with them to take him on to Heligoland. He remembered that they found their way in the fog by frequent sounding. At Heligoland he was put on board a British man-of-war and was soon back in England, and later on he heard that his companion, the doctor, had also reached home.

After he married, my grandfather lived at Harwich, where my father was born; but he ceased to reside there continuously before 1814. In that year an elder sister of my father, Mariana (afterwards Mrs William Browning), who was born in 1800, went to school at Brussels. She once told me that she had driven in a carriage, one year before the battle of Waterloo, across what was afterwards the battlefield. My aunt Mariana, just mentioned, lived to an advanced age. She always treated me with the greatest kindness and affection. Everybody who knew her came to like her. She was learned without show, highly talented, with the sweetest and most dignified manners, besides being remarkably handsome. She had travelled a good deal and had had much interesting experience. She said that she remembered that when she was at school in Norfolk in January 1813, some friends called for her one Sunday to take her out for a walk. She complained of the cold and was told to remember what frightful sufferings from cold weather the "poor French soldiers in Russia" had been undergoing.

My grandfather and his family lived in Brussels for a considerable time. They were there when Waterloo was fought. My father, then in his eighth year—he was born in 1807—was taken out to the battlefield on the 21st June, or three days after the battle had been fought. His principal recollection of his visit to the scene was that there were very many Belgians selling mementos of the great fight—

buckles, badges, scabbards, etc.—to the crowds of visitors that came chiefly from Brussels and the neighbouring country.

In 1817 or 1818 my grandfather was back again in England, as my father then went to Charterhouse School, at the time under its great headmaster, Dr Russell. Steam navigation was coming more and more into notice and my grandfather was greatly interested in it. He took part in starting a line of steam-vessels, which unfortunately did not prove successful, and in which he lost the greater part of his fortune. He nearly had the honour of helping to introduce the system of screw-propulsion. He was visited by a Mr Smith of Walthamstow, who urged him to adopt the system in the steam-vessels of his company. This gentleman was the celebrated Sir Francis Pettit Smith, inventor of the screw-propeller. He did not succeed in inducing my grandfather to adopt his system, which we, his grandchildren, have several reasons for regretting. The first ocean-going vessel propelled by Sir F. Pettit Smith's propeller was the *Archimedes*, which, when I was a midshipman, I more than once saw at Valparaiso, when, her engines having been removed, she was trading as a sailing-vessel between Chile and Australia.

As I have already said, my great-grandfather, Cyprian Bridge (b. 1737, d. 1814), married Miss Baker Phillips. Her mother, some years after she lost her first husband, married again, this time Mr Gibson. By the second marriage she had two sons. One was an officer in the 63rd Regiment. He served under Lord Cornwallis in America, and was killed in action at Tyger River in South Carolina on the 30th November 1780. I have a copy of a still extant miniature of him in his scarlet uniform. In addition to the connection by marriage, there was some earlier blood-relationship between our family and the Gibsons. My father inherited

a gold-headed cane and snuff-box which had belonged to Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London (1720-40). The gold-headed cane—which I remember well—has been lost; the snuff-box is still in my possession. Bishop Gibson's uncle, Dr Thomas Gibson, Physician-General of the Army in 1718, married a daughter of Richard Cromwell, for a short time Protector, and eldest son of Oliver Cromwell. In this way we can claim an indirect connection with the Cromwell family.

At the death of Major Gibson between 1830 and 1840 my grandfather, his two then surviving brothers, and his then surviving sister, inherited as next-of-kin a large sum of money. The landed property—which, being in the neighbourhood of London, has of late years had a great many houses built on it and must now be very valuable—went to the heir-at-law, my father's relation and old schoolfellow, the Rt. Hon. Milner Gibson, President of the Board of Trade in Lord Palmerston's last government.

When I first remember my grandfather, he was living in Connaught Terrace, near the Marble Arch. He was then nearly eighty years of age, but was still vigorous both in mind and in body. He must have had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, for he had many visitors, especially on Sunday afternoons. Even as a boy less than twelve years old, I found some of them very interesting. Several had travelled much, and it was pleasant to listen to accounts of their wanderings. One of the gentlemen, of whom I have a still vivid recollection, was named, I think, Thorburn. He had the degree of Doctor, but apparently did not practise. According to him, the unhappy Dauphin, who ought to have become Louis XVII., was still alive—if he were, he would, at the time I speak of, have been about sixty-seven years of age—and occasionally came to England. The gentleman promised to take me to

see him, which I greatly desired because I knew the poor prince's story.

My grandfather, who was careful not to offend the visitor by appearing in his presence to disbelieve in the prince's existence, was quite convinced that the latter had really died as usually related. He therefore discouraged my wish to be taken to see the person who professed to be the son of Louis XVI. I am sure that my grandfather was right. It would be wrong to let a young boy start with a false view of an often quoted historical episode.

4. *Parents.*

My father, in 1818, when he was a little more than eleven years old, was sent to school at Charterhouse, then at the summit of its fame under the headmastership of the celebrated Dr Russell. At Charterhouse my father spent eight years, leaving it, to go to Oxford, as top boy but one of the school, and winning the silver medal which is now in my possession.

The treatment, in those days, of the younger boys by the elder was very rough, but seems to have been borne with good temper. Anyhow, my father never regretted any of the time he spent at Charterhouse, and always retained a deep affection for it. He was not on the foundation, which I think he would have liked to be, as he more than once referred to the respect in which the other boys held the scholars. He was in Mr Lloyd's house in the Square. Amongst many of his contemporaries who afterwards became famous, I may mention the great writer, Thackeray, who was at school with him for several years but was by quite two his junior. I remember my father's attending an annual Charterhouse dinner and telling us on the next day of the amusing speech which Thackeray, who was amongst the diners, had made.

In 1825 he went to Christ Church, where he remained until he took his degree in honours in 1829. His mother had wished him to take Holy Orders. He himself had wanted to go to sea; but his nearsightedness made it impossible for him to enter the Navy. It was my grandfather's hope that he would go to the Bar. Accordingly, he entered Lincoln's Inn and kept terms there for some time; but he was never "called." He had always been of a religious turn, which was not of the kind that prevented him from taking his share of the innocent pleasures and enjoyments of life. He was very fond of horses, and in his day was a bold rider to hounds. He was a good oarsman, and was much in advance of his age as a practiser of athletics, his high-jump performance being exceptionally good.

His mother's death about the time at which he left Oxford made him think seriously of her wish that he should become a clergyman, and the result of his thinking was that he desired to abandon the prospect of a career at the Bar and enter the Church. He was ordained in 1831 and was appointed to a curacy in Norfolk. This greatly displeased his father, who had looked forward to seeing him do well as a barrister, and it was a long time before my father was fully forgiven.

Though his inability to pass the eyesight test had prevented him from entering the Navy, he never lost his fondness for the sea. He travelled rather oftener and rather more widely than was common when he was a young man. He frequently crossed to the Continent, and knew the Dutch Netherlands and what is now the kingdom of Belgium well. He also visited Sweden and Russia. In 1834 he was offered an appointment on the staff of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Governor of Newfoundland. Sir Thomas, who in official positions lived in great state, found his household incomplete without a chaplain; and this post, combined with

that of tutor to the Governor's son, afterwards Lord Lamington, my father gladly accepted. It promised him at once what he was especially fond of, viz., a rather long sea-voyage. His services on Sir Thomas Cochrane's staff were highly appreciated, and the Admiral remained his kind friend till the last. It was Sir Thomas who gave me my nomination as a Naval Cadet.

My father had a great affection for the people of Newfoundland, an affection which was abundantly returned by them. He married and decided to devote himself to Church work in Newfoundland. Bishop Aubrey George Spencer, a grandson of the Duke of Marlborough, who had been a clergyman in Newfoundland for many years, made him rector of the mother parish of St John's, the capital. Here my father, except for visits to England, remained till his death in 1856. More than once he had been offered Church preferment elsewhere, but the earnestly expressed desire of his parishioners that he should remain with them, and his own love for them, made him decline all invitations to leave.

Judge D. W. Prowse, Q.C., in his *History of Newfoundland*, published in 1895, speaks of him as :—

> "Archdeacon Bridge, the idol of his congregation, almost equally adored by rich and poor of all creeds."

The historian goes on as follows :—

> "No one who has ever seen his beautiful countenance, or heard his magnificent tones in the sublime service for the dead, will ever forget Thomas Finch Hobday Bridge, the most beloved Anglican minister that ever set foot on our soil; his place has never been filled. Generous, warm-hearted, and deeply religious, Nature had endowed him

> with every gift and grace, even the divine gift of humour; religion had purged away all the earthly dross of selfishness and ambition from a truly noble character, and made him one of the most lovable of men."

The affection of the people for my father was long-lasting. Nearly fifty years after his death I received a letter from a clergyman in Newfoundland, to whom I was not personally known, and in it he told me that my father's grave was still visited by large numbers of people out of respect to his memory. We who are his children have every right to feel proud of his record.

His appearance was prepossessing. He was above the middle height and his figure generally was imposing. Though it is a very long time to look back to, I thoroughly remember his progress up the aisle of the church at the Sunday services. To me, even child as I was, it was most impressive, and the scene often comes before my mind's eye. One of his old schoolfellows, who met my father after he had become a clergyman, said of him :—

> "He was the most perfect figure of an ecclesiastic I had seen in this country. Even in France, or in Italy, he would have commanded admiration."

His portrait, painted in 1829, just as he left Oxford, shows how handsome a man he was. He worked hard in his parish. Indeed, no slave could have worked harder. He caught an infectious fever when visiting some of his poor parishioners, and died in 1856 at the early age of forty-nine.

He married Sarah Christiana, youngest daughter of Mr John Dunscomb, Honorary Lieut.-Colonel and A.D.C. to the Governor. My maternal grandfather and his family were then residing at St John's, Newfoundland. He had been the owner

of considerable estates in Bermuda and the West Indies. The latter, I think, he never saw, as none of his family seem to have visited the West Indies; but in his younger days he had spent some time at Bermuda. The owners of West Indian plantations, which, in the eighteenth century and in the early part of the nineteenth, were usually managed by resident agents called "attorneys," imported food for their slaves, and staves for the casks of sugar and rum produced on their estates. These imported commodities came from North America, both from the United States and from the British Colonies. It was worth the while of owners of the larger plantations to keep in their own hands the business of procuring and sending supplies from North America. Consequently, they had business establishments at various ports in the United States and in the British American dominions. My mother's father had one such at St John's, and also, I believe, in New York and in Prince Edward's Island. He and my grandmother took up their residence definitely in England about 1847 or 1848, and both died there.

The family, though called Dunscomb, was of French origin. The members of it were Protestants who were driven out of France, and came to England in Queen Elizabeth's reign. I have sometimes heard relations say that the family came to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. This is a mistake, as it had then been in England more than a hundred years. The family was of very ancient nobility, seated near Sedan. The heads of it were Seigneurs of Hault-bois, an old feudal lordship. It was common to speak of them as Marquis de Hault-bois, but they never had the official title of Marquis. In France, I find, "the head of a noble family often assumed, at his own hand, the title of Marquis," and his acquaintances usually so designated him, much as people called

an ecclesiastic Abbé, though he may not have been an abbot or have ever been near an abbey.

The title of Seigneur was of itself evidence of the antiquity of the Hault-bois. They belonged to the old feudal *noblesse de l'epée.* They intermarried at least twice with the ducal house of Choiseul. The Hault-bois claimed descent from the family of the famous Godfrey de Bouillon. Godfrey was a recognised Christian name amongst them. A nephew of my mother's, my first cousin, bears it at this moment. They also kept, for many generations, some portions of a gold chain, said to have belonged to Godfrey de Bouillon himself; and two of my mother's sisters had each a finger-ring made out of these fragments.

Some years ago, a nephew of mine was staying at a country house in northern France, when a niece of the lady of the house showed him an old MS. report, presented to the King (Louis XIV., I think) by an ancestor of the lady, in which the Hault-bois family was declared to be *noble et maintenue noble.* A commission had been ordered to inquire into the right of certain persons and families to be included amongst the *noblesse.* Many could not prove the right; but the Hault-bois were shown to have proved theirs.

Those who came to England in the second half of the sixteenth century settled first at Dunscomb in Devonshire. They did not hold the freehold; but I cannot say under whom they held the land. The house disappeared long since; but I have a photograph of the ruins of the gateway, taken fifteen or sixteen years ago (1900), which shows that it must, when perfect, have had an imposing appearance.

Like the oldest noble families of France in general, the Hault-bois had no family name, but were called after the estates on which they resided. The members of the family who migrated to England followed this custom and called themselves Duns-

comb, which thus became their family name. They did not entirely lose connection with friends of their family in France till a comparatively recent date. My mother, who was for some time at school in Paris, which she left in June 1830, only a few days before the "Revolution of Three Days," was twice visited by the celebrated Lafayette, then an old man. She told me that after the revolution just mentioned, she frequently met refugee French nobles at her father's house in England. As I am recording some of her recollections, I may mention that she remembered having been taken to see Charles X. at dinner, it having been an old custom of the kings of France to dine occasionally in public.

The Dunscombs, as the family was now called, went into business as American and West Indian merchants and prospered exceedingly, acquiring the considerable West Indian properties already referred to. Their business connected them with Bristol, and also with Poole. Besides being at school in Paris, my mother was also at school at Clifton, in a house still standing. In her schooldays it was in a pleasant residential neighbourhood. The Lawrence family lived in the same row of houses, and there the celebrated Sir Henry Lawrence and his brother, Lord Lawrence, were born.

My maternal grandfather had a large family, my mother being the youngest of four daughters. The youngest son, George, whom I remember, was one of my godfathers. I have always thought him the handsomest man I ever saw. He was over six feet in height and of a well-proportioned and upright figure. He was an extraordinarily enthusiastic fisherman, for many years of his life spending most of his time with a fishing-rod in his hand. There was no distance which he thought too great, if covering it would give him a prospect of good fishing. He once told me that he had walked in North-western America five hundred miles in

company with some Indians, and five hundred miles back, all for the sake of fishing at a particular place, where, however, the sport proved disappointing. He was probably one of the first Englishmen to go regularly to Norway to fish, as he went there over seventy years ago.

As my godfather, he was always very nice to me; but the only thing he ever gave me was a fishing rod of very excellent quality, which I used for years. The gift was handed to me shortly after his return from a fishing expedition to Norway, just as we were on the point of leaving Paddington terminus for a journey by the Great Western Railway. The difficulties of keeping it without injury in a railway carriage of those days were great enough to make me remember the circumstances.

My mother had three married sisters, all of whom I remember. The eldest, my aunt Eliza, Mrs Camman, whom I knew only as a widow; my aunt Margaret, Mrs Vallance; and my aunt Caroline, Mrs Crowdy, wife of Mr James Crowdy, sometime Administrator or Acting Governor of Newfoundland. Like my mother, both Mrs Vallance and Mrs Crowdy were beautiful women. I last saw the latter at Southsea, some years after I entered the Navy, when she was in delicate health, not long before her death. Even then, her beauty was striking. A miniature of my mother which we have shows how great was her share of good looks. These were the least of her merits. There never could have been a more perfect parent. She was left a widow, with only a moderate income, and a young and very large family—nine children, of whom seven were dependent on her. The position and welfare of those still living, as well as of those whom we have lost, bear convincing testimony to the admirable manner in which she brought up her children.

It is my sincere belief that she was one of the

most accomplished women of her day. She had an exceedingly sweet and engaging manner, which was especially attractive to children. She had very unusual powers of conversation, and was as good a listener as talker. She had a marked talent for drawing, and some of her water-colours of human figures were admirable. She was quite up to the average as a performer on the piano; and I remember her voluntarily giving some lessons on the harp to a young friend of hers who had been presented with one. She spoke French fluently.

She had complete mastery of all branches of domestic economy; could tell cooks how to do their work; could prescribe for and treat children's ailments; and could also direct their games and amusements. In my early days, many things, now bought in shops, were produced at home—jams, jellies, sauces, butter, cream-cheeses, and bottled fruits. My mother was a skilful superintendent of the manufacture of all such articles. Her hands were rarely idle, as they usually plied sewing, crochet, or knitting needles.

It is difficult, even now, to understand how she found time to read; for she was a great reader. I remember being allowed to look at the illustrations of an English translation of Thiers' *History of the French Revolution* which she was reading. I can also remember the name of Macaulay's *History of England*, which was being read by my father and mother as a new book. Fiction was by no means excluded, and I think that I can see now the paper covers and the drawings in the successive monthly parts of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and Dickens' *Dombey & Son*. I believe that I inherited from both my parents my strong liking for reading.

During the latter years of my mother's life, she suffered much from rheumatism and visited many spas to undergo the "cure." She lived long enough to see me reach the rank of Captain in the Navy.

CHAPTER III

EARLY DAYS BEFORE ENTERING THE NAVY

My earliest recollection in life is of Tunbridge Wells. I remember seeing a woman standing by a table covered with tumblers and handing tumblerfuls of water to people to drink. I remember even more distinctly having my fingers squeezed in a garden gate. I was, however, born at St John's, Newfoundland, being taken to England whilst still an infant in arms. According to the positive statements of both my parents, I was born on the 13th March 1839. When I entered the service, a Naval Cadet, as proof of his age, had to produce a copy of his baptismal certificate. The old rector by whom I was baptised, in noting the date of birth either put "15th" in the register in mistake for "13th," or made his 3 so like a 5 that the Admiralty insisted on the 15th March being officially counted as my birthday.

My family remained in England some time before returning to Newfoundland. I can recall one incident of the outward voyage. A man who was at work on the main-gaff was, by a sudden flapping of the sail, thrown into the sea, and, though efforts were made to save him, was drowned. This happened before my eyes.

I left Newfoundland finally in January 1851, and my recollections of it are mostly faint and in any case not worth recording. There is, however, one thing still in my remembrance which may, perhaps,

interest a reader. It was a series of curious ceremonies or festivals which took place in the winter. About Christmas, usually the day after, large numbers of men in masques and dressed in a great variety of fantastic disguises traversed the streets in groups, making pretended assaults on bystanders. Each of the maskers, or "Fools" as they were called, had either a blown-up bladder at the end of the thong of a rough hunting-whip, or the skin of a cow's tail fastened to a cudgel, with which he pretended to belabour any man who came within reach. No rank or official position secured anyone against attack, and it was invariably put up with passively and with good humour. Prominent people were let off with a single stroke. The streets were always crowded and children filled all the windows, from which a sight of the proceedings could be obtained.

At the season—midwinter—there was not much work going on, and many people had leisure enough to be able to amuse themselves. The "Fools" continued their pranks for several days; when, about New Year's Day, the Mummers appeared. These men wore no masks, and—except for a dragon and a hobby-horse—were all dressed alike. They wore dark trousers, a white shirt, confined at the waist, over their other clothes, an ordinary "top" or tall black hat adorned with rosettes and brightly coloured ribbons. Each man carried a naked sword. The Mummers visited the larger houses in their neighbourhood, always in the daytime, and acted a sort of play in which one who was called "St George" killed the dragon.

There were many single combats with swords, and at least one Mummer was supposed to be killed. A surgeon was at once called to his help and restored him to life by the administration of some medicine which he had brought with him. The only words of the play which I remember were some uttered by

the surgeon when treating his patient. These were:—

> "I have a little bottle of ellicampaine.
> If the man is dead let him rise and fight again."

When I left St John's, which I did in a branch steamer of the Cunard Line, connecting with the Main Line steamer at Halifax, it was very cold. The harbour was frozen over, and the steamer forced her way out by repeatedly ramming the ice and pushing through the cracks thus made. At Halifax, where, as I remember with gratitude, the Governor, General Sir John Harvey, and Lady Harvey each presented me with a half-sovereign, I took passage in the Cunard steamer *Europa* and made the voyage to Liverpool in about nine days.

The internal arrangements of the *Europa*, designed nearly if not quite seventy years ago, were, in my opinion, much more favourable to the comfort of the passengers than the arrangements of more modern ocean liners. There was not as much luxury as there is now; but I am persuaded that there was a great deal more comfort. The saloon in which the first-class passengers had their meals and spent much of their time when reading or writing, was a long "deck house" on the upper deck, with large windows of plate glass which could slide up and down. There was a smoking-room, into which I was allowed to peep, amidships, and the sleeping cabins were below, with only the deck above them, a good deal of open space outside their doors, and at least sufficient ventilation to prevent complaints.

We sighted some icebergs on the voyage; and one afternoon a bird, which the sailors called a snow-owl—it was white with a few brown feathers —perched on the main-truck. One of the sailors went aloft, "shinned up" the back-stays, and caught it, selling it when he got down to one of the passengers.

We arrived at Liverpool on Sunday evening when the church bells were ringing. I had never heard the sound of chiming bells across the water, and it seemed to me very beautiful. My maternal grandmother, Mrs Dunscomb, then a widow, and one of her daughters, my aunt Eliza, were living near Liverpool, and I stayed with them until I went to Cheltenham, where I was to meet my father. I had travelled by railway before, but always in charge of someone. I was now to travel by myself. As I was to be met at Birmingham Station by a gentleman who had never seen me and who was to put me into a train for Cheltenham, I had a piece of red ribbon tied in the buttonhole of my overcoat. This led to my being promptly recognised on the Birmingham platform; and, after a good dinner at a hotel close to the station, I was duly sent on my way to Cheltenham.

After a few days there, my father and I went on to London. When I look back upon the aspect of London as it was when I first remember it, and compare it with what it is now, the transformation seems really marvellous. I used to go to school by coach from the Four Swans Inn in Bishopsgate Street. The Inn was a beautiful old house, built round an inn-yard, with four tiers of galleries one above another. It was pulled down several years ago. My route to the Four Swans ran along Oxford Street from a point near the Marble Arch, through Holborn, past the Royal Exchange into Bishopsgate Street. Nearly every house then existing on both sides of that route has been replaced by a newer building. Indeed, within my personal recollection, Central London has been all but entirely rebuilt. At the time to which I am referring, there was a very steep declivity at Holborn Hill—since abolished by the Holborn Viaduct. Before going down the hill, every four-wheeled vehicle had to stop and put on an iron drag-shoe. This caused great obstruction

in the traffic, and in the cases of full omnibuses must have often been dangerous. The drag-shoe had to be removed at the bottom of the hill.

The Thames embankment had not been begun; and, however picturesque the river banks were made to appear in works of art, to me they always looked very untidy. I was taken to see the sights usually shown to children, amongst them the Tower and the docks. We went to the docks by train from Fenchurch Street, and there, at least, tickets had not been introduced. Instead of them, each traveller was given, in return for the payment made, a large piece of coloured paper, a part of which was torn off by a railway official before the train was entered.

One day the street in which we were living—George Street, Bryanston Square — presented a remarkable spectacle. It was the chimney-sweeps celebrating in May the anniversary of the recovery of a child whose parents, I think, had lived in Montague House, near which an odd kind of dance was being performed. A leading figure amongst the performers was "Jack-in-the-Green," who was dressed so as to look like a tall extinguisher covered with green leaves.

I was taken to see the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851; but when we reached the entrance, my father, fearing that there would be a dangerous crush amongst the crowd when the ceremony was over, decided that I had better not go inside the building. Accordingly, I was left outside with the lady in whose carriage we had driven to the place, and was allowed to sit on the box between the coachman and the footman. From this position I could see a good deal that was interesting. I saw the arrival of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; and also that of the great Duke of Wellington. I can recall his appearance as he stood up in his carriage, bare-headed, in acknowledg-

ment of the cheers of the crowd, which were loud and hearty.

Very early in 1851 I paid my first visit to a theatre. My eldest sister and I were taken to the Princess' Theatre, where we saw "Love in a Maze" and "The Alhambra, or Legends of Spain." The latter was a burlesque founded on a book by Washington Irving, which I had just been reading. The cast was, I believe, a remarkably strong one—Mr and Mrs Charles Kean, Mr and Mrs Keeley, Alfred Wigan, and Harley whom my father remembered playing many years before.

The theatrical amusement beloved beyond all others by children was then, as I believe it is now, the Drury Lane Pantomime. In view of my wish to enter the Navy, a scene in one of these interested me greatly. The clown investigated the contents of a huge tin labelled "Preserved Meat for the Navy," and drew out of it a dead cat. At this most of the audience fairly yelled with indignation. When I joined the service, not long after seeing this, I found that the Admiralty had considered it wise to stop the issue to the Fleet of preserved meat in tins—an innovation of recent introduction—because of the shockingly disgusting quality of the articles supplied by one contractor.

Another contractor's firm—the name of which I will mention—was Hogarth & Co. Everything supplied by this firm was of absolutely first-rate quality, whether it was for issue by the Government or was purchased as private sea-stock by the different officers' messes. When the official issue of preserved meat to the Navy was resumed, Hogarth & Co.'s goods were gladly received. I do not know if the firm still exists.

Another place to which young people were taken to see a pantomime was the Surrey Theatre, where, though not quite equal to that of Drury Lane, the display was particularly good. Astley's was another

place of juvenile amusement. It was a sort of combination of theatre and circus. It stood somewhere near the site of the present St Thomas's Hospital, which latter at that time was close to London Bridge Station. I remember seeing the celebrated equestrian drama, "Mazeppa," at Astley's. People sometimes talk as if there were but few places of amusement in London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact there were many, and I could give a respectably long list of those to which I was taken.

The Coliseum, on the edge of Regent's Park, may be specially mentioned. It contained what was probably the first passenger lift in existence, though it was called the "ascending room" and only took people up the height of one storey. A payment of sixpence was made by each passenger for the trip. I bought at the Coliseum an early form of the stylographic pen. It was made of glass and was, in fact, a hollow tube, something like the tube of a thermometer, but sharpened to a point at one end. Ink was sucked up into this from an ink-bottle, practice rendering the user perfect in avoiding an overflow of ink into his mouth. I used one of these simple pens for several years and found it of great service in making out official lists, etc.

My earliest knowledge of the marine steam-engine was due to seeing excellent sectional models of steam machinery and listening to explanations at the Polytechnic. Many of my visits to places of amusement were made while I was at school, in the holidays, or on the rare occasions when a couple of days' outing were granted, permitting a visit to London. On one of these occasions I was taken to the opera and heard Grisi and Mario in "Favorita"; but that was rather later than the visits to the Coliseum or Polytechnic.

5. *Schooldays.*

Not long after my arrival in London I went to school. The choice of a school called for prolonged consideration. My father in no way opposed, but, on the contrary, fully approved my earnest wish to go into the Navy. The difficulty was that of getting there. At the time only sixty cadetships were given to candidates in each year; and, as every admiral who hoisted his flag had the right of giving two, and every captain appointed to a command the right of giving one—each being a definite cadetship conditional on passing a simple examination test, and not a mere chance in competing with others, as at present—the number of nominations left to the Board of Admiralty was very small. I did not know any of the captains who obtained commands, and only one admiral who was likely to hoist his flag. I had the good fortune of having my name put down on the First Lord's list, but there were many names on it before mine.

In these circumstances, my father at first thought that he could carry out his intention of sending me to his old school, Charterhouse. As he had a large family, it would be a matter of material importance to get me into the school on the Foundation. There were, however, no vacancies for Foundation scholars just then, and it might be necessary to wait a long time for one. Dr Russell, who had been headmaster in my father's time, took an interest in my case. He invited my father to an early dinner one Sunday and asked him to bring me with him. The Doctor was then Rector of Bishopsgate, and lived in a beautiful old house in St Helen's Place, which was then full of fine residences. I remember that dinner well, chiefly because a relative of Dr Russell who dined there came in his full uniform as an officer in the Foot-guards, and made me put on his "bear skin" to see how I looked in it. It became evident

that Dr Russell approved of me, as he urged my father to send me to Charterhouse as an oppidan, without waiting for a scholarship, and promised, after I was once in the school, to use his influence to get me on the Foundation.

Just as I was being prepared to go there, Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane told my father that he expected to hoist his flag shortly and that he would give me one of the cadetship nominations to which he would be entitled. We went to call upon Sir Thomas, who was living in Belgrave Square. He had not seen me since I was an infant, so that I was really making his acquaintance. He was most kind and asked me if I could undertake to be ready to go to sea at short notice; as to which I was able to give a satisfactory assurance.

It was now decided that I was not to go to Charterhouse, because I might have to leave it to go to sea almost immediately after entering, which would be unfair to the friends who had promised to help me in obtaining a scholarship. In the end, I was sent to Walthamstow House School, kept by Dr Greig, whom my father had known when he had been assistant at a school the headmaster of which was an old Oxford friend of my father. Dr Greig was a rather irascible, but most generous and kind-hearted Scotsman. He made it a rule, as far as the younger boys were concerned, never to spare the rod. I had a taste of it every day except Sunday, and some boys got it oftener than I did. All the same, the Doctor was much liked by the boys; indeed, so were all the masters except one. He was a married man who lived at home and was never seen by us except during school hours; whilst the other masters, who all lived at the school, took part in our games and were always friendly.

The Doctor, as we always called the headmaster, told me that my father had once been very kind to him; and he was certainly very kind to me. I did

not resent the frequent thrashings which he administered to me. Indeed, none of the small boys who suffered from the rod bore the headmaster any ill-will. The French master was a very fine fellow, who had on his upper lip a scar imperfectly concealed by a moustache. This we believed to have been due to a wound received in a duel; and *Monsieur* was looked upon as a hero by most of us. One of the masters afterwards entered the Navy as a chaplain. I was his messmate when I was a lieutenant. He was as popular with the officers in the ward-room as he had been with the boys at the school.

The drill-master was an old sergeant of the 14th Light Dragoons (now Hussars). He had been in the Peninsula under the Duke of Wellington, and was present at the battle of Talavera besides other combats. He must, when at the school, have been over sixty-five years of age, but was remarkably vigorous and almost juvenile in appearance. He was not tall, but had a sturdy, well-knit figure. He held himself upright, and, as he—always when we boys saw him—wore a buttoned-up, blue frock-coat edged with black braid, it was seen at once that he had been a soldier.

For the few days intervening between the death of the great Duke of Wellington and his funeral, his remains lay in state at Chelsea Hospital. Enormous crowds visited the place, and, to preserve some sort of order, the police erected barriers which had to be passed in turn before the entrance to the hospital was reached. Our drill-master gave us an account of his experiences the day after he had been to witness the lying-in-state and pay his last tribute of respect to his great commander. He found his progress so slow, and the pressure of the crowd so overwhelming, that he had almost decided to give up his attempt to enter the hospital.

As he was being crushed against one of the

barriers, he was noticed by two military officers who were on the other side of the barrier. One of them asked him if he had ever served with the Duke, and, on his saying that he had and giving the name of his regiment, this officer called out to his companion: "I say, Gough, here's one of the old Fourteenth." They were Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough, and through their kind offices the police got him past the barrier and he moved into the hospital without further discomfort.

He had a high admiration of the French soldiers as fighters. I remember his once telling us that during a battle his regiment was drawn up awaiting orders, on a slope where they were exposed to the fire of the French field artillery; and that a round shot had cut in two the long plume in his head-dress, such as the men of many of our cavalry regiments then wore.

Several of the boys who were at the school when I was there became distinguished in after life. General Sir Edward Thackeray, K.C.B., V.C., was a good deal senior to me in the school and I saw him only occasionally. The eminent surgeon and specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, was in the same class and same dormitory with me. He was a great favourite with the boys. Another schoolfellow of mine was General Sir William Crossman, whom I met years afterwards at Hong-Kong, and later at Adelaide, in South Australia. There were at the school two brothers whose father lived only a few miles off and showed me much kindness. The elder of the two and I were in the same class. He entered the Army and was killed in one of our Indian frontier campaigns.

His brother was more than a year my junior. He also entered the Army and had a distinguished career. As General Sir Edward Chapman, K.C.B., he was Director of Military Intelligence when I was Director of Naval Intelligence, so that we

were virtually colleagues. I have already spoken of his father's kindness to me. When the Duke of Wellington's funeral was about to take place at St Paul's Cathedral, leave of absence was given to any boy who was going to attend it. Both the Chapman brothers went to the funeral. I remember hearing one of them describe it afterwards. Mr Chapman most kindly obtained for me a ticket of admission to St Paul's; but unfortunately —owing, I suppose, to the not very excellent postal arrangements of those days—it did not reach me till the day after the funeral.

Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane did not hoist his flag as soon as had been expected. One result was that I remained at school for the better part of two years. On the whole, this was good for me, as I learnt a great deal that was useful. I disliked school excessively, not the particular school where I was more than another, but any school, as I believed that I was kept from going to sea by being at school. I am now satisfied that Walthamstow House was a school of exceptionally high character. The boys were well taught and, in many ways, well looked after. The rod, it is true, was freely used; but the boys did not complain of that, they took it as a matter of course.

The food was abundant in quantity and first-rate in quality. I think that I can see now the splendid roast sirloins of beef and legs of mutton that used to appear at our dinners. We were allowed, at that meal, a reasonable quantity of light table beer, which would now be called "lager," but which we always called "swipes." Most of us younger boys, however, drank water. At breakfast we had tea or coffee and bread and butter. The amount was unlimited. Any boy, if he would only take the trouble to go to the place near the door where the jugs stood, might have as much milk as he liked. It was rich in cream and always quite fresh.

Any jam or marmalade had to be provided by each boy himself.

It must be admitted that the regular breakfast and tea meals generally were monotonous ; but there was no stinting. Nevertheless, with most of the younger boys, it was the fashion to assert that we were starved. Some of this was, perhaps, due to a belief that repetition of the assertion was the most effective means of getting supplies of jam or marmalade sent from home. I dwell on the subject because directly I went to sea I was struck by the great contrast between the excellence and abundance of the food at school and the scanty and often indifferent fare of the midshipmen's berth.

There are probably not many people now left whose recollections of conditions in the Navy go back more than sixty years. As it may interest the present generation to have an account of those conditions, I propose to relate my early reminiscences of service afloat in fuller detail than those of later date.

CHAPTER IV

ENTERING THE NAVY

WE had just begun the examinations at the close of the "half" immediately before the Christmas holidays, 1852, when I received an official letter from the Admiralty stating that I had been nominated to a naval cadetship by Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, who had just hoisted his flag as commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, and that I was to present myself for examination, either on a day close at hand in December, or on the 12th January 1853. It was decided that I should choose the latter day, and on reporting this to the Admiralty I was directed to present myself at Portsmouth Royal Naval College on the morning of the 12th January 1853.

In those days there were two ways of going from London to Portsmouth by rail: one from Waterloo Station through Winchester, and the other from London Bridge through Brighton. The length of the journey in each case was about the same—between three and four hours. There was no harbour station at Portsmouth, and the trains did not go further than the station at Landport.

The detached forts at Portsmouth and at Spithead had not then been thought of, or at any rate had not been begun. The train ran through the old Portsmouth lines, a continuous fortification a mile or more from Landport Station; and Portsmouth town and Portsea had each its own fortified enceinte with wet ditches, bastions, ravelins, etc. I was met

[*From a Daguerreotype.*

1853.

CYPRIAN ARTHUR GEORGE BRIDGE

NAVAL CADET, R.N.

Aged 14.

by my father's first cousin, Lieutenant W. Henry Bridge, R.N., then serving in H.M.S. *Vengeance*. We put up at the "Ship and Castle" close to the dockyard gates, an inn then much patronised by naval officers of the higher ranks.

On the next morning, 12th January 1853, my cousin took me to the Royal Naval College in the dockyard, and there I found about a dozen other boys who were to be examined for cadetships like myself. The regulations allowed only one trial; failure at the examination involved forfeiture of the nomination and practical frustration of the candidate's hopes of a naval career. I never heard of any exceptions being permitted, though sometimes a boy who had failed to pass the cadet's examination entered the Navy in another branch of the service. Of the boys who were examined when I was, one was extraordinarily tall. He looked over twenty years of age instead of under fourteen. He and I were messmates afterwards as lieutenants. Another boy, who was accompanied by his father, a clergyman, was as remarkably small as the boy before-mentioned was tall. All the rest of us were of average height.

The medical examination was fairly strict; but not so rigidly governed by rules as it is now. The schoolroom examination was not exacting. We had to write from dictation a passage which in print would probably have taken up some twenty or thirty lines. We then had to answer about a dozen questions in arithmetic, handed to each of us on a printed paper. They were not difficult. I remember one question. We were asked to "write in figures seven millions." The whole examination, medical and the rest, took up rather less than three hours, and we all passed it and were able to leave Portsmouth for our homes early in the afternoon. There was time enough for some of us to be taken to see the *Victory*, which, I remember, interested me greatly.

About two days after the examination, I received from the Admiralty an official notification that I was a naval cadet in the Royal Navy, and that I was appointed to H.M.S. *Amphion*, frigate, fitting out in the Medway. Almost immediately after the receipt of this appointment it was cancelled. The captain of the *Amphion* had been so seriously injured by accident that he had to give up command of the ship. A new captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key) had been appointed to succeed him, and had availed himself of his right to nominate a cadet. This filled up the only vacancy in the *Amphion's* complement, and I was appointed to H.M.S. *Medea*, fitting out at Portsmouth.

I was granted fourteen days' leave from the date of my examination, the 12th of January. As there was some likelihood that my outfit, which it would have been unwise to order until I had passed the examination, would not be ready in time, I applied for an extension of leave. To this application the Secretary of the Admiralty replied that their lordships had been pleased to grant me an extension of one day. So—my father not being in England—I was taken by my grandfather to Portsmouth on the 26th, and put on board the *Medea* on the 27th January 1853, thus beginning my service afloat.

It was the coldest month of the year, though, fortunately for me, the winter was not very severe. Except a very small stove in the captain's cabin and another like it in the gunroom, as the lieutenant's mess-room in all ships but line-of-battle ships was then called, there was absolutely no internal heating of any kind in the ship. Even the galley or cooking-place, which, in the smaller vessels, was usually on the lower deck, was in the *Medea* on the upper deck, adjoining one of the paddle-boxes, and thus in no way helped to warm the ship.

Naturally, we all felt very chilly, but nobody seemed to mind it much, and very soon I found out

that it was bearable. I was the only youngster. There were two mates (as sub-lieutenants were then called), an assistant surgeon, and a passed clerk (now called assistant paymaster); and—though not until some days after I had—a master-assistant joined the ship. He had been two years in the Merchant Service and was three or four years older than I was.

Our mess-room was then officially known as the midshipmen's berth. It was supposed to be an exceptionally good one, as the steward's berth or pantry was separated from it by a bulkhead, a luxurious arrangement not universal in small vessels. The midshipmen's berth was about twelve feet long and about five broad. Here we lived entirely, taking all our meals in it, and in it doing such reading, writing, etc., as we could find time for. Cards on board men-of-war were rarely seen in the early days of my naval service. I was several years in the Navy before I saw cards in a midshipmen's mess. They were not prohibited, but few people afloat seemed to wish to play them.

At the time of which I am speaking, and for years afterwards, the officers of a man-of-war provided practically the whole of their mess equipment, called "mess-traps," themselves. The Government allowed an unpolished table and one blue-and-red chequered tablecloth of some stout cotton fabric. In the midshipmen's berth nothing else was supplied. In ward-rooms and gun-rooms enough chairs to go round the table were supplied by the Government. In the midshipmen's berth the only seats were lockers, fixed benches with boxes beneath them for the reception of wine, mess stores, etc. Where there was a door there was necessarily a gap in the row of lockers, and a chair was usually obtained to fill it; but the chair had to be purchased by the members of the mess, who also—if they decided to have them—had to purchase cushions for the locker seats. The latter arrangement was not common, being thought unduly

luxurious. All articles of crockery and glass—including their washing-stand utensils—had to be purchased by the officers. Bad weather at sea and gun practice made dreadful havoc with these articles, and the expense of keeping up the necessary minimum number of them was heavy.

Every officer, on joining a ship, had to pay a sum of money as mess entrance. In a newly commissioned ship, in ward-rooms and gun-rooms, this varied from £20 to £30—even more in some line-of-battle ships. It varied from £12 to £18 in the midshipmen's messes. A reduction was made for each month, so that an officer joining late in the Commission would have to pay less than the sums just mentioned. The money was used to purchase the necessary table utensils. Before putting to sea in a ship just commissioned, mess-money, usually for three months, had to be paid in advance for the purchase of sea-stock—flour, sugar, tea, coffee, bacon, etc.

Spoons and forks and tablecloths were provided by a curious arrangement. Each officer had to provide about a dozen pieces of plate. All had to be of silver, as even after electro-plate became known it was long prohibited in naval messes. Every member of a mess in turn had to find a tablecloth. It was returned to him after it had been used, and he had to see that it was washed and kept ready when the turn came round again.

The only internal lighting then known afloat was that by candles, usually in tubes with coiled springs inside them. The tubes were made to swing or oscillate in metal frames, which, being heavily weighted at the bottom, could stand on the table during moderate rolling or be fixed in a socket screwed to a bulkhead. I had been some years at sea before I saw oil-lamps used on board ship, and even longer before moderator lamps were introduced. Matches were unknown on board men-of-war and would have been prohibited.

Clocks were almost unknown on board H.M. ships for several years after I went to sea. The official time on board was kept entirely by half-hour sand-glasses. Officers had their watches; but I do not remember seeing a clock, even in the captain's cabin, during most of my midshipman's time.

For purposes of navigation, each ship was allowed one chronometer; and, if the captain—as he usually did—chose to provide another at his own expense, a second government chronometer was allowed. This arrangement was based on the understanding that two chronometers were less useful than one; because if their indications of time differed they could not both be right, whilst they might well be both wrong, so that reliance on them would be dangerous. A third chronometer offered the possibility of taking a mean of the times shown by all three, and thus gave a better chance of immunity from serious error.

With the exception of the chronometer and the compasses for steering, every instrument used in the ship was provided by the officers out of their own pockets. The Government did not even supply a spyglass, or an artificial horizon. Nearly every officer, even the midshipmen, had two spyglasses, one of which was at the disposal of the signalmen. The surgeons had themselves to find all the medical instruments. Even the carpenter's crew and shipwrights had to bring their own tools with them; but they were paid 1d. a day as "tool money."

The meal-hours in the midshipmen's mess were practically the same in every ship, viz., 8 A.M., breakfast; noon, dinner; 5 P.M., tea. Supper, or a meal after tea, was unusual, and those who took it had to pay extra for it. The supper bill-of-fare was simple—biscuits and sardines; or, much more rarely, biscuits and potted meat, which last was not to be found in any great abundance on board ship.

Late dinners were not usual in the Navy, except in the ward-rooms of line-of-battle ships in harbour.

At sea they were quite unknown. The ward-room dinner hour was usually 2 o'clock, as also was that of most captains, at any rate when their ships were at sea. The first admiral in whose flagship I served dined at 4 P.M. at sea, and at 6 P.M. in harbour.

At first I found dining at 12 o'clock disagreeable. It certainly was only one hour in advance of the usual school dinner-time; but it seemed to come rather too soon after breakfast. It did not take long, however, to grow quite accustomed to it. The worst thing about it was the long spell, twenty hours, between it and the next substantial meal, viz., the following morning's breakfast; for the evening tea was as a rule, only a cup or two of tea, at sea, without milk, and biscuit and salt butter, when salt butter was available, which was not always.

During my first ten or a dozen years in the Navy there was no such thing as dressing for dinner, except in flagships and other big ships when in harbour, and even then not for midshipmen. We did change our clothes between 5 and 6 P.M., when the ship's company "shifted into night clothing." The officers usually put on flannel shirts and serge suits, and were thus ready to run on deck at any sudden call to shorten sail or take in reefs. In hot climates, white uniform, worn during the daytime, was changed for blue—cloth or serge—by the ship's company when the boatswain and his mates piped "Hands shift into night clothing." This was intended largely as a sanitary precaution. The white uniform was made of cotton, and remaining in it near or after sunset was likely to lead to the wearer getting chills which sometimes had serious results.

CHAPTER V

BLUEJACKETS AND THEIR KITS

ALL members of the ship's company except the marines, who received *gratis* several articles of uniform, had to pay out of their own pockets for the whole of their clothes and for their bedding. It was not till a good many years after I went to sea that the men received the moderate grant of £2, 9s. towards the purchase of their clothes and bedding. In steamers, certain men who had been employed in coaling were given a small quantity of "duck" to make coaling-suits, and a few yards of "fearnought" were allowed for the benefit of stokers attending to the furnaces in the stokeholds. With those trifling exceptions, every article worn on board by the seamen had to be bought by them.

The "victualling" stores in charge of the paymaster of a ship were supplied by the Admiralty Victualling Department, and, in addition to real victuals or articles of food known to the seamen as "provisions," comprised bales of cloth, serge, cotton duck, cotton drill, blue jean (called afloat "dungaree"), and flannel; also needles, thread, tape, and buttons, called by the seamen "materials." Except shirts, caps, and shoes, there were no ready-made articles. The cloth, serge, etc., were, and I believe are still, officially termed "slops." A certain traditional quantity of each fabric was required to make up what the seamen called a "piece" of clothing, viz., a yard and a quarter of cloth for

a pair of trousers, four yards of serge for a blue frock, thirty inches of dungaree for the collar and cuffs of a white frock. The quantity of slops issued to each man was recorded and the cost deducted from his pay.

Nearly every man could make his clothes himself. Indeed, great expertness in the use of the needle was common. The only garment that called for any special skill in the cutting out was the pair of trousers; but nearly every mess contained one or two men who were reasonably efficient as cutters. The measure was taken with a knife-lanyard, and the outline of the trousers was drawn with a piece of white chalk on the cloth, and, in cutting, this outline was closely followed with the scissors.

Most of the bluejackets made their own hats; nearly all plaited the sennit of which the hats were made, the actual fashioning of the hat being left to an expert. When a ship visited a place at which the proper grass grew—usually within the tropics—the men cut it themselves, dried it on board ship, split it into strips of the proper width, and then plaited it. Amongst bluejackets the art of making hats has long been quite extinct. When I was commander-in-chief on the Australian station (1895-98) I twice offered prizes for hatmaking, but amongst some thousands there was not a single man who could do the work.

Each man used to have two hats—one called "white," the other "black," the latter being covered with calico and thickly coated with black paint. The black hat was very heavy and so stout in texture that it could serve nearly the same purpose as the helmets worn in modern trench warfare. Once, during the war of 1854-56, when we were under a sharp musketry fire, I saw Lord Alcester's—then Commander Beauchamp Seymour—coxwain, William Thomas by name, hit by a bullet fair in the front

of his hat which was not perforated. The coxwain was not wounded but he had a severe headache for two days. We had just landed from our boats and were advancing against a wood, and I think that, before reaching the man's hat, the bullet may have glanced from a tree. A well-made hat was imperishable, and if it was not blown overboard—the fate of many hats—lasted throughout its owner's service. It was worth while to pick a hat to pieces and make up the sennit afresh to fit a different head.

There was no general uniform for anyone in the Navy under the rank of officer until some four years after I joined the service. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the bluejackets dressed very much as they do now, except that there were no jumpers, either blue or white, but only frocks; that is to say, long-sleeved and rather long-skirted garments that had to be tucked inside the waistband of the trousers. The jacket, as regards the seamen, had nearly disappeared, but was still worn as part of the Sunday dress or "mustering rig" in a few ships. It was worn by stewards, ship's corporals, and a few others, with the so-called "check," really striped, shirt. Made-up blue cloth caps were common but not universal. A sort of woven tam-o'-shanter, which was included in the paymaster's slops, was frequently used, and so were red comforters.

Each captain laid down what his crew would have to wear. In my first ship a blue cloth frock—a costly and useless garment—took the place of the jacket. The old custom, in accordance with which captains dressed their gigs' crews at their own expense, was not entirely extinct. When I went out to the West Indies, my first foreign station, the gig's crew of H.M.S. *Daring*, a 14-gun brig, wore blue-and-white striped jerseys and red caps like a "cap of liberty," and the gig's crew of H.M.S. *Espiegle*, also a brig, wore a sort of kilt made of

duck and reaching nearly to the knee like that worn by a stage pirate.[1]

When men rarely changed from ship to ship, but remained in one during a whole commission, seldom less than three years and a half in length and often more, there was no hardship in having to get a new set of clothes on joining a new ship. When, however, moving men and officers frequently from ship to ship became rather the rule than the exception, the expense of providing in greater part a new kit became intolerable. So that, for this and other reasons, a general uniform dress for the whole service was recognised as a necessity.

[1] Some captains provided their 6-oared gigs at their own expense. In ships in which I served there were three so provided. No fir oars were issued from the Government stores, but—as they were frequently used in gigs and fast boats—they were, until several years after I first went to sea, always purchased by the captain or the officers. Sometimes the wood was bought and the oars made by the ship's carpenters, but more commonly they were obtained in the finished state.

CHAPTER VI

"HOISTING THE PENDANT" IN OLDEN TIME

THE method of putting a ship into commission—or hoisting the pendant, as it was called—in the days of which I am speaking, would now be regarded as primitive to the verge of absurdity. The word "commission" had a meaning then which it has no longer. Every commissioned officer, from the captain downwards, received a fresh commission and had to pay a fresh stamp fee every time he joined a ship. Before I joined the ship in which I first served as a lieutenant I had received three commissions and had paid for three stamps. The fee for the stamp on each naval commission was much less than that on a military commission, but—owing to the frequency with which the former was levied—the fees paid by the naval officer were in effect considerably higher than those paid by the military officer.

When I was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, I received, in accordance with the then existing rule, a commission to H.M.S. *Victorious*, a hulk "in ordinary" in Portsmouth Harbour; that is to say, to a ship which, though she had a material, had no legal, existence. This enabled the authorities to keep me on half pay, notwithstanding the issue of a commission. Within a few days I was selected for appointment to a ship which happened to be absent from England on a cruise. I was accordingly given a commission to H.M.S. *Victory*, flagship of the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth. As I could

not be accommodated on board her, I had to find quarters in Portsmouth, or rather Portsea, until my own ship came home, on which I was given a third commission to her. The authorities were thus able to collect three stamp fees instead of one.

An account of the process of commissioning a ship in the first twenty years of Queen Victoria's reign may be of interest. An officer selected for command was given a commission to the ship, accompanied with orders to proceed to the port at which she was lying and take command of her. Usually he lost little time in making his way to the place. On arrival there he reported himself to the admiral, bought or begged a ship's pendant; and, if he could get a companion, went on board his new ship, which was most likely lying in the stream. To get on board he had to depend on the friendly offices of some brother officer for the use of a boat and crew, or, failing these, to hire a waterman's boat.

Arrived on board the ship, his first step was to order the pendant to be hoisted. As the ship was almost certainly without masts, and nearly certainly without even an ensign-staff, the pendant had to be displayed at the end of any pole that could be found, usually a boat-hook staff; but I have known a deal batten used. This ceremony having been performed, the captain had to read his commission on the quarter-deck. The audience was generally small, being often limited to a couple of shipkeepers and perhaps a stray dockyard matey or two, or possibly to the watermen who had sculled the captain on board.

The latter was now responsible for the security of the ship, and the shipkeepers, who belonged to the Guardship of Ordinary, came temporarily under his orders. He had been given an empty hull with the right of "drawing for stores" of many different kinds up to the amount allowed by the "establishment" of the ship. The standing rigging, that is to

say, the shrouds and stays, had been prepared in the dockyard rigging-loft; but everything—masts, spars of all kinds, rigging, cordage, water-tanks, sails, guns, ammunition, spare stores, etc., had to be put on board by the ship's crew. Occasionally a ship was rigged and stored before being put into commission, but this arrangement was a very rare exception. The powder and shell were embarked at an outer anchorage, not in the harbour.

It was the captain's business to get his ship's company by his own exertions, the officers being appointed by the Admiralty—the first lieutenant always on the captain's nomination. Almost the first men to join were the marines, who were sent on board from the neighbouring headquarter barracks up to the number allowed as a detachment for a ship of the class. Some of the marines were sure to have been afloat before and to prove very handy and useful. They at once relieved the shipkeepers and acted as sentries on one or two posts, besides being able to man a boat when required.

The ship was not habitable, and a hulk was told off for the new crew to live in. The officers' accommodation in some of these hulks was often of a very modest kind. When I was in a ship fitting out at Devonport, between four and five years after my first joining the Navy, the crew of another ship, the *Buzzard*, fitting out at the same time, were living on board a hulk near ours. I believe that her name was the *Egeria;* she was an old 28-gun frigate. The midshipmen's berth, as in all ships of that class, was on the lower deck, that is, below both the upper and the main decks. The berth was very small and, as there were no scuttles, it was in perpetual darkness unless candles were lighted. In addition to this, it was so low that three of the midshipmen and the master-assistant could not stand upright in it.

The captain had to rely on his own efforts to get together all his crew except the marines, the second-

class boys, and a very small party of seamen-gunners from H.M.S. *Excellent*. His first step was to order the printing, at his own expense, of a number of placards to be displayed in suitable places by bill-stickers. The placards were something like this :—

WANTED

PETTY OFFICERS AND SEAMEN

FOR

H.M.S. *LILY*,

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWNSMITH, R.N.

Come, my lads, don't be silly,
Pick up your bags and join the *Lily*.

The next thing to be done was to choose a public-house in a convenient situation—at Portsmouth usually, on or near The Hard, Portsea—and make it the rendezvous (when used in this sense always pronounced *randeevoo*) for men wishing to join his ship. This involved the prominent exhibition at or near the door of the house of a Union Jack, and one or more of the placards just mentioned. Here an officer, usually a lieutenant accompanied by a midshipman or a petty officer, attended daily to select men from those who offered themselves. The word "recruiting," though used in the Royal Marine Corps, was unknown in the Navy, where its place was taken by "raising" or "entering."

It was often more difficult to get men than to pick and choose. The Admiralty, without making any formal rule on the subject, usually ordered ships to be commissioned just after others had been paid off, so that there would probably be many men looking for employment. The continuous service system had not been introduced into the Navy when I joined my first ship. When a ship was paid off everyone belonging to her under the rank of warrant officer,

that is to say, the midshipmen and naval cadets and members of other branches who ranked with them and all seamen-ratings, were paid off out of the service. The midshipmen, etc., were termed "Officers by Order," as they did not receive either commission or warrant but an "order" which a commander-in-chief was entitled to give. Their discharge from the service on the paying-off of their ship was avoided by appointing them to the guardship, the flagship of the commander-in-chief, at one of the ports.

If a seaman entered a ship, either a newly-commissioned ship or one in which there was a vacancy for his rating, within six weeks after he had been paid off, he was allowed to count the intervening time in the twenty-one years which it was then necessary to serve as qualification for a pension. If he waited longer than the six weeks the intervening time was lost. A result of this was that a considerable proportion, though by no means the whole, of the bluejackets served only on board men-of-war. Some occasionally made voyages in merchant ships. Others took up employment on shore—I had a shipmate who took a rather long turn at cab-driving—afterwards returning to the Navy.

Some men, but not very many, entered from the Merchant Service after they had become able seamen. The number of fishermen who came into the Navy was small; and, of those who did come, the majority joined "west country" ships, that is to say, ships which were put in commission, and got their crews, at Devonport. A small but not unimportant minority of a man-of-war's ship's company was composed of the sons of bluejackets whose fathers, in their turn, had also served in the fleet. My old messmate and friend, the late Sir John Laughton, once told me that there were families living at and near Portsmouth, members of which, from father to son, had served in the

Royal Navy certainly since the time of Charles II., and he believed that it would be possible to prove that some families could show a similar record of service from the reign of Henry VIII. down to that of Queen Victoria. It is highly probable that the same conditions existed at the Thames and Medway ports.

The men who appeared at the rendezvous did not, as a rule, enter the new ship's company without a certain amount of bargaining. They were expected to produce their papers. One man would say that, as his certificate proved, he had been at sea such-and-such a time as an ordinary seaman, and that he would join if he were promised the rating of A.B., on passing satisfactorily the examination that the captain might prescribe. Examinations in those days were not very formidable ordeals; yet, such as they were, they let in just as few incapables as the much more elaborate examinations of recent times. Another man would state that he had been captain of the fore-top in his last ship, and that he would like to have the same rating again. If that particular position had been already filled up, he might be promised an equivalent rating and would probably join.

If the ship was fitting out in the stream, which was most likely, the men who entered would be sent off in watermen's boats to the hulk at the captain's expense, until enough men had joined to man boats belonging to the hulk. It may be mentioned that refunding of the expenses incurred by the captain and officers on behalf of the service in fitting out a ship was never claimed. Travelling expenses, even from Ireland or the North of Scotland, were invariably borne in full by the officers, except when they were directly ordered on some special service. Officers invalided or sent home on promotion from distant stations usually sailed in one of H.M. ships. If they took passage in a packet

they had to pay one-third of the passage-money—a considerable sum when the station was China or Australia—and a daily contribution as well. These financial arrangements remained in force till at least the "seventies" of the nineteenth century.

Fitting out a ship more than sixty years ago meant putting all necessary equipment and stores aboard an empty hull. In most cases, even the water tanks had to be brought alongside and hoisted in. The ship's masts had to be brought to her and put in place. This was done at our naval ports by means of sheers. At Portsmouth these were on a wharf or jetty in the dockyard; at Devonport they were erected in a hulk lying in the stream and always spoken of as "the sheer hulk." This recalls a ridiculous mistake in the song which says—

". . . a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling."

What is meant is, of course, a mere hulk; for a sheer hulk was a much used and very useful vessel. The mistake is only one of several which landsmen are likely to make when they put sailors' expressions into print. The "Spanish Main" is often referred to in books as if it were part of the sea; whereas it is simply the sailors' translation of *tierra firme*, and means the Spanish mainland in Mexico and in Central and South America, as distinguished from the Spanish Islands in the West Indies.

Even in the most favourable circumstances a ship very seldom got her ship's company completed in less than four or five days. As soon as enough hands had joined, the heavy work of fitting out was carried on industriously, and the hours were long. The great object was to get the crew out of the hulk in which they had been living and into their own ship, so that she might be sent to sea as soon as possible, or at any rate out of the harbour to Spithead, Plymouth Sound, or the Nore. After

a short stay at one or other of these outer anchorages, she was inspected, the men were paid "three months' advance," and on receipt of sailing orders she proceeded to the station on which she was to be employed.

CHAPTER VII

MY FIRST SHIP

THE *Medea* was a commander's command. She had a complement of 135 officers and men. She was a paddle-wheel steamer classed as a steam-sloop, and, according to the measurement of the time, she was of 850 tons. She was the first and the smallest member of her class. Her armament consisted of six guns, all cast-iron smooth bores. Of these two were 8-inch pieces of the same calibre as the much more powerful 68-pounder. The latter fired a solid shot of the weight indicated. The 8-inch gun fired mostly shell, and also a hollow shot which weighed 56 lbs. There was one other "hollow shot" gun in the service, viz., the 10-inch. The rule was to designate solid shot guns by the weight of the shot in pounds and the other guns by the number of inches in the diameter of the bore. One 8-inch gun was mounted on the *Medea's* forecastle and the other abaft the mizzen-mast. Both were on revolving carriages, and could be fired on either side or, in the one case, right ahead, and in the other case right astern. The remaining four guns were so mounted that there were two on each broadside. They were 34 cwt. 32-pounders.

There were some dozens of boarding pikes kept in racks surrounding the main and mizzen masts, a number of tomahawks, and about as many cutlasses as would provide armament for about two-thirds of the bluejackets. There were, if I remember right,

forty smooth-bore muzzle-loading muskets, which was also the arm carried by the marines. Of pistols there were, I think, a dozen. They were muzzle-loading smooth-bores, and so heavy that it was often said that it would be better to throw one of these pistols at an enemy than to fire it at him.

The *Medea* was a full-rigged barque, and had a great and well-deserved reputation as a fast sailer and as a very handy ship under sail. The result of the ship being credited with these good qualities was that she almost always made voyages and cruised under sail, steam being seldom used. The funnel was hinged and was lowered on to the thwarts of the pinnace which, when hoisted inboard, was stowed just abaft the funnel casing. When paddle-steamers proceeded under sail it was customary to disconnect the wheels from the engines so that the former might rotate as the ship moved through the water. This somewhat reduced the ship's speed. Our captain devised a better plan. He took off three of the floats or wide slabs of stout plank which gave the wheels a grip on the water when steam was used. We steamed so seldom and for such short distances that the floats were not missed; and when we moved about under sail there was, even when the ship was rolling moderately, nothing to check her way through the water.

Like nearly all paddle-wheel men-of-war of her time, the *Medea* carried two large paddle-box boats, so called because, when not in the water, they were stowed bottom upwards on top of the paddle-boxes. They were very useful in embarking and disembarking troops, and bringing off stores to the ship. Each boat when on service carried a 24-pounder brass howitzer.

Two or three days after I joined her, the *Medea* went out to Spithead. Lying there we found the ships of the then so-called Western Squadron, which later became the Channel Squadron. There

were several ships of the line, one of them a steam-ship. She was the *Agamemnon*, I think the first regular steam line-of-battle ship in the fleet; older vessels of a similar kind having been converted from sailing-ships, had the number of their guns reduced, and their poops removed. They were called "block ships." There were also some frigates, one of them with steam and screw propulsion, the first of her type. In addition to these ships there were at Spithead two paddle-wheel frigates and several sloops of the same class as our ship, but of more tonnage. One of the paddle-wheel frigates was named the *Sidon*. She was nicknamed the "Side On" because she was said to be so crank that she was generally heeling over to one side.

A day or two after we reached Spithead, a smart-looking, full-rigged ship called the *Cruiser*, a steam screw sloop, arrived. I went on board in the boat which took the officer of the guard to her. Many years afterwards, when visiting the great Australian mining centre, Broken Hill, I made the acquaintance of a respected resident, Mr Robert Sayers, who had belonged to the *Cruiser* when I went aboard her. He retained the greatest affection for his old service, and took the lead in every patriotic movement in his neighbourhood, as he has continued to do since his return to the Old Country.

Lying at Spithead in January and February was not pleasant. All communication between the ship and the shore had to take place in sailing or rowing boats. In those days, not only the orders given by the commander-in-chief of the station, but also many Admiralty orders, and even the then numerous *Notices to Mariners*, were issued in manuscript, and had to be copied by an officer—almost always a midshipman or naval cadet—sent for the purpose from each ship. Sometimes the signal, "Send an officer to copy orders," would be hoisted more than once in a day, and I was always the one sent

from our ship to comply with it. Consequently I spent much of my time in boats, often getting wet through, which was doubly unpleasant because it was very cold. From this there were no ill effects. On the contrary, I was never better in my life, and had an appetite to which I was quite unaccustomed, and which made the rough and not too abundant fare of the midshipmen's berth appear almost scanty.

Ships lying for more than a very short time at Spithead have to moor with two anchors. I suppose that there were no mooring-swivels or clear-hawse shackles in those days, as we had to clear the hawse frequently. This was done by lashing the lee cable to the riding cable with a piece of rope just above the water, unshackling the former inboard, taking the unshackled end out through the hawse-hole, and passing it round the riding cable till the "elbow" or "turn" was taken out, and then shackling the parts of the lee cable together again.

After lying a few days at Spithead the ship was inspected, the admiral coming out for the purpose in a sailing-yacht. I believe that the commanders-in-chief at the home ports were already allowed steam-yachts, but they were little used. Steam-tugs were already in existence. One of the tugs at Portsmouth, the *Echo*, had been a 10-gun brig, and was converted into a paddle-wheel steamer. Another, called the *Comet*, was usually believed to be the first steamer belonging to the Navy. The dockyard lighters, which brought stores out to Spithead, and to and from various naval ports, were all sailing-vessels; so were the craft which carried shot and general ordnance stores, and also the powder hoys. In the days here referred to, and for a good many years afterwards, every man-of-war had to be cleared of her gunpowder before entering one of the great naval ports.

The pay-clerks who came on board to pay the men the recognised three months' advance of wages

before the ship sailed from England, also came out in a sailing-vessel, the *Pay-yacht*. It was a very rough day, and the boat passage between the ship and the *Pay-yacht* must have been exceedingly unpleasant. Getting in or out of a boat alongside the ship was difficult, and, in attempting it, one of the pay-clerks, a quiet-looking, middle-aged gentleman, fell overboard. He was rescued by one of our bluejackets. It is a wonder that he was not drowned, as he courageously kept hold of his cash-box, and brought it up to the surface of the water so that it was saved.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FIRST FOREIGN SERVICE—THE WEST INDIES

We had received orders to proceed to the North America and West Indies station, and now were ordered to take an English judge and his family to Havana. By an arrangement with Spain a Mixed Commission Court was set up at Havana for deciding the cases of vessels suspected of being engaged in the slave trade. The Spanish Government appointed a judge and the British Government appointed another.

We embarked the judge and his wife and infant child and the latter's nurse, and put to sea early in February. The weather had become very wintry, and as we ran past the Isle of Wight, after leaving Spithead by the St Helen's route, I noticed that the island was covered with snow. We soon got into much milder weather, and after a fairly comfortable passage arrived at Madeira. Here I had my first sight of a foreign country and was greatly interested. The distinguished American naval officer, Commodore Perry, had rather recently touched at Madeira with a squadron of United States men-of-war on his way to Japan, which he was to open to the rest of the world. He must have made a great impression on the people of Madeira, as they could talk of little else.

I was taken on shore by two of the officers. We hired horses and had a most enjoyable ride up the mountain-side, stopping, of course, at the convent

to purchase lace and feather-flowers. There was a fascinating novelty about the bullock sledges and the smaller sledges, on which it was common to do a sort of tobogganing down the steep and narrow pebble-paved streets, with their many sharp turns.

At the time of my first visit to Madeira the natives wore the most curious headdress I ever saw. It was a very small blue cloth skull-cap, lined with red, which was kept in place on the hinder part of the crown by what sailors call a chin-stay. At the top of the cap narrow strips of blue cloth were gathered together and made into a sort of spike ten or twelve inches long and about as thick as a pen-holder, which stood out so that the wearer looked as if he had a skewer stuck into his head. On subsequent visits to Madeira I found that this singular headdress had gone out of fashion.

Most of the officers took advantage of our stay here to buy the white shoes for the manufacture of which the island was then famous. They were made of very light and soft leather, rough on the outside, so that they looked like the white *suède* boots much worn by ladies at the present day. They were comfortable in a hot climate.

Many officers had come ashore and we dined at a hotel in the evening, the captain and the judge and his wife being of the party. It was dark when we got aboard the ship again. Early next morning we sailed for Havana.

We soon got into the Trades. Running down the North-east Trade was as pleasant sailing as can be imagined. The wind, of course, was fair, and just of the force which allowed us to carry all sail, including studding-sails, sometimes on both sides. We generally made seven or eight knots. The sea, though not quite smooth, could hardly be called rough, and the motion of the ship was not often considerable. The evenings were very fine, and it

was delightful to listen to the men singing on the forecastle those "fore-bitters" — the traditional sailors' songs never reduced to writing—which are now lost.

The voyage was uneventful. The only thing of note that I remember was that on the day before we reached Havana we passed a derelict vessel on a shoal. She must have been recently abandoned, as all her spars were intact and all her sails were still bent to the yards, etc. Immediately after our arrival at Havana the judge and his family left the ship. Both he and his wife had made themselves very agreeable throughout the voyage and we were sorry to lose them. At our subsequent visits to Havana they were always glad to see us at their house outside the city and near the seashore. The judge had a tragical end some years afterwards. According to the story which I heard, when at dinner one evening he was summoned to the front door of his house by an urgent message stating that a visitor wished to speak to him. On reaching the door he was instantly killed by the visitor, supposed to be a disappointed suitor in the judge's court. The murderer escaped.

We did not stay long at Havana, but put to sea on a cruise in search of slavers. We never saw one. I had the same experience several years afterwards when on the same station. The fact is that our cruisers, on the west coast of Africa, off the east coast of South America, and in the West Indies, were so active and vigilant that transatlantic slave-trading no longer paid. As there was no money in it, the slave trade came to an end.

The last case of a "slaver" being captured in western waters by a British cruiser occurred off the south coast of Cuba. A proprietor had sold an estate and bought another, and was transporting the whole of his property, including his slaves, to his new purchase. Whilst on the way to the latter

the vessel in which his goods and chattels, material and human, had been shipped was seized by one of our cruisers. The case was taken into court and, I believe, given in favour of the owner. The slave trade in the Indian Ocean continued till much later.

Most of the heavy work at Havana was done by African slaves, some of whom, at the wharves unloading ships, went about very scantily clad. It used to be said that no Spanish gentleman ever refused to anyone, no matter how humble, a light for his cigar; and I have seen a half-naked African slave, with a heavy load on his shoulder, go up to a well-dressed Spaniard and ask for and be readily given a light.

When watching slaves carrying off cargoes from the wharves, I saw ice being unloaded from an American ship. It was in huge blocks which were hoisted up from the hold, lowered on to some sloping planks from the ship's rail to the wharf, and then put on to carts and carried away. There was no cover of any kind over the ice; which, in the hot climate of the West Indies, greatly surprised me. Years afterwards I saw exactly the same thing at Calcutta.

That the only ice obtainable in the days of which I speak in the West Indies had to be brought from the Northern States of America will indicate that it was very scarce. As a matter of fact, during my earlier visits to the West Indies I never saw ice, except the cargo just alluded to, either on board ship or ashore. There were in use various devices for cooling liquids; but while they may have made them less tepid, they never made them cold nor anything like it. The absence of anything really cool aggravated the discomfort of service in tropical seas. Though the thermometer rarely rose above 90 degrees, the warm, moist atmosphere, varying little throughout the twenty-four hours, became

very distressing after the first few weeks spent in it.

As there were no means of cold storage, fresh meat, fish, and many kinds of vegetables would not keep eatable for more than a day, and often not even that. Yams and sweet potatoes kept longest, but even they became uneatable in a rather short time. It was the same with many fruits, of which there was a great variety in the West Indies. Within forty-eight hours of putting to sea we were practically reduced to salt meat. In the officers' messes there were to be found sardines, and a few kinds of preserved and potted meats; but these things were not abundant in the market.

There was in existence a kind of preserved milk. It was in the form of a white powder, which had to be mixed with water before use. It was not liked, and in most messes was soon erased from the list of mess stores; so that within a few hours after leaving port we had no milk, and, as tinned butter had not made its appearance, we were also without butter. In the Navy, "bread" always meant biscuit. What shore-going people call bread, we always called "soft bread." By partial rebaking, soft bread could be made to continue palatable for perhaps a couple of days but not longer; so that it was useless to take to sea more than a small stock of it. It was regarded as an indispensable qualification of an officers' cook, even of a midshipmen's cook, that he should be able to bake soft bread. In my experience, the qualification—as far as the midshipmen's cook was concerned—scarcely ever covered more than ability to turn out breakfast rolls, which only too often were not much liked.

At our breakfasts at sea we almost always had tea or coffee without milk, and biscuit without butter. We had ham or bacon as long as it would keep, and bananas, which we managed to keep

eatable for a time. By smearing eggs with grease, or burying them in salt, they were made to seem fairly good for a surprisingly long time. At a later period of my service, when on the East Indies station, I ate part of an omelette made six weeks after the ship had left port; and there was no fault to be found with it.

Our first stay at Havana was not long, and we started on our cruise. The cruising ground assigned to our ship was off the northern coast of Cuba, a little beyond the most frequented track. We saw and boarded very few vessels, all of them small and mostly under British colours. They were generally from the Bahamas — turtle-fishers, traders between the islands, or "wreckers," that is, vessels which moved about to see what could be picked up from the many wrecks that met their fate on the numerous shoals and unlighted islets between the Bahamas and the Cuban coast.

There were several small, uninhabited islands, such as Cay Sal and Anguilla Cay, close to which we anchored from time to time. This rendered it possible to carry out some important exercises, and to give the men a run on shore or a bathe in the surf, where they would be fairly safe from sharks, which abounded in the neighbouring waters and could be often seen. The officers sometimes landed after dark on one or the other of these islands to turn turtle, that is, turn a turtle over on its back, when it could be easily captured.

These expeditions were successful only once. The surgeon, who was decidedly corpulent, got separated from his party; its members, becoming alarmed, searched for him along the beach, at length finding him sitting, exhausted and dripping with perspiration, on the under shell of a fine turtle which he had managed to turn. We lived on it and its eggs for nearly two days. When in harbour at Port Royal in Jamaica, turtle was issued to ships

instead of fresh meat on two days in each week, and was very unpopular amongst the men. This was not surprising, as turtle soup when prepared by a ship's cook was not quite the same as turtle soup served at a city banquet.

CHAPTER IX

SHAKING DOWN IN A NEWLY COMMISSIONED SHIP

In my early days at sea a new ship's company required a good deal of "shaking down." Some of the men had not been in the Navy before, and, like many of those who had been, came aboard in shore-going clothes. As every article had to be made in the ship, some weeks passed before all were in uniform, the old men-of-war's men having made away with most of their former kit, intending to have a new outfit. The continuous service system was not introduced into the Navy until a few months after I joined it, and at first made its way rather slowly. This accounted for the long time which it took some ships to get manned. I remember a line-of-battle ship, the *Powerful* (84 guns), which had been lying at Portsmouth and Spithead for seven months before her complement was full. I once met another ship of the line, the *Calcutta*, at Falmouth, where she had called during a cruise along the coast with the object of picking up hands, who came in very slowly.

Notwithstanding this, it was the fact that when a fleet was urgently wanted its ships were manned without much delay. It was noticed at the time that, though the squadrons on most other stations had also been considerably increased, the large fleet sent to the Baltic in 1854 at the beginning of the Russian War was able to sail fully manned before

the French fleet, which had the compulsory *inscription maritime* to fall back upon. The fact that every one, except the marines, the boys, and the few seamen gunners, entered the service independently and without any necessary previous connection, obliged the officers of each ship to start their own system of training the men under their orders. Throughout the service there was similarity of training, but in no two ships was there identity. Every ship had its independent watch-bill, quarter-bill, and station-bill, and, even in squadrons kept together at sea and in harbour, its own routine, conforming in only a few particulars to the routine of the flagship.

There was also much independence in the system of discipline adopted in different ships, a regulation list of punishments, for example, being unknown. Though centralisation had begun at the date to which I am referring, it had as yet made little progress in the Navy. It may be said to have originated in H.M.S. *Excellent*, where uniformity in the gun-drill of the whole service was declared to be absolutely necessary, as indeed it was. Nevertheless, complete uniformity was not established for a considerable time.

Discipline afloat in those days was very strict, but in the immense majority of ships it was not harsh or even particularly severe. In my first ship, our captain, who was strict enough and undoubtedly sometimes harsh especially to the officers, never ordered a man to be flogged, an immunity which, as regards the cane, he did not extend to the second class, that is, the younger boys. These he ordered to be caned every morning, usually finding something that may have seemed to him a reason in each case. Once I was present at the following scene:—All the boys but one had, on some pretext, been caned. When the captain came to the last boy he evidently could not concoct a reason for having him caned, and he began to explain why, for once, the boy

was to go free. Unhappily for himself, this boy, not quite understanding the situation, began as usual to make excuse, saying, "Please, sir——." Before he could get any further the captain found what he wanted. He interrupted promptly, saying, "If you hadn't said 'Please, sir,' I shouldn't have ordered you to be caned. Ship's corporal, give him six!" And six he received, being sent away blubbering.

My first captain was a very extraordinary man. His character seemed to be made up of contradictions. He never flogged, as I have said. He never uttered an oath or a vulgar expression, yet he abused the men when he was dissatisfied with them till they were goaded almost into madness, and nearly every punishment short of flogging he inflicted with a lavish hand. To the officers he could sometimes be really cruel. He had commanded, as lieutenant, a small vessel on the east coast of South America, and had done such good service that he was promoted; so he must have been thought well of at the Admiralty. I was repeatedly punished, usually by being made to stay on deck after a tiring turn of duty. As sitting down or even leaning against anything was rigorously prohibited, the punishment, in the depressing temperature of the West Indies, was severe. My punishment was almost invariably undeserved, and was inflicted for what was due merely to youthful inexperience and ignorance of naval ways.

The captain was a man of large private fortune and belonged to one of the wealthiest families in the kingdom. He lived simply and entertained but little; but he would send to the sick dishes of expensively prepared food. His kindness to sick officers and men, myself among them, was unbounded. His dress was remarkable. Even at sea, and in rough weather, he generally wore a well-made frock-coat with a velvet collar! As often as

not, at sea, he had on an old pair of coloured plain clothes trousers. His watch had a large and heavy gold chain which went round his neck, and to which the watch-key was attached by a piece of white tape which got dirtier and dirtier as time went on.

For some reason or other he took an extreme dislike to the first lieutenant, whom, in the exercise of the privilege given to officers in command, he had himself selected. This unfortunate officer, against whose character nothing could be said, and who, I believe, was considered nearly or quite up to the average in zeal and ability, he nearly killed. He certainly injured his health seriously. He kept the first lieutenant and the chief engineer, a most popular officer to whom also he took a dislike, under close arrest for weeks in the hottest West Indian season.

They were confined to their cabins, not being allowed at first even to go to the gun-room table for meals, during the hottest and most enervating months of the tropical year, with only one hour's exercise on deck in the forenoon and one in the afternoon. Just think of it! Confinement in a cabin about four feet wide and six and a half feet long, in a temperature which scarcely ever fell below 86 degrees Fahrenheit, and in an atmosphere so laden with moisture that you could almost pour the salt out of the salt-cellars as if it were liquid.

What his complaint against the first lieutenant was, except that he was generally dissatisfied with him, was not clear. General dissatisfaction with a subordinate could not justify treatment that threatened to prove fatal to the sufferer. I heard the captain himself say publicly on the quarter-deck why he treated the chief engineer as he did. It was because that officer, in speaking to him, kept his hands on his hips! Having gone as far as he had, the captain realised before long that he must prefer

charges against the two officers and address the commander-in-chief. That officer was in the northern part of the station with his headquarters at Halifax, and thither our ship was called to join his flag.

CHAPTER X

IN THE FLAGSHIP

I WAS appointed to the flagship, H.M.S. *Cumberland*, directly after we arrived at Halifax. The admiral, Sir George Seymour, had known my father. He wrote to him most kindly about me, saying he meant to take me into the ship carrying his flag. I was very glad to get away from the West Indies, but I was sorry to leave the *Medea*. Rough as the life on board was, I liked it, and, except that the injustice of it rankled in my mind, I was not much aggrieved by my frequent punishment. The duty on board was hard; but as I had no means of comparison I thought that it was in accordance with the rule and practice of the service, so I did not feel that I was being overworked.

If any young officers of a later day should read this they may think that I am exaggerating, but I assure them that I am not. I kept the morning watch at sea and in harbour every day from 4 A.M. till 7.30 A.M. I was then relieved for an hour to wash and dress and have breakfast, going on deck again at 8.30 and keeping the forenoon watch till 12.30 P.M. At sea I had to attend with the master when he took sights about 9 A.M. and noon. I had first to learn how to work a day's work, and then to work it. At sea and in harbour I also kept on one day the first dog-watch, 4 to 6 P.M., and on the next day the second, 6 to 8 P.M. In harbour I was also told off for boat duty every

other day. How, when I was so much on duty, the captain of the *Medea* found any of my time available for the punishment of being kept on deck may seem a mystery. The fact is that he had what I regarded as the diabolical ingenuity of managing to inflict punishment on me in the afternoon, when I had an hour or two free. It may be said here that my former captain was tried by court-martial for tyranny and was removed by the Admiralty from his command.

Almost as soon as I received my appointment to the flagship, the commander-in-chief very kindly told me that I might have leave to go to St John's to see my parents. I went there in the summer of 1853 and saw it for the last time. I never saw my father again as he died in 1856, when I was serving in the Pacific.

The *Cumberland* was a sailing line-of-battle ship of 70 guns, a two-decker with a complement of 640 officers and men. Being the flagship of the station she generally had a dozen or two supernumeraries on board, mostly men discharged from hospital and waiting to rejoin their ships. She was armed with old pattern 56 cwt. 32-pounders on the lower deck; 45 cwt., new pattern, 32-pounders on the main deck; and old pattern 32-pounders of 34 cwt. on the quarter-deck and forecastle. All these guns were cast-iron smooth-bores. The old pattern guns on the lower deck dated back to the eighteenth century. Uniformity of calibre in the guns allowed of uniformity in the round shot and shell, but not in the powder charges. Of these the lower deck guns had three, viz., the distant, the full, and the reduced. The main deck and quarter-deck and forecastle guns had two charges—the full and reduced. The charges for each nature of gun differed from those for the others. The carriages were all of wood, worked by tackles and hand-spikes.

The *Cumberland* was not a fast sailer, but was a very handy ship. She had only one sister ship and

was shorter than other two-deckers. A consequence of this was that our gun-room—by which name the midshipmen's mess in the ships of the line was called —was small and had no guns in it. It had, however, two large stern-ports, and, after the small midshipmen's berth of the *Medea*, appeared to me to be spacious and even palatial. The tiller worked in it overhead; and it was necessary to be careful when the ship was at sea to avoid being caught in the "bight" or slack loop of the wheel-ropes. Once when sitting at the mess-table I was caught under the ear and jerked off my seat. There were two doors in the bulkhead separating the gun-room from the rest of the lower deck, and both of these opened directly into the marines' messes, which were always placed abaft those of the bluejackets.

There were over twenty of us in the gun-room, and all our hammocks were hung at night in the after-cockpit beneath the lower deck. My hammock-billet was on the starboard side, close to the amputation table. The allowance for a hammock-billet was fourteen inches between every two hooks, so that a sleeper had seven clear inches on each side. In the *Cumberland's* cockpit we had rather more space, perhaps as much as nine inches. For the seamen and marines the arrangement was that a man of the starboard watch and a man of the port watch hung their hammocks side by side; and as, at sea, one watch was always on duty, a sleeper had an empty hammock on each side of him. When once you have got expert in getting into it, no bed-place is so comfortable as a hammock, at any rate in cold weather.

Our chests almost covered the deck space of the after cockpit. In those days members of the midshipmen's mess had nothing but their chests to contain their clothing and washing apparatus. To have asked permission to bring an extra portmanteau or trunk on board would have driven a first lieutenant

almost wild, and would most likely have led to the applicant's leave being stopped. Lord Alcester once told me that, when he was serving in a small craft, the name of which I forget, the first lieutenant said that the midshipmen's chests took up too much room. So he had them "shaken," that is, taken to pieces so that they could be put together again, and made the midshipmen keep their clothes in painted canvas bags like those issued on loan to the 'foremast hands.

I was still a naval cadet when I joined the *Cumberland*. There was only one other youngster of that rank on board, and he was by a few months my senior. He was promoted from the mizzen-top to some other station, and I was put into that top in his place. It was not then customary, as it afterwards became when work had to be done aloft, to give the top-midshipmen a start, by the order "Officers of tops, aloft!" preceding the general order to the top-men, "Away aloft!" Therefore a midshipman had to race with his men, and, it may be said, often reached the top first.

I have a very vivid recollection of my experiences when I had to go aloft for the first time with bare feet. Whilst the decks were being washed the midshipmen were expected to take their shoes and stockings off. One morning watch, while the deck was still wet, the commander happened to come up the companion ladder just as, in fun, I was pushing a messmate's cap over his eyes. This took place right under the commander's nose and had to be noticed. He addressed me with, I thought, assumed sternness and said: "Mr Bridge, go up to the masthead and see if there is anything in sight on the starboard beam." Up I had to go; and the sensation of stepping from rattlin to rattlin with bare feet, especially when coming down after the feet had been made tender by the ascent, was decidedly painful. Before very long my feet got hardened to the work and I could go aloft barefooted without discomfort.

The old punishment of mastheading, or sending a midshipman to the masthead and keeping him there for hours, did not survive to my time. There were others not much less effective. Standing on the bitts was common. The bitts in question were the stout, upright pieces of wood near the mainmast through which ropes passed. The tops of these bitts were flat and about five or six inches square, and standing on them for any considerable time, even if you clutched the ropes, was far from pleasant. The knowledge that this punishment would be inflicted on delinquents was believed to act as a deterrent. A day or two after I joined the *Cumberland* I was one of a party of midshipmen being instructed in gun-drill at a gun near the main bitts. One of the party began playing tricks, or, in naval language, "sky-larking." The instructor noticed him, and said to him in a warning voice: "Do you want to grace them bitts, Mr B.?"

Another punishment for midshipmen was making them stand on the spanker-boom, which could only be done by getting between the topping-lifts and holding on by them.. Punishments of this kind were made more severe if inflicted just before the time for a meal, as you would have to go without it as well as stand in an unpleasant position. One of my messmates, one day when the ship was at sea, was punished by being sent into his boat just before dinner-time. The boat was hoisted at the stern. The weather was fine and the gun-room stern-ports were open. We were at dinner and the fare was pea-soup and boiled salt pork. Not long after taking our places at table we saw a boat's baler or "piggin" dangled at the end of a line outside one of the port-holes. It was at once understood that our messmate under punishment had lowered the baler in the hope that some food would be sent up to him. With the help of a worm, a sort of double corkscrew at the end of a pole used for drawing the charges of guns which were not to be fired, we managed to get the baler into

the gun-room, put some pea-soup and a spoon into it, and let it swing out from the port. It was then hauled up. After a few minutes it reappeared, this time being lowered into the sea to be washed out. When this was finished we put some pork and biscuit into it, and up it went again. Our messmate at least had got his dinner, though he had to eat it rather in picnic style.

The punishments which we disliked most were "watch-and-watch" and stoppage of leave. In the *Cumberland* the midshipmen were in four watches, which, after the long hours of duty in the *Medea*, seemed to me to make the work very light. Watch-and-watch meant that you had to keep one watch out of every two, and a fortnight or so of it was unpleasant. Stoppage of leave in those days meant a great deal, because leave to go ashore was only sparingly granted. One day I asked the commander for leave. He asked in turn when I was on shore last. It happened to have been five or six days previously. So he said, "Midshipmen may go on shore once a week, naval cadets once a fortnight"; and with that decision I had to be content.

When we were lying at Halifax in the *Cumberland* I had an opportunity of seeing a man-of-war hove down for repairs—probably the last so treated. She was the 26-gun frigate, *Vestal*. The ship had been ashore on the coast of Newfoundland. She was cleared and stripped of everything but her lower masts. As she lay alongside the dockyard great tackles were secured to her masts, the "fall" or hauling part of the rope was attached to capstans on the wharf, and she was inclined till her keel showed.

CHAPTER XI

THE WEST INDIES AGAIN

THE routine of the station was that the commander-in-chief and the flagship remained in northern latitudes, the headquarters being at Halifax, for six months in each year. At the end of the summer the headquarters were transferred to Bermuda for about three months, after which the admiral cruised in the West Indies, visiting several of the islands before returning to Bermuda, and going on from that place to Halifax. The year 1853 was the last of the admiral's command, and his stay at Halifax was prolonged till near the beginning of the winter. The day on which we sailed from Halifax was very cold. There had been some wet days, followed by a hard frost. Most of the ropes froze until they were like rods of iron. Some of the slighter ropes actually snapped and it became very difficult to work the sails. In a sudden gust of wind the ship nearly ran on to a shoal not far from a corner of the dockyard. By coolness and good management this was avoided, and we got out of harbour without further trouble. Within twenty-four hours we had got into fine sunny and mild weather.

Owing to a report of a serious epidemic at Bermuda, the admiral had to give up his intention of going there. The governor, who particularly wished to communicate with him, asked him to call off the islands on his way to the West Indies. Accordingly, we stood in close to the entrance

to Bermuda and cruised about until the ship with the governor on board came out. The weather was fine and the sea rather smooth, so the governor came on board the flagship in a boat. Preparations were made to fire a salute in his honour on his leaving the ship. Fearing that the sea might become rough and that water might splash into the mouths of the guns, the gunner had the tampions, or wooden plugs, put into them. The order to fire the salute was given sooner than was expected, and the governor and his party were for a few seconds exposed to an unpleasantly lively cannonade. I remember watching the gubernatorial party crouching down in the stern-sheets of the boat, and seeing the tampions flying over them. A small alteration of the ship's helm turned her head in another direction and the tampions flew wide of the governor's boat.

We continued the voyage to Barbados, where we anchored in Carlisle Bay, near Bridgetown. There was quite a fleet of ships, which had come for sugar, lying in the bay at a considerable distance from the shore. In those days a cargo-ship's voyage was in effect greatly prolonged by the fact that at many places ships had to be unloaded and loaded in the stream, and often in their own boats. Six or seven hundred tons then represented a fairly large ship. Such a ship did not carry more than one boat, the long-boat, that could be used for transport of cargo. Many trips between the ship and the shore were necessary before a ship could be emptied or reloaded, and the time necessary for the double operation often, or indeed usually, amounted to weeks, and equalled in length the duration of an extensive voyage. This ought to be borne in mind when the performances of modern steam-vessels are compared with those of old sailing-ships.

On board the *Cumberland*, by the admiral's order, no officer was allowed to smoke. One wonders what would be thought in these days of such a

prohibition. I have only heard of one other ship in which it was enforced, and she was in commission at the same time as the *Cumberland*. The admiral had two sons in the ship, one the captain, who afterwards became an admiral and a Lord of the Admiralty; the other, one of the junior midshipmen. The captain was a great smoker. He religiously obeyed the admiral's order and never smoked on board the ship; but on leaving at any time in his gig, he used to have a cigar ready and light it as soon as the boat had shoved off. Smoking in a man-of-war's boat, except when on prolonged service, would—at a much later period and perhaps even now—have been thought very irregular.

When ships made voyages under sail, mostly at a speed not exceeding seven or eight knots, fish could often be caught by trailing a line with a brightly baited hook on it, either from the jib-boom end or astern. The flag captain, just spoken of, usually kept a line trailing astern from his cabin window. I never saw him catch anything but once. I have said that there was one other naval cadet on board besides myself. He was full of mischief and most amusing. One day he managed, by some means, to get hold of the captain's fishing-line and drag it into one of the gun-room ports. He then fixed firmly to the hook a red-herring from our mess stock and let the line out again. Immediately there was a great splashing and plumping, and we watched impatiently to see the result. We had not long to wait. To our delight we saw the line hauled in by the captain, who at once divined who the author of the trick was, and sent him a good-humoured message, that he was obliged to him for the fish and intended to have it for breakfast the next morning.

The practice of watering ships in casks had not been entirely given up, though, I think, the

Cumberland must have been almost the last ship in which it was resorted to. The casks were sent to the watering-place in the launch, filled, and brought off to the ship in the boat. They were then hoisted on board by means of a tackle with very large blocks, called the "quarter tackle," attached to the mainyard so as to be just clear of the ship's side. A "starting hose," made of canvas with a very wide mouth, was led from the main hatchway, at the corners of which the mouth of the hose was securely tied, down to the tanks in the hold. Each cask as it was hoisted on board was "started," that is, emptied into the hose and the water ran directly down to the tank. The process was a very slow one.

It was a defect of the *Cumberland* that she could not carry a large quantity of fresh water. The usual allowance was a gallon a man a day, officers, and foremast hands being on the same footing. Half a gallon was for drinking and cooking, and half a gallon for washing both one's person and one's clothes. In each of the lower deck messes the water for washing clothes was, as it were, pooled and put into a common tub, so that it went farther than if each man had kept his individual share. It was expected that a ship would carry enough water to last about one hundred days. At sea showers of rain were welcomed, and when one fell there was a general scurry of officers' servants with baths and water-cans, and of the ship's company with tubs and buckets to catch the falling drops. There was, especially during long voyages, a strict adherence to the allowance. When a midshipman accepted an invitation to dine with the captain when the ship was at sea, the captain's steward carried off at least part of the guest's allowance of water for use at the meal.

Whilst at Barbados, our not very luxurious breakfast often received an acceptable addition in

the shape of the flying-fish, which the negro fishermen used to catch at night in boats in which flares were burning to attract the fish so that they might fall into a net spread for their reception. The fishermen used to bring off in the morning the flying-fish already cooked and prepared for the table.

We left Barbados after a stay of a week or so and ran through the West Indies to Jamaica, from which island we went on to Bermuda. The period of the admiral's command had nearly expired, and his early return to England in his flagship was expected. With his usual kind consideration for me, he sent for me and told me that he thought it would be better for me to remain longer on the station, and that he was going to appoint me to H.M.S. *Brisk*, commanded by his nephew, Commander Beauchamp Seymour, well known in later years as Lord Alcester. At the same time he wrote to my father, telling him that he had purposely chosen the *Brisk* for me, as her commander was a good officer for youngsters to serve under, a statement as to the truth of which, after serving in two ships under his command, I can confidently testify.

The *Brisk* was a new ship. She was a screw-propelled steam corvette; she was armed with a 68-pounder solid shot gun, on a traversing carriage and mounted in the bow, and with fourteen 32-pounders of 34 cwt. on the broadside, seven a side. At a later period the captain got a 45 cwt. 32-pounder on a wooden carriage added to the armament. Its place was abaft the mizzenmast, and it could be fired on either quarter or right astern as desired. The ship's complement was 160 officers and men, afterwards increased to 190. She was a full-rigged ship with very small coal capacity, so she nearly always moved about under sail. Her screw-propeller, when not in use, could be disconnected and hoisted up to the level of the upper

deck by stout tackles. She was not a particularly handy ship and not very fast, and some of her voyages were very long. The midshipmen's berth was small but fairly comfortable, and in the ample steerage outside it our chests found their place and our hammocks could be slung. There were eight of us in the berth. We were badly off for space to stow our sea stock, though we had the usual lockers under the seats and the usual box or "well" under the mess table. We generally were obliged to stow a cask of flour in the berth itself, putting it on one of the seats, where it unpleasantly reduced our sitting space.

At the beginning of the year 1854 it became nearly certain that we should be involved in war with Russia. Several ships were either brought home from distant stations or kept in readiness to proceed to England. The *Brisk*, accordingly, was ordered to Halifax. Though the coldest part of the winter was over when we got there, and the harbour, which had been frozen over, was again open, the cold was still bitter. A few days before we entered the harbour we were caught in a heavy gale of wind which lasted nearly forty-eight hours. During this gale we approached the Nova Scotia coast near enough to see that it was covered with snow as far as the eye could reach. The wind was so strong that we had to shorten sail to a close-reefed main topsail and a reefed foresail.

There was a very high sea, and the waves breaking over the ship drenched the greater part of the foresail. As the wind increased that sail had to be furled, and we then carried only the close-reefed main topsail and the fore staysail. Furling the foresail was a long job. The wet canvas froze and became like sheet-iron which required immense labour to gather up. I was on the foreyard all the time and was nearly frozen. The length of the work and the great cold told heavily on the men on the foreyard,

and one or two had to be lowered to the deck by ropes. We midshipmen were on deck or aloft all the time; and as seas came over the ship we got very wet and had some of our clothes stiff with ice. When we got into Halifax harbour the ship's bows were encrusted with ice and the anchor had to be cut away with axes before it could be let go. Much as we all felt the cold, it did not cause us so much discomfort as the chilly, damp weather which we encountered in the English Channel, where the thermometer was many degrees higher than it had been on the Nova Scotia coast.

CHAPTER XII

SOME WAR SERVICE

WAR had been declared before we reached Portsmouth, to which port we had been ordered. It was believed that the *Brisk* was to be sent to join the Baltic fleet; and, as it also seemed likely that a small squadron would be despatched to the White Sea, where more active work was expected, our captain succeeded in getting the ship chosen to join this squadron. It consisted of three ships — the *Eurydice*, a sailing 26-gun frigate; the *Miranda*, a screw corvette like our ship, but commanded by a captain; and the *Brisk*, still a commander's command. Each ship sailed from England independently. We embarked a White Sea pilot, or so he was officially termed. He had been captain of a small vessel trading between Archangel and England. In his earlier days he had been one of the ship's company of H.M.S. *Impérieuse*, commanded by the celebrated Lord Cochrane, and he had many stories to tell of the operations of the *Impérieuse* on the coast of Catalonia against Napoleon's armies.

Some time after we had entered the White Sea we were joined by a French frigate, and a man-of-war brig. The frigate, a powerfully armed ship, was called *Psyche*, usually pronounced "Sitch" by our bluejackets.

On our way north we called first at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, and then at Hammerfest in Norway, where we filled our tanks with water that came from

the melting snows on the neighbouring mountains. The water turned bad and stank. We were obliged to pump it out of the tanks into the sea and replace it with purer water. We did not at once see the Midnight Sun; but the days were already very long. The Hammerfest people used to stop work and amuse themselves about 10 P.M., when it was still quite light. The recreation of many of both sexes took the form of visits to the British men-of-war, after we midshipmen had turned into our hammocks. It was strange to look down from one's hammock on a crowd of visitors, moving with some difficulty and much stooping about our steerage.

When we rounded the North Cape and got into the White Sea we found the weather cold, but the thermometer did not go down to freezing-point. Fogs and damp, which had a very chilling effect, were common at first; but later we had much fine and sometimes even hot weather. We frequently anchored between an island called Cross Island, almost on the Arctic Circle, and the mainland of Lapland. Sometimes our men were landed opposite the island for exercise, where we suffered greatly from mosquitoes. One petty officer's face was so swollen from bites that his eyes were closed and he became for a time so blind that a boy was told off to lead him about.

One remarkable thing occurred whilst we had the Midnight Sun. The sick-bay man—one of the ship's recognised jokers—when smoking a long "church-warden" pipe, began a sort of mock combat with one of the seamen, in which his pipe was accidentally broken and part of it stuck in his throat. This happened rather late in the evening. All attempts to withdraw the broken pipe-stem having failed, the surgeon decided to make an opening in the man's throat and get the pipe-stem out that way. The operation took place on the gun-room table, right under the skylight, a few minutes after midnight.

I had the middle watch—12 to 4 A.M.—and watched the proceedings until the actual operation was about to begin. There were no candles or any other artificial lights. Probably a surgical operation at midnight without lights is very rare.

On the mainland, opposite Cross Island, there were some collections of huts—villages they could not be called—inhabited by Laplanders. They were always very friendly to us and seemed glad to see us, though we had little or nothing to give them. They were short, sturdy folk, and, whenever we met them, very good-humoured. Their huts were extraordinary buildings. They were low, only about five feet from the ground to the highest part, and were largely built of poles and twigs. On one side there was a sort of miniature verandah with a sloping roof and closed sides. In the roof there was an aperture closed by a hinged lid, the whole thing reminding one of a corn-bin in a stable, except that it was made of twigs. To enter the house the Laplander lifted the lid, got in through the aperture, and let the lid fall into place after him.

The ground was almost covered with the little shrubs of the whortleberry or blueberry. On our later visits to the place the berries were very abundant. The Laplanders had a most ingenious and expeditious mode of picking them. They had a sort of scoop made out of a single piece of wood, and rather like the shovel for taking coals out of a scuttle. This had a handle like the handle of a jug. The front end of the scoop was cut into teeth like those of a coarse comb. The Laplander ran along with this instrument in his hand, just brushing the ground. The shrubs inserted themselves between the teeth, and slipped away as the scoop was moved onward, leaving the berries behind. In a few minutes a large quantity of these could be collected.

There were several herds of reindeer browsing in the neighbourhood. Of these, some were quite tame,

and being branded, or having wooden tallies hung round their necks, were evidently private property. Others were wild, quite as wild as or wilder than the deer in an English park. We several times tried to get a shot at some of these, but did not often succeed. I was lucky enough to shoot one of the few which we did get, and my performance was greeted with enthusiastic applause, as fresh meat was then rather a rarity.

Our main occupation in the White Sea was blockading Archangel. We never saw that city, as it lies up a river, and an imperfectly surveyed bar prevented our ships from getting into the river. We spent much time in surveying the bar and searching for a channel deep enough to let our ships through.

The enemy did his best to hamper us when doing this work. He had a flotilla of rowing gunboats, and on shore some batteries of mounted artillery. Owing to the shallowness of the water the boats had to go beyond the distance at which the fire of ships' guns could cover them. Consequently, as far as the offensive power of the ships was concerned, the enemy had practically no opposition to look for.

The three pinnaces of our ships, each armed with a brass smooth-bore muzzle-loading 12-pounder howitzer, gave us in the other boats all the cover that we could get, and, as a boat is a very unsteady platform, that did not amount to much. In fact, our 12-pounders rarely fired a shot. The enemy's gunboats, which were much larger and much more heavily armed, as well as more numerous, than our pinnaces, did not trouble us as seriously as the artillery on shore. The land artillery guns were, I think, 12-pounders, or near that class. They seemed to me to be manœuvred with great skill. The teams trotted or galloped about from point to point behind a screen of pine-woods, so that we seldom saw them. The first we knew of their whereabouts was when we noticed a puff of smoke,

and then the fall of shot near us. The next puff would be seen a good distance from the place at which we noticed the former puff.

We used to be in the boats sounding for hours, day after day. Generally the artillery kept blazing at us the whole time. The number of shot fired was very large. They fell all round us. Sometimes over, sometimes short, sometimes ahead of our boat, sometimes astern. Yet although there were some close shaves, not one of our men was hit. Now and again, when the number of shot falling very near us was getting too large to be pleasant, the boats would move to another spot, where, before long, we had a repetition of our former experience. We were greatly hampered in our work, and it took some weeks before we had definitely ascertained that there was practically no channel which we could use.

Our blockading work, till near the end of the campaign, was confined to keeping vessels from getting into the ports. We allowed any that wished to come out to do so. They were, of course, all neutrals. The number of these was very great. There were few three-masted vessels; most were brigs and brigantines, with, occasionally, a topsail schooner-rigged galliot.

Germany, at the time, was made up of many almost independent states, several of which had their own flag. We saw craft which flew the flags of Prussia, Mecklenburg, Lubeck, Bremen, Hamburg, Oldenburg, and Hanover. The last-named had a flag which very closely resembled the British red ensign. One day we saw a vessel coming out from the river flying what appeared to be the British colours. Here at last, we thought, is a good prize. The vessel seemed to intend to slip past us under false colours. We brought her to and sent an officer on board to overhaul her. He returned with the report that she was Hanoverian, and that her colours were all right, as in the centre of the Union Jack

there was the figure of a white horse, which distinguished the flag from the British. The papers of some vessels were in Latin, and, as being last from school, I generally was told to translate them.

Several vessels were armed, as the practice of putting an armament into merchantmen had by no means died out. Few which sailed to the East Indies were without one. We detained an Oldenburg vessel because she had several guns mounted on board, an arm-rack fitted with muskets, and a number of pistols. The boarding officer thought she was intended for a privateer. The captain went on board to examine the vessel himself, and took me with him. He was satisfied that the vessel was what she professed to be, viz., a peaceful trader, and let her go on her way. The last fully armed merchant vessel which I remember seeing was a very handsome French full-rigged ship called the *Maréchal Turenne*. She was "pierced" for eighteen guns, but carried a smaller number. I saw her more than once in the Pacific in 1856-57. Mail steamers in the days I speak of carried a couple of guns; but these were primarily for signalling.

Our work of blockading was varied by expeditions in search of fresh provisions. For this purpose the ship visited several coast villages. We always asked that we might have such fresh meat and vegetables as were available, promising to pay down a reasonable sum for the quantities furnished. Usually our wants were supplied without hesitation, and the people were evidently glad to have met with such good customers as we were. The bargain being completed, we departed as good friends. We occasionally bought sheep. They had very broad, fat tails; and their wool was long and straggling, like hair.

On the few occasions when our request was refused, we informed the people that—if we were not furnished on a fair payment with what we wanted and which they did not deny that they could

supply—we should take it without payment and would use force if we were resisted. This happened sometimes, the inhabitants relying on the presence of troops, said to be organised militia, in the neighbourhood. In all except one or two instances a show of force was sufficient to bring about readiness to negotiate, and we got and paid for what we required.

At one place, at which the inhabitants were particularly friendly, we were told that there was a large stock of ardent spirits belonging to the Government. On saying that we must destroy this we were readily shown the place where this stock was. We found two moderate-sized storehouses filled with huge casks. We knocked in the heads of these and the spirits gushed out till the floors of the storehouses and the ground in front of them were like a pond. We then set fire to the spirits and raised a great blaze, which made me think that I was looking at an enormous snap-dragon. So far from resenting our action, the people professed to be, and seemed to be, really grateful to us. Several women were quite effusive in their thanks, and clustered round the interpreter to make sure that he understood what they were saying.

On one occasion we were told that if we approached we should be fired on. Accordingly, preparations were made for a landing in force. The *Eurydice* had remained at Cross Island and we had embarked her marines. The senior officer came on board our ship and we were accompanied by the *Miranda*. The place was approached by a river; and the plan was that we should land some two hundred bluejackets and sixty marines just inside the river's mouth, push them on towards the village, and send two pinnaces, each mounting a smooth-bore 12-pounder brass howitzer up the river to protect our right flank.

We had not advanced far before the enemy opened fire on us from guns which we who were in the landing party could not see. We soon heard the shot,

which appeared to me to go far over our heads; we also heard our boats firing their guns in reply. I was acting as A.D.C. to our captain, who had command of the bluejackets and marines on shore.

He ordered the bluejackets to move forward on the left through the woods, and the marines to keep to the more open ground near the river. While arrangements were being made to carry out these orders, the enemy opened upon us a heavy rifle fire from a wood near at hand and from the neighbourhood of the village. The rifle shots, which I thought came in great numbers, also seemed to pass a long way above our heads. Some came close enough; and it was here that, as before mentioned, Captain Beauchamp Seymour's coxswain, when near me, was hit by a bullet in the front of his hat without being wounded.

I kept with the captain, who marched with the marines across clear ground near the river. The enemy continued firing from his guns and small arms, and must have expended an immense quantity of ammunition; but still, as far as I could make out, every shot went far over our heads. How he managed to miss us is inexplicable as we must have offered to him a splendid target. The marines were in line shoulder to shoulder, the officers being just in front of them; and the weather was perfectly clear.

We moved at ordinary marching pace for about half a mile, when we found right in front of us a grassy slope which looked like a battery. From behind this the fire, from both guns and small arms, went on with no greater effect than before. The captain halted the marines, told them that they were to move forward again till we reached the foot of the grassy slope, when they were to fix bayonets and rush up it. In the meantime, we heard the bluejackets on our left, though the trees prevented us from seeing them. Whether it was due to their approach or not was not clear, but the enemy's guns

became silent. The small arms fire continued till we were actually running up the slope. The great object seemed to be to see who could get to the top of the slope first. The captain of H.M.S. *Miranda*, J. Lyons, son of Lord Lyons, then admiral in our Black Sea Fleet, was in command of the whole expedition.

He was in front of all of us, my captain being on his right and perhaps a couple of steps less advanced. I was immediately behind and very close to Captain Lyons. When we had got a little over half way up the slope and were not yet out of breath, a perfect burst of fire was opened on us. Captain Lyons fell full length on the ground and I nearly fell over him. He looked at me with a smile on his face, which showed that he was not killed. Indeed, he was not touched. His foot had slipped and that caused his fall. His coxswain and another man of his gig's crew were soon by his side and helped him to his feet, while the rest of us went on. At the top the slope ended in a kind of wide trench between three and four feet deep, with a perpendicular fall beyond the slope. In this was a wooden building from which small arms were still being fired. We tried to send two rockets into it. One rocket literally fizzled out and fell harmless on the ground just clear of the muzzle of the rocket tube. The other took a very erratic course; flew in amongst our men, causing considerable confusion; and—what was not discouraging—shouts of laughter. It then stuck into the ground in front of us and its smoke nearly stifled us.

However, we passed it all right, and several of us dashed into the building where we found nobody. The short delay caused by our own ineffective rockets had given the occupants time to get away. The building was a cowshed which, apparently, had not been cleaned out for a very long time. The state in which we were before we came out of the

shed may be imagined. The river was near at hand and we walked into it and in it until we were cleaned. The firing from the village and from a point beyond it was still kept up. To it the brass howitzers in our boats made the only reply. The village now caught fire and, all the houses being of wood, was entirely burned down.

I was ordered to take two bluejackets and scout on the far side of the village. We ascended a low hill, part of a line of heights a quarter of a mile or more beyond the village. We could not see a soul. So we went on, with the intention of going to the top of another line of heights a few hundred yards farther on. Descending the first hill was difficult, as the ground was very slippery, being covered with smooth pebbles. When, after much slipping, we had got about three-quarters of the way down, I suddenly caught sight of a body of troops marching very quickly along a road or track between our hill and the hill we were going to. I managed to signal to my two companions and we each got behind a bush, the ground being sparsely studded with bushes. The number of the enemy sighted we estimated at about two hundred. We heard afterwards that they were most likely militia. They were certainly all in uniform and armed with muskets or rifles, and marched in perfect order at a very smart pace. They came from the direction of the river, where it approached the village, and were moving away from the latter.

Having watched them till they were out of sight, we returned to our friends and reported what we had seen. Preparations were at once made to meet an attack. After waiting an hour or two, as none came, we returned on board. One of our men, an ordinary seaman, somehow or other managed to get hold of some liquor and had to be sent back to the ship drunk, for which he got four dozen the next morning. The captain read out his crime

before punishing him. It was: "Drunkenness in the presence of the enemy."

It may be mentioned here that, in those days, drunkenness in itself—as far as the foremast hands were concerned—was not regarded as a serious offence; but drunkenness on duty, and everyone whilst on board was deemed to be on duty, was always held to be a crime and was severely punished. Returning from leave drunk was rarely followed by punishment, and was too common amongst our bluejackets to be thought even an eccentricity. The change that has taken place in the Navy in this respect has been wonderful, and it did not begin yesterday. For years past there has been no more sober class in the community than our bluejackets and marines.

Though, as has been said already, we were generally received at villages at which we called in a friendly manner, and, on full payment, obtained the articles of food of which we were in need, we occasionally met with at least a show of resistance. As a rule this was not persisted in. Sometimes we got on very friendly terms with the villagers. At one place where nearly all the men had rifles we got them to show their skill as marksmen. It was great. Their rifle was a curious weapon. It had a long and extraordinarily thick barrel and was immensely heavy. The bore was hexagonal and of small diameter. The bullet was spherical and—in loading—was forced by blows on the ramrod with a hammer to take the form of the bore. The first operation in loading one of these rifles was to rub the inside of the bore with a greased rag attached to the ramroad. The powder was then taken from the powder-horn in one of several measures made of bone which the rifleman had hanging on his coat. Then the hammering home of the bullet was effected. The marksmen lay down on their backs with their legs stretched out and their heels together, the feet

being used as a rest for the rifle. The butt of the rifle was curiously shaped, as the heel of it was a sharp angle and it was held rather on the shoulder than against it.

We overhauled one day a Dutch vessel at anchor near a sandy beach, near which no sign of human habitation could be made out. I had to board the vessel. The Dutch captain was very polite and presented me with two long "churchwarden" clay pipes. I was still only a naval cadet and less than fifteen and a half years of age; and naval cadets, or midshipmen either, were not allowed to smoke.

When I got back to my ship I found that the first lieutenant had been so attracted by the appearance of the beach that he was determined to get sand from it for the purpose of holy-stoning decks. He therefore ordered me to go ashore in the 8-oared cutter and bring off a load of sand. After the shovels and buckets had been put into the boat, I was told to go in under a flag of truce. One of my white tablecloths attached to a boathook-staff served the purpose and was set up in the bows of the cutter.

We had got in our load of sand and were shoving off from the beach into deep water. The coxswain and I were helping with a long boathook, using it as a punting-pole. Our two heads were close together when a bullet whistled right between them and was followed by a report of a musket or rifle shot. I shall never forget the look of utter astonishment on the coxswain's face. It was really comical.

One of the boat's crew, who was again a shipmate of mine some years afterwards, and who died when we were serving together in the East Indies, picked up a musket that we had in the boat and prepared to shoot at the man who had fired the shot, and whom I could see running away along the beach. He had on a long, dark-coloured frock-coat which looked like military uniform. I told our man to

put the musket down at once, on which he said, "Let me have a shot at him, sir; I can pick his eye out." I refused to allow any firing as long as the flag of truce was flying. Our friend on shore had gained the shelter of a low bluff, behind a corner of which he disappeared. The boat was now in deep water, and I had the flag of truce taken down and prepared to return any fire that might be directed at us. However, we saw and heard nothing further and rowed back to the ship. As soon as I got on board I reported the matter to the first lieutenant who merely said "Oh!" but the affair caused much discussion in our berth and also on the lower deck. It is not surprising that I was greatly interested in it, because at our landings I was usually—if I remember rightly, always—chosen to carry the flag of truce.

The next time this happened we had to reach a village about a mile from the landing-place. This time the captain's steward sent me one of the captain's tablecloths, and I had to carry it on a pole and keep a hundred yards in front of the party. Our road led through a forest. Owing to my recent experience I certainly did not like the job, and was glad when the flag caught, as it did several times, in the trees by the roadside, which allowed the landing party to get near me. Each time I was sent on ahead as at first.

When we reached the village we had a friendly reception and got the supplies we wanted. Probably none of the villages from which we got supplies ever had so much hard cash before. This probably accounted for our being generally welcomed by the inhabitants. At this place some of the inhabitants remarked to the interpreter that our men looked very clean; probably they washed themselves every day. The interpreter replied that they did wash themselves every day with soap. This called forth a chorus of incredulity. Washing every day was

conceivable, but washing every day with soap was a thing that nobody could be expected to believe.

At one or two places, though we were not resisted and were sold what we wanted, we were threatened with trouble, and had to engage in rather long and sometimes noisy negotiations. The people of one village evacuated it and collected in a crowd on the farther hill of an open space, evidently arguing amongst themselves whether they should comply with our demands or refuse them. The captain told me to go out and observe their proceedings. I took up a suitable position, when one of the villagers levelled his rifle at me — the people were mostly carrying military muskets or rifles, not the heavy weapons spoken of before—and plainly meant to shoot. As there was only about sixty or seventy yards between us he would almost certainly have hit his mark. Fortunately for me, one of his companions felled him to the earth with the butt of his rifle. The man was not killed or, as far as could be seen, much hurt. After a short interval he rose to his feet looking little the worse for his experience. His friends, however, would not let him have his rifle again. The incident ended pleasantly, for very friendly relations between the villagers and ourselves were soon established.

Having learned that the enemy had constructed fortifications on an island on which the Monastery of Solovetski stands, the *Miranda* and our ship proceeded there to investigate. The story got about some years afterwards that we had attacked the monastery. The story was false. The monastery, which was near the water's edge, looked like a fortress of mediæval type. It had a high wall of stout masonry, with towers at intervals. Near the monastery was an earthwork close to the narrow beach. As far as could be seen from the sea it was a battery of several guns in embrasures.

We arrived late in the afternoon and caught sight

of movable guns and horses. The latter were feeding some distance from the guns, and the captain of the *Miranda* asked permission to land his men and cut them off. This was refused, as an amicable settlement, enabling us to destroy the battery, was hoped for. We remained at anchor throughout the night. Next morning our captain went on shore to make a final effort to come to an arrangement. He was not successful, and after the time allowed for an answer from the enemy had expired without any having been received we began operations. I remember my servant remonstrating with me for putting on a clean shirt. He thought it would be a waste.

Our station, by good luck, was such that the guns in the battery embrasures could rarely be trained on us. Several shots fell very close to us, but every one that I saw struck the water near our bows. Several ropes and stays between the foremast and the jib-boom were cut, but no round shot hit the ship. The *Miranda* was more under the fire of the battery than we were.

A fair number of rifle shot did reach us. Orders had been given that no part of the monastery was to be fired at. After some time, as the rifle shots came in increased numbers, it was found that they were being fired from one of the monastery towers, and orders were given to reply to them, but not to fire at any part of the monastery except the particular part from which the shots came. For this purpose some marines were sent up to the mizzen-top and I joined them and remained in the top half an hour or more. The marines were armed with the muzzle-loading Minié rifle. We had only six rifles on board for the bluejackets; the other small arms were smooth-bore muskets and smooth-bore pistols.

On coming down from the mizzen-top I went to see how things were going on forward. Here the boatswain asked me to help him in working the brass

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6-pounder field-gun, which he had managed to drag to the spare port on the starboard bow. It was the foremost port of all and near the bowsprit. The arrangement was that we should observe and fire the gun in turns, loading it ourselves. The best observation post was on the roof of a round-house close to the knight-heads. I had just finished my observation turn and was lowering myself down to the deck when a rifle bullet struck the leaden sheeting on the roof just where I had been standing. The mark remained for a long time.

After we had been hammering at the battery off and on for an hour or more without silencing it, we decided to try the effect of red-hot shot. This was perhaps the last occasion on which red-hot shot were used afloat. We heated them in the stokehold, from which we hoisted them up with a peculiarly made pair of tongs. On reaching the upper deck they were dropped into a bucket nearly filled with sand, picked up in a special kind of bearer with leather guards to protect the men's hands, and taken to the guns.

In order to load them the guns were run in and given the requisite elevation, which allowed the shot, when entered, to roll down the bore. The powder charge was first rammed home, then a grummet wad, and next to it a junk wad, shaped like a bun and made of tarred spun yarn. This wad was wetted before being put in the gun. The red-hot shot was then lifted to the muzzle in its bearer, tipped into the bore, and allowed to roll home. The gun was then run out and fired as soon as possible.

The use of red-hot shot proved very effective. Most of them lodged in the parapet and set the dry herbage on fire. The smoke from this drove the enemy out of the battery, which was now not only silenced but also abandoned. Not long before this happened orders were given to fire one round shot, not red-hot, at a tower in the monastery from which

signalling had been going on to the battery nearly all the morning, and also rifle fire. It ought to have been fired sooner, but the intention was that the monastery should not be injured. As a battery had been built close to it, this, to most of us, seemed to be carrying consideration too far. However, the shot—which hit the roof—did the business, and we saw no more signalling.

The complete silencing of the battery and the damage done to it by our fire were considered sufficient, and we brought the action to a close. We had one man killed and one severely wounded, both in the *Miranda*.

We remained in the neighbourhood till the next day and then returned to our work of blockading. This was becoming more and more unpleasant as the season advanced. The weather became very unfavourable. Gales were frequent, and, as we were in an open roadstead, the boat-work was very trying. It should be remembered that our boats had only oars and sails. Most of the work was done with oars. We stayed at this work until the close of the season. Very few vessels tried to enter or leave Archangel, and ice would before long establish an even more effective blockade than ours. We were glad to start for England, which we did in company with the senior officer in H.M.S. *Eurydice*.

CHAPTER XIII

REFITTING IN PREPARATION FOR SERVICE IN THE PACIFIC

As we were coming down the North Sea, the senior officer communicated with a passing vessel and made to us this signal:—"A glorious victory has been won by the allied troops. Issue double allowance of spirits!" Interpreted into lower deck language this meant, "Splice the Main brace!" The glorious victory was the Battle of the Alma; and this was the first that we heard of British and French troops being in the Crimea; for in the White Sea we got no letters from home and only rarely a foreign newspaper.

On our arrival at Spithead I was sent into Portsmouth in one of our boats for letters, which were awaiting us at the commander-in-chief's office in the dockyard. One of these, in an Admiralty official envelope, was addressed to our captain as: "F. Beauchamp P. Seymour, Esquire." We knew from this address that he had been "posted," that is to say, promoted from the rank of commander to that of captain, officers of the latter rank being still addressed formally as "Esquire," as admirals used to be in the eighteenth century. How long the Admiralty continued to address letters to captains as above, I cannot say; but the practice had already become nearly obsolete. The *Brisk* was, in her first commission, a commander's command, and our

captain was relieved by another officer of the same rank.

He was a big man, considerably above the average in height. It was not uncommon in those days for officers, instead of the uniform cap with crown and gold band, to wear a tall black or white hat. For commissioned officers this had a stripe of gold lace up the side; for midshipmen this stripe was replaced by a twist of gold cord. Our new captain with his hat on towered above everyone in the ship.

The British and French squadrons on the Pacific station had been defeated with considerable loss in an attack on Petropanlovski in Kamchatka. They had silenced the shore batteries; but the landing party, on the second day of the attack, had been obliged to re-embark with a heavy list of casualties. It was considered necessary to reinforce our squadron; and we were ordered to refit, and proceed to the Pacific station. We completed our refit at Portsmouth, and sailed for Rio Janeiro, calling in Plymouth Sound on the way. On the afternoon of the Sunday which we spent in the Sound, I landed at Devonport Dockyard and walked to the Hoe. This was in the winter of 1854-55. The streets through which I walked with two other officers were crowded, and the number of drunken people, a few of them women, might have been counted by dozens. This is mentioned because it gives me an opportunity of saying that the improvement in the sobriety of the "three towns" within my experience has been enormous. In later years, when stationed at Devonport, I repeatedly walked in the afternoon without seeing a single drunken person of either sex. The same thing, or something very like it, might be said of the streets of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth, at any hour within the last thirty years or more.

In January 1855, on our voyage out to the Pacific, I passed the regulation examinations, and was rated

a midshipman. I was still under sixteen years of age; but I had been in three ships; had been in blue water most of the time; had served on foreign stations; and seen something of war. I felt all the pride that a youngster feels when he becomes entitled to wear the midshipman's patch.

We made a quick passage to a point off the entrance to Rio Janeiro, but were there caught in a gale which kept us outside the harbour for four days. This kind of thing, and having to wait for a fair wind several days before starting, were common occurrences in the days of sails. They added largely to the practical length of voyages in which you could not count on an average run through the water of more than a thousand miles a week, not always straight for the ship's destination.

Like everyone who visits it, I was greatly impressed by the magnitude and convenience of Rio Harbour, and the splendour of the surrounding scenery. We called there when the heat was very great, and there was much yellow fever in the city. Great sanitary improvements have been made at Rio Janeiro since the date of my first visit; but conditions were but little altered when I called there nearly three years afterwards. The stench at the landing-place was horrible, and it was nearly as bad in other parts of the city. We stayed several days and the officers went on shore freely, sometimes dining at a restaurant and going to the opera; yet we had no cases of sickness.

The Brazilian Government had given our Admiralty the use of a small island in the harbour, called Cobras, as a naval yard. On it were boat-sheds, boat-slips, forges, carpenters' shops, and storehouses. It was very conveniently situated, being not far from the principal landing-place, and the best parts of the city. We also had an old frigate moored near Cobras Island, which served as a receiving ship. At the time of which I am writing,

the south-east coast of America was one of our regular naval stations under an admiral. We kept a squadron on the station originally, to help the Brazilian Government to defend its country, and then in order to co-operate with that government in putting down the slave trade. The maintenance of our squadron involved us in a considerable expenditure from which our own country derived little benefit, or, more likely, no benefit at all. It ought to be remembered in our favour that our money was spent for the good of others, and for reasons of humanity.

We next called at Montevideo, in Uruguay, near the entrance of the River Plate, where we met the admiral. His flagship, a 50-gun frigate, drew so much water that she had to lie at anchor rather far out in the river. We were able to get into the inner anchorage near the city. The admiral was a great stickler for correctness in officers' uniform. The first time that I went on board the flagship it was as midshipman in charge of boat. At the top of the accommodation ladder I was met by one of the ship's midshipmen, whose duty it was to see that the collar of my jacket was properly turned up. All midshipmen from other ships were received in the same way. The admiral himself was walking the deck dressed in a tail-coat with epaulettes, in which, I was told, he always appeared when the ship was in harbour. Epaulettes were much more worn then than they have been of late years. In harbour, and in fine weather at sea, they were always worn on Sundays at divisions and until divine service was over.

Montevideo was not a very orderly place. With three or four other officers I went on shore one afternoon. Having managed to hire horses, we rode to the old fort on the top of the mountain from which Montevideo probably takes its name. On our return we dined at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. Soon after dinner we left the hotel and walked towards the

pier, or mole, where we expected to find one of our ship's boats in which we might return on board. It was already quite dark. The distance was not great and our way led through some of the principal streets. All shops, except here and there a grog-shop, were closed, and there were very few lamps. We had to walk slowly, and had not gone far when we heard several musket shots.

We could not tell where these came from, or at whom they were fired. We very quickly came to the conclusion, either that they must have been fired at us or that we were in the line of fire while someone else was being shot at; for the shots were repeated, and the bullets whistled unpleasantly close to us. We hurried on at the risk of stumbling in the darkness, and reached the pier untouched. Here there were some lamps, and as we stood in their light the firing became hotter and the bullets came in such numbers that we slipped over the end of the pier, and hung on to the edge of it with our hands, finding such resting-place for our feet as the inequalities of the masonry offered. Our boat had not come, and we remained in our uncomfortable position for a good many minutes, until the firing ceased.

Soon after getting up on the mole again, some officers of a French man-of-war arrived and a boat from their ship came to fetch them. We explained matters to them and they readily offered to take us off to our own ship. We gladly accepted the offer. Why we had been fired upon it is impossible to say. We had received nothing but civility from the people whom we came across up to the time of our going into the hotel, which we never left again until we started to go to the mole. It is probable that our party was mistaken for another. Shooting at people in the street would not have been regarded as a very unusual proceeding at Montevideo, or some other Latin-American towns,

sixty years ago. Our ship sailed on the following day, so that no inquiry was made.

Our captain decided to go to the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan. The Straits had been surveyed and we had charts of them. The charts, though correct as far as they went, were not complete as to detail, and there was not a lighthouse, a beacon, or any aid to navigation throughout the whole length of the Straits. We anchored every evening before dark, and did not get underway in the morning until it was light. Accordingly, our passage through the Straits lasted several days. The weather was almost continuously bad; it blew hard and rained nearly the whole time. We used to take three reefs in the topsails before furling them when we came to an anchor. We occasionally saw small parties of Patagonians with horses on the northern shore, and once sighted a canoe with some Fuegians in it. They made off as soon as they saw us and disappeared up a creek.

We stopped for a day at the Chilian Settlement called Sandy Point. It was then a very small place, but had a few soldiers in garrison. The Government Medical Officer, a fine-looking Dane, gave me an illustrated American history of the then rather recent American War with Mexico. I could remember that conflict to the extent of seeing pictures of it in the *Illustrated London News*. At Sandy Point we were able to buy furs. Several of the officers bought guanaco-skin rugs. I bought, at about fourpence a-piece, some beautiful chinchilla skins, which were sold in packets of a dozen.

We left Sandy Point some hours sooner than had been intended, as the captain had been asked to search for a Chilian man-of-war's boat and crew which had gone to the help of a reported wrecked vessel and the return of which to Sandy Point was overdue. We found the boat at anchor near the northern shore the day after we started. The

weather was very bad and the crew were short of provisions, but they had a good rain-awning and they had made themselves tolerably comfortable. We got their boat alongside and kept the officer and his men on board for a day or two until there was sufficient improvement in the weather for them to proceed on their way back to their port. Whilst we were waiting for this, I was sent on shore with a party of men to cut firewood, and was delighted with the beauty of the wild fuchsias, which, at that season, were in full bloom.

We saw something of the magnificent scenery of the western end of Magellan's Straits as we went to see if an American ship, which had got ashore when making for Smyth's Channel, wanted help. We found her in safety and in no need of help, so we continued our voyage, sighting a splendid glacier on the way.

CHAPTER XV

IN THE PACIFIC—VALPARAISO—SANTIAGO DE CHILE

No sooner had we emerged from the Straits than we encountered a very violent gale, which lasted some days and drove us rather far south. My experience of the Pacific Ocean is that on the whole it deserves its name, as you may sail about it for weeks together in beautiful weather. Besides typhoons and hurricanes in the lower latitudes, very heavy gales of wind are not uncommon in the northern and southern portions of the ocean. After the gale above mentioned left us we made a tolerably good passage to Valparaiso. The *Brisk* was not a fast ship, but she occasionally, having had good luck, made a fairly rapid passage.

Valparaiso was rather a midshipman's paradise. The climate was pleasant and horses for riding could always be hired. There was even a pack of fox-hounds kept by an English gentleman named Garland, but I was never at Valparaiso in the hunting season. There was a considerable and very hospitable English community, and some of the Chilian families showed us much hospitality. Many of the young ladies were very pretty and very fond of dancing. A favourite amusement of theirs was to teach Spanish to the English midshipmen, whose mispronunciation of some Spanish words used to cause great amusement.

Nothing is more remarkable than the material development of South America since the days to

which I am referring. Except a short line between Lima in Peru and its seaport Callao, and one or two short ones from the coast in Chile there were no railways. The great seaport of Valparaiso was not connected by rail with the capital Santiago, though the construction of a line had been begun. There was a rather fine theatre at Valparaiso, and occasionally good opera companies visited it. Indeed, the opera was a recognised institution in most of the larger South American cities. In other matters conditions were decidedly primitive, and lawlessness was common. The cattlemen and teamsters of Chile—called *guassos*—who corresponded to the *gauchos* of the River Plate countries, usually celebrated a visit to Valparaiso by drinking more wine or *agua ardiente* than was good for them, and were not nice people for any peaceful equestrian to meet on the outskirts of the city. An assistant surgeon belonging to one of our ships had to kill one in self-defence, his weapon being a heavy wooden stirrup which he swung round and round to keep his assailant at a distance. The assailant came too near and got his skull smashed for his pains.

The teamsters carried a long goad with a sharp iron point; and it was a playful way of theirs to prod a saddle-horse with it as it was passing them. One of these teamsters did this to my horse once when I was riding alone, with the result that both horse and I myself nearly went over something almost amounting to a precipice. I had a hunting-whip, and I dashed at the fellow to let him feel it. I managed to give him only one cut. He was evidently an old hand. The road ran along the side of a steep mountain with an almost perpendicular wall of rock on one edge of it and a very abrupt and almost precipitous slope on the other. The teamster placed his back to the latter so that he could shorten in his goad to prevent me from getting inside its point. He did this so quickly that he must have

been well practised in it. There were many other teamsters on the road, and I was not sorry to get clear of them and ride on.

Our paymaster very kindly asked for ten days' leave for me during one of our visits to Valparaiso, and took me and a nephew of his, who was a midshipman in another ship, as his guests to the capital, Santiago. As I have said, there was no railway, and we had to travel in what was called the "diligence." It was really an American stage-coach with seats for nine inside.

As the coach was to start at four in the morning, we slept on shore the night before at one of the then rather primitive hotels of Valparaiso. I heard in the night a great deal of rattling and falling of plaster, and supposed that the noise was caused by rats scampering about the house. However, next morning I was told that there had been an earthquake. This was the first time that I had had experience of earthquakes. I experienced them more than once in after years; but on every occasion I was not aware that there had been one until told of it after it was all over. It is said that as soon as they realise that there is an earthquake, people become very sensitive to the symptoms.

Rains in the district of Chile, near Valparaiso, came on at a particular season with great regularity. On the occasion of our trip to Santiago they began unexpectedly soon. The start of the coach was delayed about an hour; and as the rain fell in torrents all the passengers got inside and fastened the leather curtains as securely as possible. There were inside seats for nine; but a tenth passenger begged to be taken in. He was a most amusing Frenchman, and, on his request being put to the vote, he was unanimously admitted. He kept us cheerful with his jokes; and we certainly wanted someone to cheer us up. The journey lasted about fifteen hours, during which the rain fell

without ceasing. Every aperture in the coach was closed as far as we could close it. The tenth passenger had to sit on the lap of each of the other passengers in turn. We stopped twice on the way for meals, and more than once for a change of horses. The food obtained was plentiful, but roughly served.

We enjoyed a very delicious Chilian dish or soup called *casuelas*, which was like chicken broth thickened with maize and containing other ingredients. We had to cross two rivers at fords in which, in ordinary times, the water was very shallow. Owing to the rains, the rivers were much swollen and resembled rushing torrents. The water was so deep that the floor of the coach was covered, and we had to lift our feet to keep them out of the water. At each river the coach and its team were nearly washed away; and it was a great relief to get to the farther bank.

On arrival at Santiago we put up at what was the principal hotel, kept by a Frenchman, a scantily furnished establishment but clean and airy. The cooking was excellent, or at least it seemed so to one fresh from a midshipmen's berth. Owing to the rains a great part of the city was inundated; and after dinner I went out to see the inundations.

It was dark, but the rain was not so heavy as it had been in the daytime. Santiago, like most Spanish-American towns, was laid out with streets at equal distances apart and crossing each other at right angles. The houses were thus built in blocks, similar in size, and you had to make a right-angled turn to go round any corner. At the beginning of the inundation I turned a corner so as to keep out of the water. I almost ran against a man with a long open knife or dagger in his hand, in an attitude as if prepared to strike. There were a few lights in the street and the blade gleamed brightly. He seemed to recognise that I was not

the person for whom he was waiting, as he quickly put the hand holding the dagger under his *poncho*, the almost universally worn Chilian cloak, and stood up straight, letting me pass behind him. I was so anxious to see if anything had happened in connection with this man that I walked right round the block on the edge of the water, giving each corner a wide berth as I turned it; but when I reached the place where he had been standing there was no one there, and I went back to the hotel.

There were no baths in the hotel, and not even a tub, so we had to go to public baths, which were clean and well kept, and the prices were moderate. We made one excursion to a place called *Apoquinto*, where there were medicinal springs. From it we had a splendid view of the snowy *cordillera* of the Andes by moonlight. One of the lions of the neighbourhood of Santiago was the celebrated lasso bridge, a primitive suspension bridge formed of lassos and short transverse planks. We engaged a carriage to take us to this place, and had a long drive to a spot at which, instead of the lasso bridge we had purposely gone to see, we found a commonplace new iron bridge of no very great size. Our driver was quite astonished when we expostulated with him for taking us to this place. We wanted to see the great bridge, he said, and there it was. There was no other bridge like it in the country. This was quite true; and the driver was evidently proud of the bridge, which he regarded as one of the engineering wonders of the world.

Our minister at Santiago when we were there was Admiral the Hon. J. Harris; and he showed us much kindness and hospitality. I remember meeting at the Legation two young ladies, one a Miss Smith and the other a Miss Brown, neither of whom could speak a word of English. Their fathers were Englishmen and had married Chilian ladies. As a set-off against this, I met at Caldera a Mr Burns,

whose mother was a Chilian and who had never been out of Chile in his life; and yet he spoke English with a strong Scotch accent.

We returned to Valparaiso in a carriage called a *veloche*, often used as a street cab in Chile. It was drawn by three horses—one in the shafts, one as a leader, and the third with a trace fastened to the off-side shaft. We had six other horses led behind the carriage. At the end of the first stage we got rid of the three horses which had been in harness; at the end of the second stage we dropped another three; the remaining three were then harnessed to the carriage and took us to the end of our journey.

CHAPTER XV

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND KAMCHATKA— VANCOUVER'S ISLAND

It was not until after the war was over, and on later visits to Valparaiso, that I was able to see Santiago, or that any of us saw much of society on shore. After our first arrival we had to hurry on our refit and replenishing with stores so as to take part in the active operations which were in contemplation. We had an old frigate, called the *Nereus*, permanently stationed at Valparaiso as a store-ship, and from her we could complete our stocks. The next place to which we went was Honolulu, in the Sandwich or Hawaian Islands. We made the voyage in forty-seven days. The Sandwich Islands were then an independent native kingdom, under the protection of Great Britain and the United States. We did not stay there long, and saw but little of the place or the people. I recollect that the commandant of the King's Artillery, and in that capacity called "Colonel French," in his civil capacity washed my clothes and was called Kuanoa.

The commander-in-chief was assembling a squadron off the coast of Kamchatka and we had got away as soon as we could to join it. I may mention that our consul at Honolulu was General Miller, the former companion-in-arms of the celebrated Bolivar. General Miller was a tall, thin, delicate-looking old man, with refined features and a specially gracious manner. His name was famous throughout South America.

When we got near the Kamchatkan coast the weather became very unsettled and rather cold. We met two or three of our ships off the coast and finally the admiral in his flagship, the *President*, of fifty guns. As several ships of the squadron had now joined his flag, the admiral took us to Awatchka Bay with the intention of making a second attack on Petropavlovski, which forms an inner harbour of that bay. We found that the place had been evacuated and the little town deserted. New and formidable batteries had been built, and, though their guns had been removed, were otherwise left intact. They were well built and judiciously placed, and an attack on them would have been a serious affair. Owing to the evacuation we did not encounter any enemy.

We were joined in Awatchka Bay by the French admiral in his flagship, a big 60-gun frigate, and another ship, a "main-decked" corvette; that is to say, she carried all her twenty-two guns but four on the main deck. In the long voyages under sail in the Pacific Ocean, lasting generally several weeks and often months, we lived, as far as meat was concerned, entirely on salt provisions—salt beef on one day and salt pork on the next. To prevent the occurrence of scurvy, an allowance of lime juice was issued to each officer and man. By regulation the lime juice had to be issued at the fourteenth day after beginning the salt meat diet; but it might, if the captain so decided, be issued earlier—usually on the tenth day. That it was efficacious in preventing scurvy was, I think, proved by the result. It was introduced into the Royal Navy before the end of the eighteenth century and its beneficial effect was soon felt. Even in my early days in the service there were not many naval officers who had ever seen a case of scurvy; and yet, for most of the year, no small part of our men lived on salt meat, owing to the great length of many of the voyages. I have frequently been fifty, sixty, seventy days and more out of sight

of land. My two longest voyages were one of eighty and one of eighty-five days.

In my whole service I have only seen two cases of scurvy, both occurring in the Pacific. One was that of a commissioned officer who died of it. He had been in a bad state of health for some time. The other was that of a first-class petty officer who soon recovered. In the French ships then employed at the Pacific station, lime juice was not issued and the French flagship had many cases of scurvy, some so bad that the men had to be kept in their hammocks. On going on board her I noticed that her main deck hammock berths were nearly all occupied. The other French ship which joined us in Awatchka Bay also had many cases. None, in either ship, were fatal; at any rate there were no funerals whilst the ships were in the Bay.

We were joined by two ships sent from the China station. These ships had gone to their station round the Cape of Good Hope, whilst all those of our squadron had come out round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan. Accordingly, the ships from China had a different calendar from ours. As it was not known how long they would be with us, our commander-in-chief allowed them to retain their calendar, so that at one anchorage we had two Sundays in a week.

One painful event occurred while we were in Awatchka Bay. A marine of H.M.S. *Dido*, 18 guns, several months before, had stabbed and killed the first lieutenant of the ship. After we arrived in the Bay he was tried by court-martial and was found guilty and sentenced to death.

He was hanged from the port foreyard arm of his ship; and I was on duty in an armed boat, one having been sent from each ship to impress the condemned man's shipmates. The men pulling the four foremost oars in each boat were called on board the *Dido* to assist in tricing the man up to the foreyard arm.

The body hung for half an hour and was then lowered into one of the ship's boats, where it was examined by the surgeon and assistant surgeon, who pronounced life extinct; on which the armed boats were ordered to return to their own ships.

The officers of the French flagship, not knowing that there was an execution in prospect, had invited our officers to an entertainment, fixed for the same day. This invitation, the reason being given, our officers begged leave to decline; and the French courteously postponed their entertainment.

No food of any kind could be obtained from the shore, so we decided to try what we could do in the way of fishing with our service nets, one of which was supplied to every ship. We had astonishing success. We caught a fair number of enormous salmon, none much, if at all, under sixty pounds' weight, and some exceeding eighty. Our best luck was with herrings. These were nearly as big as our mackerel and were abundant.

On our weekly half-holiday—Thursday, "make-and-mend-clothes" day, or "rope-yarn Sunday," as it was generally called—I went on shore in charge of a seining party. We made several casts which gave us a few big salmon but no herrings. At length we struck a school of herrings, and in cast after cast we got the net full. The beach was covered with herrings a foot or more deep. I loaded a six-oared jolly-boat up to the thwarts, so that only two men could be taken in to pull the oars, and sent her off to the French admiral's ship, and then another load to the other French ship. There still seemed to be no end to the fish and we returned to our own ship with the pinnace, our largest boat, deeply laden.

The *Brisk* was a "West Country" ship, and amongst her ship's company we had some Cornish fishermen. At their suggestion several empty salt-meat casks were cut in half and made into tubs. The men very expertly took off the heads of the

herrings, split and cleaned them, and packed them with salt in these tubs. We went to sea about two days afterwards, and we had a lightly salted stock of herrings which lasted the whole crew for more than a fortnight, thus making a very acceptable addition to our ordinary victualling.

In the first night after leaving Awatchka Bay the sky was lighted up by an eruption of a great volcano which we called Kosolskoi, but the real name of which was Kluchelskaya. The remarkable illumination was visible for several nights. We were bound to Esquimalt in Vancouver's Island.

When we reached the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, a couple of canoes came off from the southern shore. In each canoe there were several Indians, all stark naked, except where mud was caked on their skins. They brought off fish to barter for tobacco. We anchored for part of a day and a night at San Juan, where two or three Englishmen had established a sawmill. There were trees of great size in the neighbourhood; some lying on the beach had trunks of vast diameter. There was a curious Indian cemetery here. The remains of the dead were put into rough wooden boxes and fixed rather high up in trees.

On entering the snug harbour of Esquimalt we could see only one house, the residence of the magistrate or judge, on our port hand as we came in, and three neatly-built wooden huts on the opposite shore. These had just been put up to serve as hospitals for casualties occurring at Vladivostock.

Vancouver's Island was then under the Hudson Bay Company, whose governor lived near Fort Victoria, the site of what is now the capital. Esquimalt as a settlement did not exist. What afterwards became the dockyard was an island which at low water one could reach by wading. There were three or four farms but not one of these was visible from the anchorage.

There was a road from the harbour to Fort Victoria, on nearing which a river had to be crossed by a substantial wooden bridge. Close to the bridge, on the side farthest from the fort, was an Indian town, known as King Freezy's town, which consisted of several long wooden sheds or lodges. Near the other end of the bridge there were four or five pleasant-looking cottages. These, the governor's house some distance off, and the fort were the only buildings of any kind in the place. The people who lived in them, probably less than fifty, formed the whole population. One or two of us went to the fort. It was a strong and rather extensive stockade of logs. Within it two or three Hudson Bay Company's officers lived; and there were also the Company's storehouses, containing the goods to be bartered with the Indians for furs and the furs themselves.

The fort stood on ground rather like an English common, a nearly level area studded with bushes. As we walked towards it we were joined by a troop of young Indians, all of whose faces were daubed with bright red paint. They each had on a striped cotton shirt but no other clothes. They were made to stop at a respectful distance from the gateway of the fort, as no Indian was allowed inside except under strict precautions. The officers in the fort were very hospitable, and showed us much civility.

I visited Vancouver's Island again in 1901. The change in the place was very great. At the time of my first visit in 1855, British Columbia, as a province, did not exist even in name. Esquimalt and Victoria were still unfounded. We could, and usually did, cut down trees for ship's spars within a few yards of the spot at which we landed from our boats.

When I visited the island in 1901, Esquimalt had become a town, connected by electric tramway with the capital. There was now a dockyard with a considerable dry dock, and workshops of respectable

size. Fort Victoria had grown into Victoria, a beautiful capital city, with its park, great public buildings, library, museum, hospital, banks, and hotels. The memory of the fort was preserved only by the name of Fort Street, which ran near its site. Close to the spot on which the fort had stood there was now a cathedral, in which I attended divine service.

Outside the city, near where King Freezy's town had been, there were handsome private houses. Victoria harbour was provided with great wharves, and the place was full of shipping. At my first visit, two steamers only entered it, the *Otter* and the *Beaver*, both belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and both carrying guns. They took stores for barter and supplies to the Company's posts near the coast, picked up the furs bought from the Indians, and took them to San Francisco.

We were all sorry to leave Esquimalt, where the few settlers' families, well-bred and pleasant people, had been most kind and hospitable.

CHAPTER XVI

EARLY SAN FRANCISCO—COAST OF MEXICO—
TREASURE SHIPPING.

We went to San Francisco, which, though founded only six years before our visit and burned down as recently as 1851, was already a handsome city of 60,000 inhabitants. Our ship lay on the opposite side of the bay at a place called Saucelito, comprising seven houses, three of which were hotels of no great size. It has become a considerable city since. Some very kind friends, Mr and Mrs Maclay, received me very hospitably. At the time, most families lived in hotels; but the Maclays had a house of their own, built on a small hill, which is now the centre of the fashionable quarter of San Francisco. Even then, the place was threatened with earthquakes, and I remember Mr Maclay jokingly telling me that his house was built like a box, so that if an earthquake did come the house would hold together, and would merely roll down the hill. Perhaps it was well that it was not subjected to the test.

There was a fine theatre at San Francisco, and I was taken there one evening to see the celebrated Lola Montes. She still continued to dance, and had recently taken to acting. She both acted and danced on the evening that I saw her, and made a speech as well. She seemed to me to be a better speaker than actress or dancer. She spoke without hesitation in a pleasant voice.

The prices of all articles at San Francisco in 1856 were very high. Washing was three and a half dollars (about 14s. 6d.) a dozen, without distinction of article. Indeed in all the Pacific ports, on those days, high prices of labour and of all imported articles were the invariable rule.

The great cost of getting clothes washed, rarely less—elsewhere than at San Francisco—than 8s. 6d. per dozen, made serious inroads into a midshipman's means. It was not uncommon, also, for a ship to sail at such short notice that the officers' clothes at the wash were left behind and—if the port was not again visited—lost altogether. This happened to me more than once on different stations. The loss was serious. Clothes were usually sent on shore to be washed on the ship's arrival after a voyage, often a long voyage, so that the number of articles was large, and replacing them at the then current prices a costly business. Losses owing to a ship's hurried departure had to be allowed for, and we used to provide ourselves with a great number of washable articles of clothing. We were able to meet the heavy demands on our inconsiderable incomes, because ships were so much at sea, where no money could be spent. Even when at anchor, we were often enough at places where there were no facilities for spending money.

For several years after I went to sea, officers were not paid in cash but by bills. These had to be disposed of at some port of call for as much as they would fetch in the currency of the place. I have heard of officers making a profit on their paybills, but no such case ever came within my experience. Sometimes the bills were cashed at par. Just as often there was a loss on them.

Midshipmen were paid once a quarter; naval cadets once every six months. As a naval cadet had 3d. deducted from his pay of 11d. a day for tuition, he received a net sum of 8d., or about £6

every half year. A bill for that amount was not an easily marketable commodity at many of the ports visited by his ship, and he was glad to take whatever cash he could get for it. In Jamaica, during my first visit, there was practically no copper coinage in circulation, the smallest coin being a three-halfpenny silver piece. Once one of the ward-room officers kindly took a paybill of mine on shore to be cashed for me. He brought off the proceeds wrapped up in a towel. They were entirely composed of three-halfpenny pieces. The private allowance that each naval cadet and midshipman had to be guaranteed by his parents was always paid in bills, drawn quarterly upon an agent in London, and endorsed by the captain. These, being for larger amounts than the Government paybills, were as a rule more easily negotiable, and I, personally, was always able to cash mine at par.

We sailed from San Francisco for the coast of Mexico. We visited several Mexican ports—Cape San Lucas, San Blas, Mazatlan, Guaymas, and, just as we were leaving the coast, Acapulco.

When we were on the point of sailing from San Francisco, an American asked the captain to give him a passage to Mexico. He was a well-dressed, well-educated man; but there was much mystery about him. We never found out who or what he really was. It was suspected, and I think with reason, that he was connected with one of the filibustering expeditions which then occasionally made incursions into one or other of the Spanish-American republics. Some of us thought that he was the redoubted General Walker himself, who at that time was beginning to be much talked about. In my opinion this was not the case. When we reached a Mexican port he was in no hurry to leave the ship and only did so when he received a hint that he had been aboard long enough. He left us at Guaymas.

The ship had been sent to the coast of Mexico

for the purpose of embarking gold and silver exported, as a rule, by British merchants doing business in the country. There was no other safe way of exporting it on the Pacific side. Many of the republics were in a continually disturbed condition, and ordinary trading vessels with treasure on board would have offered to the lawless adventurers produced by the numerous revolutions a prey easy to seize and too tempting to be neglected. The consequence was that the precious metals were shipped in British men-of-war, as had been done for centuries in other by no means orderly parts of the world. The establishment of regular and well-appointed lines of steamers offered a safe and convenient means of transporting treasure; and the use of ships of war for the purpose had practically come to an end on the Atlantic coast of Latin America. Even on the Pacific coast the treasure, as a rule, was sent only to Panama, unshipped there, and carried across the isthmus by the railway to Colon, and there put on board mail steamers for conveyance to Europe.

The export of gold and silver from Mexico was discouraged by the Mexican government, if not absolutely prohibited. A heavy export duty was levied on all shipments going out of the country, and it was fixed at an amount which was meant to take all profit out of the trade. The exporters had recourse to smuggling, a proceeding known to everybody and rarely interfered with. At any rate there was seldom, if ever, sufficient interference to stop it, or even to check it seriously. This exposed officials to temptation and gave them opportunities of gain.

It was generally understood that concealment or pretence of concealment was necessary. Boats with treasure on board were picked up at sea a few miles from the shore; and others were sent to unfrequented beaches where a train of pack-mules,

richly laden, met them. Our captain was opposed to the smuggling system and, though his vigilance was sometimes eluded, resisted it consistently. We were a long time without getting much treasure, and it looked as if we should have to go away nearly empty. The exporters at Guaymas, the principal place of shipment, hit upon a plan which proved eminently successful.

At the outer end of the mole there was a small building used as an office by the custom house authorities. We were requested to send in two boats to bring off treasure—one was to be small and was to go to the steps at the outer end of the mole, just under the custom house office; the other was to be our largest boat, the pinnace, and was to go to the beach, close to some houses at the inner end of the mole. The intention was to pay export duty on the small boat's lading, and send off the larger boat's cargo free.

It was hinted to the customs authorities that it would be well for the whole of them to be present in the office on the pier when *douceurs* were being distributed, so that no one in a clandestine manner might get more than his proper share. The hint was readily taken, and all the staff assembled in the office. Somehow or other the business in the office occupied a good deal of time, which was utilised in loading the large boat and getting her away. The small amount of treasure on which the export duty had been duly paid was then put into the smaller boat quite openly, and off she went to the ship. It was said afterwards that, when they heard the full story, the customs officials took it in very good part, even expressing admiration of it as a smart job. They could not complain, as they had rendered themselves culpable by receiving *douceurs* in the little office at the mole head.

The sight on board the ship after the treasure had been taken out of the boats was extraordinary.

Most of it was silver, the gold being inconsiderable in amount and in small packets. The silver was in ingots and bars, and in dollars filling coarse bags. The bars were stacked in the ship's steerage, where our midshipmen's berth was, so as to form a sort of wall between thirty and forty feet long, and between two and three feet high. It was as wide as the length of the bars. The bars and the ingots were uncovered, so that their being made of precious metal was at once perceptible.

It should be noted that at the time referred to an ounce of silver was worth more than four shillings of English money. It gave one an idea of what happened when a galleon was captured in the old days. In the end, the total value of the treasure which we took on board amounted to two million and seven hundred thousand dollars, or rather more than £540,000.

The "freight," as it was called, on this was about £5500; of which one half was paid to the captain, one quarter to Greenwich Hospital, and one quarter to the admiral, commander-in-chief of the station. The three years' command of the Pacific station must at one time have brought in the comfortable sum of £10,000, over and above all ordinary official emoluments. Even in my time a third of the sum just named was probably forthcoming for the admiral.

More money than that paid for "freight" came into the ship. The dollars had to be put into boxes, each holding two thousand. These boxes were made on board by the carpenter and his crew, working in their leisure time. In readiness for this making of boxes, deal plank had been bought cheaply in Vancouver's Island and had been paid for by the captain out of his own pocket. The plank was eventually made over to the carpenter, who refunded its cost price—about £30. A specified sum was paid for every box. The carpenter received rather more

than £200, each of the two carpenter's mates about £30, and the remaining three men of the carpenter's crew £20 each.

Two dollars were paid for every thousand counted. This was done entirely by the officers, in the captain's cabin. The midshipman of the forenoon watch and the midshipman of the afternoon watch had to go down for two hours out of their watch to count, the fee being handed over to the ship's "paint fund," out of which was provided for the painting of the ship the material which the Admiralty did not supply. This saved the pocket of the first lieutenant, who otherwise would have to find the money himself. Our mess had been badly managed and was in debt. The captain ordered one of us to count dollars until we had earned enough to pay off the debt—rather more than £30.

The paymaster had undertaken to make out the necessary bills of lading. They were numerous and all had to be in triplicate, so that the work was not light. A handsome fee was paid on each set of bills. The total fee was something like £150. The officers and ship's company in general received no payment and had no material interest in the "freight." It says a good deal for the discipline of the ship and the honesty of her crew that there was not even an attempt at theft during the three or four months that the ship was on the coast of Mexico. The gold was put into a place of security directly it was brought on board, but the silver sometimes lay about the deck for hours. Yet not a single dollar was missing.

When we were at La Paz we found ourselves in the midst of a flotilla of boats carrying pearl fishers. These mén, when diving, simply jumped overboard, just as a bather does when taking a header. They had no machinery of any kind. They seemed to stay down a long time, and when they emerged they usually had an oyster in one hand, sometimes one

in each hand. One or two of the gun-room officers bought oysters. No one of us in the midshipmen's berth had any spare money at the time. It was quite a lottery. You had to pay a fixed sum for each oyster, and you might or might not get a pearl. The second lieutenant was lucky enough to get several rather handsome, but I think not very valuable, pearls. None of them were quite spherical; indeed, nearly all were pear-shaped.

The Mexican ports were lawless places. One evening a party of us at Mazatlan were walking to the mole where our boat was to meet us, when we heard shots fired. The sound of musketry in the street was now fairly familiar to us and we took no notice until some of the bullets whistled unpleasantly close to us. So we took refuge in a grog shop close at hand, and persuaded the proprietor to shut the door. Whether this annoyed the shooters or not is uncertain, but they promptly fired at the door, which was, fortunately, a very thick one. Though the wood was splintered, no bullet came through it. We thought it well to stay where we were for an hour or so before again making for our boat.

Whilst we were lying at Guaymas, I had, for about fourteen or fifteen successive days, to start at four o'clock every morning in my boat, the pinnace, for a place about seven miles from the ship to get firewood, which was brought down to us by the people employed on the estate of a Mexican gentleman who sold us the wood.

We landed on a sandy beach on the edge of a considerable stretch of flat ground studded with bushes. Scorpions abounded, and the Mexican gentleman mentioned above was stung by one in the hand, which swelled rapidly. One of his men picked some leaves, half chewed them, and put them on the swollen hand. This gave some relief; and on the next day I noticed that the swelling, though

still far from slight, had gone down a good deal. There were also rattlesnakes. Some of my boat's crew fearlessly attacked one, killed it, and cut off the rattle, giving it to me. It had nine joints. I kept it for years and then handed it over to an officer who was making a collection of various specimens.

The Mexicans who brought down the wood, which was carried on pack animals, were all mounted, and occasionally gave us a display of what they could do on horseback. A popular performance was picking up a silver quarter-dollar from the ground when riding past it at a fast pace.

The water was shallow, and it was necessary to moor the pinnace some fifty or sixty yards from the beach and take off loads of wood to her, either in the men's arms or in a small canoe which we found at the place. A man waded by the side of the canoe and pushed her along. The weather was hot. The men had nothing on but their flannel vests and white trousers turned up to the middle of the thigh. I went off in the canoe to see how the loading was going on. I was pushing the canoe forward with a boathook-staff; an ordinary seaman was wading on the other side of the canoe with his hands on the gunwale. Suddenly the boathook-staff was dashed out of my hands and I caught a glimpse of a shark darting under the canoe. I tried to pull the ordinary seaman into it, and he, not knowing what had happened, resisted vigorously. I tried to catch hold of the seat of his trousers, but the duck trousers, saturated with water, sat so closely on his body that I could get no hold. Eventually I put my arms round him and got him in. His struggles and my efforts between them nearly capsized the canoe. No sooner was he in than I was able to point out to him the fin of the shark appearing above water not many yards distant. This fully explained my action to him.

Mexican coast towns more than sixty years ago

were not very amusing places. Our men when on shore on leave had themselves to make such amusement as there was. It was the custom of the inhabitants of Guaymas in the hot season to sleep out of doors. Just before dusk one could see people coming out of every house with their bedsteads, which they placed by the side of the street. On lying down to rest they put their shoes on the ground near their bedsteads. It occurred to some of our bluejackets on leave that there would probably be some fun if they changed the position of the shoes. They accordingly did so; and those who remained on shore till the morning were amused by witnessing a tremendous row amongst the inhabitants, who seemed to be all at once accusing each other of stealing their shoes.

From the coast of Mexico we went to Panama, where we landed the treasure for transport by railway across the isthmus to be shipped in the steamers of the Royal Mail Company for England. We did not lie at Panama more than a day or two, as it was unhealthy. We went to a little island called Taboga, where the British Pacific Steam Navigation Company had a small repairing yard. There we refitted. It was at this place, either during our first visit or at a later one—for I forget which—that the ship was struck by lightning. Each mast had a lightning conductor, a strip of copper on the after side which terminated in a copper rod, with a ball and spike at the end of it, screwed into the head of the mast above which it stood about eighteen inches or two feet. The rod on the foremast took the lightning. There was a flaw in the ball from which the spike protruded, and this offered an obstacle to the current. The result was a most brilliant display of natural fireworks. It was my middle watch, from midnight till 4 A.M., and as the flash happened about 1 o'clock I had a good view of it.

CHAPTER XVII

PANAMA TO PERU AND VALPARAISO

I SERVED in H.M.S. *Brisk* for more than three years. During nearly the whole of that time my watch duty was arranged on what was called the "forenoon and first; afternoon and middle" system. That is, I and the other midshipmen had to be on duty for the forenoon, 8 A.M. to noon, and for the first watch, 8 P.M. to midnight, on one day; and on the next day from noon to 4 P.M. and from midnight to 4 A.M. This, which was in addition to all drills, exercises, and other duties, was the rule both at sea and in harbour.

At Panama the captain complied with the request of a Peruvian general to give him and his son a passage to Valparaiso. This general, who was a distinguished-looking man, rather English in appearance, had, when president, been driven out by a revolution. He had gone to Europe and had been living for a year in Paris, where his son became a student. His return to South America suggested that he was likely to make an attempt to regain the presidency of Peru; and it is difficult to understand why our captain allowed him to take a passage in a British man-of-war, especially as there was a likelihood of our calling at a Peruvian port on our way to Valparaiso.

As a matter of fact, we called at two Peruvian ports, first at Payta and then at Callao, only a few miles from the capital, Lima. Very shortly after we arrived at Payta, the Peruvian authorities learnt who

our passenger was, and immediately took steps to prevent his landing. When we got to Callao they did the same, but in a more marked manner. They surrounded our ship with guard boats, and every person going on shore or coming on board was closely scrutinised. They did not interfere with our own boats; but the position, even without that, was a sufficiently humiliating one for a British man-of-war.

The Peruvian authorities showed some consideration for our passenger. They permitted ladies to visit him on board. The first of these was a very pretty young woman, most attractively dressed. The general made it quite plain that he was extremely fond of her. The gun-room officers, wishing to give every possible facility for an interview to these two intimate friends, absented themselves with one consent from the gun-room, and the general and his charming visitor had it all to themselves. Their interview had lasted about an hour when another lady was seen approaching the ship. A description of her was communicated to our passenger, who knew at once that the new visitor was his wife. He became very excited, left the young lady alone in the gun-room, and ran about the ship calling out "Pio! Pio!" his son's name. His notion, which seemed prudent, was that someone should receive and detain his wife in conversation until he himself had taken farewell of the first lady and got her safely smuggled out of the ship. The wife seemed a very worthy and well-bred woman, but she was not young and she was not pretty; and there was on board the ship sympathy enough for the general to bring about the first lady's departure without the second lady seeing her.

At Callao at the time spoken of we had, as at Valparaiso, an old frigate serving as a stationary store-ship. She even had on board a small stock of coal, from which we took in a supply. On the coast of Peru the rainfall is very scanty; there is, however,

an extremely heavy dew on most nights. This the sailors used to call "the Callao painter," because of the way in which it discoloured paintwork. White paint on the store-ship's boats, and even on her lower deck, was turned by "the Callao painter" to a sort of French gray. Good water was a luxury at Lima; and the store-ship, though she had left England two years before, had still in her tanks some of the Thames water taken in at Woolwich. A quart or two of this used to be regarded as a welcome present by Peruvian friends of the store-ship's officers.

There was a short line of railway between Callao and Lima; and I was able to visit the latter place several times. The distance between the two places was only about half a dozen miles, and some people still preferred travelling between them on horseback to going by train. Late one afternoon when we were at Callao, a party of young Englishmen engaged in business at the seaport rode towards the capital. On the way they were attacked by men whom in England we should call highwaymen; that is, people who demand money with menaces and try to take it from travellers by force. This time the would-be robbers were disappointed. The Englishmen were armed, as an encounter of the kind was known to be always quite likely; and showed fight, on which the rogues, who were also mounted, decamped.

The occurrence, and others which were heard of almost daily, shows the lawless condition of the Pacific coast between sixty and seventy years ago. During a subsequent visit to Valparaiso, the most orderly seaport on the west coast of Spanish America, an officer who had joined our ship for passage to England, as he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, dined on shore one evening with some English friends who lived high up on one of the steep hills overhanging Valparaiso. On his way down to the boat, it being then between 9 and 10 P.M., he came upon a man lying face downwards across the narrow

street. He called out to him: "Get up, old fellow, or you'll be run over." As the man made no movement, he tried to lift him up and found that he was dead, his throat having been cut. He hurried on to the lower town to notify the police; and was considered lucky because he was not detained by them on suspicion of having murdered the dead man.

Our Peruvian general and his son left us at Valparaiso. We were rather sorry to lose them, as they had made themselves very agreeable while on board. They taught us, I remember, how to play a rather amusing Spanish round game of cards. It was not a gambling game and would not have been popular in Mexico. We did not play it after they left us. As I have said, we rarely played cards on board.

In Mexico gambling was nearly as common as cigarette-smoking. There were innumerable *fiestas*, or local feasts, which usually became fairs, or something like them. In any convenient vacant space among the stalls of the fruit vendors, etc., a Mexican would spread his serapé on the ground, place on it a pack of cards and a handful of silver, and be ready to play all comers at monté.

Small change at that time throughout the Spanish-American Pacific ports was "cut" money. To get half dollars they cut a dollar in halves. The halves were cut into quarters, and the quarters into *reales*, called by us "ryals." A *real* was cut again into two *medios*. This cut money, never precise in weight, grew very thin by the abrasion due to ordinary circulation; and before I left the Pacific several republics were replacing it by properly minted coins.

CHAPTER XVIII

CENTRAL AMERICA—A LONG PACIFIC VOYAGE—AN EPISODE IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF SAN FRANCISCO

We once more went to Panama, running down the coast from Valparaiso and calling at different seaports on the way. Again we stopped only a few hours at Panama itself and then moved to Taboga. We saw a little more of Central America. Filibustering expeditions were causing great anxiety to some of the small republics; and our Government promised the Government of Costa Rica that it would send a man-of-war to Punta Arenas, the principal port of the republic, in the hope, which was fulfilled, that the presence of the ship would keep the filibusters away. It was the rainy season when we were there, and for weeks together it rained heavily throughout several days at a time. Then came a period called the *ticmporal*, when there were only showers.

There was little to be seen and nothing to be done in the small town of Punta Arenas; and, if there had been, a visit to the town would not have been worth the wetting which one was always sure to get, either on the way there or on the way back.

Some of us midshipmen got leave to take a boat, which we were to row ourselves, to an island in the bay a few miles from our anchorage. We took our guns with us, and it was arranged to take the oars in turn. I had finished my turn at the oar when we reached the island and was the first to land. I forced my way through the thick tropical vegetation to the

top of a little height, which was nearly covered by a huge banyan-tree with numerous trunks. No sooner had I reached the top than there dropped down from different parts of the tree a number of immense lizards, with a spiteful-looking comb of spines at the back of their necks. These ugly creatures dropped down one after another into the thick undergrowth and disappeared. I returned hastily to the boat, and reported that the island was full of crocodiles. We did not see them again.

There was an Englishman settled at Punta Arenas. He had been a ship's carpenter. He purchased out of a wrecked ship's cargo a quantity of drugs and set up in the town a druggist's shop. He managed to get some medical books and these he studied industriously. He must have been an exceptionally intelligent man. The inhabitants conferred on him the title of "Doctor," by which he was always known; and we were told that he had an extensive practice and was regarded as an excellent medical adviser. Curiously enough, I met at Guaymas another Englishman, also a ship's carpenter, whose story was almost exactly the same. He, too, had purchased a lot of drugs and opened a druggist's shop. He was successful in business, but I think did not attempt to practise as a doctor. He had in his shop a very large volume of prescriptions and medical recipes which he seemed to know by heart.

As our captain wished to do honour to the republic of Costa Rica, he decided to salute the national flag, although there was no battery which could return it. We had no Costa Rica flag on board, and none could be obtained at Punta Arenas; consequently the salute was not fired, or at least was postponed. At last a vessel flying Costa Rica colours arrived at the anchorage. We observed that she was also flying a pendant, being, in fact, a man-of-war, the only one that the republic possessed. I was sent

on board to borrow an ensign so that we might hoist it at the main when firing the salute.

I found that she was a very small brig of only seventy tons. She had one gun, a cast-iron smooth-bore 12-pounder, mounted on an ingenious traversing arrangement amidships, so that it could be fired on either side. The captain was an Englishman, a smart young fellow. He told me that the only ensign he had was the one that the ship was actually flying. Knowing what it was wanted for, he offered to lend it, begging that it might be returned as soon as the salute was over, so that he might hoist it again. We fired the salute, and I was sent back with the flag and a request that—as no ship carrying less than ten guns was bound to salute—ours would not be returned. The captain of the brig, however, insisted on returning it; and as soon as he got the colours rehoisted did so, with his one gun, in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

At our last visit to Panama we received orders to go to Vancouver's Island. We were all delighted at the prospect of seeing again that place where we had such pleasant friends and where the weather and the climate were so agreeable. We had an unexpectedly prolonged voyage. After having been seventy days at sea we were only as far north as San Francisco and the captain decided to put into that place. Here we received orders countermanding those directing us to go to Vancouver's Island. This was a great disappointment to everyone on board.

The weather which we had experienced during our voyage was quite extraordinary. Until we had got well clear of the Bay of Panama we had an uninterrupted succession of calms and short violent squalls. In one of these squalls, just before midnight, we carried away both our mainstays. I was midshipman of the watch at the time. The ship was promptly put before the wind and the main topsail lowered on to the main cap; and we got a hawser

up as a temporary stay, and then the main runners and tackles, until we could splice the stays. It took us six weeks, exactly forty-two days, to make one thousand miles towards our destination.

It was his knowledge of the weather conditions of the gulf that led Admiral Maury, the great American writer on the physical geography of the sea, to say, more than half a century ago, that if a canal were made through the isthmus of Panama sailing ships would make quicker voyages between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by going round Cape Horn than by going through the canal.

When we reached San Francisco we learnt that very interesting events had happened there since our last visit. The state of California and the city of San Francisco had fallen into the hands of a gang of corrupt and audacious rogues. One of these, a certain Casey, who in these days, I suppose, would have been styled a "boss," though I never heard the term used at the time of which I speak, had become so powerful that he was able not only to fill his pockets out of the public treasury but also to put his friends and accomplices into important public offices. The overwhelming majority of the population was thoroughly honest and law-abiding, but engrossed in the exacting work of developing the resources of a naturally rich and very newly settled country. The newspapers, as a rule, tried to bring about an improvement; but, as roguery was strongly entrenched, most of them gave it up as a bad job.

One gentleman, a Mr James King—always called James King of William to distinguish him from two or three namesakes—would not give up the fight for right. He was editor and proprietor of a newspaper in which he exposed and attacked the scoundrels who were tarnishing the good name of California and doing their utmost to injure its prospects. His life was threatened; but, as he was almost universally respected for his uprightness and amiable character,

it was thought that no one would offer violence to him.

People who thought so reckoned without Mr Casey. He sighted Mr King one day in one of the principal streets of San Francisco, and pulling out a revolver shouted to Mr King, "Look out, James, I am going to shoot." Even the most truculent desperadoes of the then turbulent mining regions were expected, by the only public opinion which they respected, to give warning before shooting, and not to shoot an unarmed man. Casey was not going to allow himself to be checked in his murderous intention by any conventions, however slightly tinged with chivalry. Mr King, who was wearing a cloak, hearing what had been shouted to him, threw up his arms to show that he had no weapon. In doing so he uncovered his left side, and Casey, losing no time, fired at and killed him.

The population of the city became intensely excited. All its best elements determined there and then that the iniquities of Casey and his accomplices should be stopped at once. Many people of a highly respectable class formed themselves into a body and tried to get hold of Casey and lynch him. To prevent this the police arrested him, and without being discovered conveyed him to the jail. I was shown the jail by some friends of mine who had taken part in the proceedings. It was a small, whitewashed masonry building, with a stout iron door, standing in a rough and unpaved open space near what was then the outskirts of the city.

The crowd, finding out where Casey had been taken, went to the jail and demanded his person. The authorities refused to comply with the demand. The crowd thereupon attacked the jail and tried, without success, to beat in the door. As soon as it became apparent that the door was too strong to be forced by a crowd unprovided with suitable appliances, some men went off and returned with two

field guns, which they placed opposite the door of the jail and about forty or fifty yards from it. I was invited to stand on the spot where the guns were placed. The authorities saw that further resistance would be useless. The door was opened and Casey and another scoundrel were taken out and hanged. Two other known criminals, whose detention in the prison was widely believed to be merely a contrivance for securing them against popular indignation, were also taken out of the jail and placed in trustworthy custody for subsequent trial.

It was generally felt that the lynching of a couple of scoundrels and the detention of two others were not sufficient to purify the state and city administration. It soon appeared that the rogues who had been plundering their fellow-citizens and defiling public life formed only an insignificant minority of the population. The very first people in the city came forward to support, and indeed head, the movement for purifying public life. A Vigilance Committee—the celebrated second Vigilance Committee—was formed, and its work was thorough and comprehensive. Some members of the committee acted as ministers in a sort of cabinet with the supreme direction of affairs. Others formed a court for the trial of persons charged with serious crimes. This court tried the two men who had been taken out of the jail when Casey was lynched, and sentenced both of them to be hanged. I was taken to the room from the windows of which the sentences were carried into execution, the ingenious method of doing it being explained to me on the spot. I was also shown the room in which the directing committee deliberated, and the room in which the court held its sittings. The latter room was expressly fitted up and furnished for the purpose to which it was devoted.

The Vigilance Committee raised an army of 6000 men. It was admirably organised and well armed. It comprised all arms. There was even a

4-gun battery of horse artillery, commanded by my kind and hospitable friend, Captain Harrison, the harbour master, who, like many other sailors, was very fond of horses and a good horseman. The officers had regular commissions. I was shown some of these documents. They were as perfect in form as if they had been issued by an old-established War Office. No formality of government was neglected by the Vigilance Committee. It had its Great Seal, showing an open and vigilant eye, and this was engraved on the commissions given to officers.

The army that had been so quickly raised and so carefully organised was well armed. Some of the equipment came from the stores belonging to the state. Some, I believe, was taken from the arsenal belonging to the United States. The United States Government kept a very small garrison of regular troops at San Francisco, about 140 men. The chief command on the Pacific coast was vested in Major-General Wool, who afterwards served in the Secession War. His headquarters were at San Francisco. Some of the Casey gang were still holding state government appointments, and they tried to induce the general to act against the Vigilance Committee.

It was held that as an officer of the United States, he had no legal right to interfere in what was unquestionably an internal matter of a particular state. It would have been ridiculous for the United States Government to have aided a gang of murderers and plunderers to tyrannise over the great majority of a law-abiding and industrious population. Anyhow, the United States' forces on the spot were far too small in number to be able to act effectively against the Vigilance Committee, even if it had been proper for them to do so.

I was taken through the Vigilance Committee's armoury, in which the army's small arms were stored. There were several spacious rooms fitted with racks which were full of muskets and rifles. The officers

and men of the horse artillery battery managed to provide themselves with uniform. The rest of the army was expected to appear in the ranks in dark clothing, and to have on peaked caps.

An idea of the kind of man who had succeeded in getting into high office may be formed when it is known that the chief justice of the state was tried by the Vigilance Committee for stabbing a man in the street. The committee had made a regulation that no citizen not enrolled in its army should go armed. The chief justice, whose name was Terry, disregarded this regulation, and the committee's police arrested him in a public street. Before he could be secured he had stabbed and seriously wounded one of the policemen. The judicial branch of the committee, after a regular trial, sentenced him to be hanged if the man whom he had stabbed should die. The latter however recovered, and the chief justice was expelled from his office; and when the Vigilance Committee was dissolved on the completion of its work, he was released. I accidentally saw in an English newspaper, at a much later date, probably about 1906, that Terry had been shot in the dining-room of a hotel by the marshal of a judge on circuit, who had objected to Terry's behaviour in court, and whom it was supposed by the marshal that he intended to fire at.

The expenses of the Vigilance Committee were large and were met by a public subscription. The wealth of San Francisco sixty years ago was a mere trifle compared with its present amount. Yet I know of one gentleman who subscribed $10,000 to the committee's funds. Another offered to give an even larger sum; but suggested that the committee might find more useful than money a large block of buildings constructed for offices and storehouses which he had just completed. The committee readily accepted this offer. It was in these buildings that were situated the rooms where the committee

deliberated, where the criminal court sat, and where the arms were stored.

When they had purged the state and city administration of the noxious elements by which both had been so long corrupted and had put decent men into office, the Vigilance Committee held a review of its army and then disbanded it, and declared itself dissolved. It had done its work well, and the people of California had every reason to be grateful to it. It was one of the many recorded demonstrations, and not the least impressive, of the capacity of Americans for meeting promptly, and successfully dealing with, serious and even menacing contingencies. I have frequently had opportunities of seeing the thoroughness with which Americans carry out a job when they have undertaken to do it.

Our ship arrived at San Francisco a day or two after the Vigilance Committee had disbanded its army; and not only were all the events still recent and fresh in man's memory, but also the visible signs of its activity were still many. It is probable that the organisation of its army was helped by the readiness with which the people formed volunteer corps. There were several of these in San Francisco, all provided with uniform clothing and small arms and accustomed to be drilled and exercised together.

Another thing that must have helped were the Volunteer Fire Engine Companies. I think that there were then no firemen in the city except those belonging to these volunteer bodies. Membership of one of them was like membership of a club; and there were some which had an aristocratic tinge and were decidedly exclusive. All the engine-houses, in which members took it in turn to sleep and often have meals, were well furnished; some of them were handsomely decorated and had tasteful furniture. It was understood that in a certain number of

cases the insurance companies contributed to the funds of these volunteer establishments, but in all of them most of the expense, and in several the whole of it, must have been borne by the volunteers themselves.

CHAPTER XIX

ANOTHER LONG VOYAGE

NOT being able to reach Vancouver's Island in time, we were ordered from San Francisco to Valparaiso. The voyage was a long one—eighty days. We had, after crossing the line, to stand well to the westward and go a long way south of Valparaiso, after which we got a generally fair wind, which took us into port. There was so much to be done with the sails, owing to shifts of wind and changes of weather, that these long voyages did not seem so wearisome as people may think them. There was a good deal of time for reading, and most of the officers and men read a great deal, especially when we were in the "Trades," where wind and weather changed but little. In the whole of my service I knew only two blue-jackets who could not read. The present very general belief that sixty or seventy years ago the poorer classes in England were illiterate is an absurd exaggeration. The majority of the men in the Navy came from the very places where education might have been expected to have least extension, viz., small and ancient seaport towns. Yet practically every one of them could read and write. This is the more remarkable because reading was not always viewed with favour aboard ship. I once heard a boatswain's mate, who had been trying for some time to find a man who was next on turn for a look out say, when he found him with a book in his hand: "What! reading again! You're

always reading. That's what makes you such a sanguinary fool!"

A great variety of work was done on board; and it was interesting to watch its progress. Carpenters and sailmakers were continuously at work. Rope-making to the extent of making spun yarn, "nettle-stuff," "six-thread stuff," and other small cordage went on nearly every day. Mat-making was a common operation, there being always a want of paunch mats, sword mats, thrummed mats, and sennit mats—the last being used like door mats on shore.

Nearly every midshipman whom I knew could make all the knots and splices; could "point," "graft," and make mats; could strop a block, put on all the different "seizings," and use the "palm and needle" of the sailmakers. Most of us carried a short piece of rope in our pockets and, when at leisure, passed the time in practising knotting, splicing, and other operations. Besides all this, we had to be able to "pass an ear-ring" in reefing topsails, tie the points, and furl the sails; also we had to take the helm and actually steer the ship, and take soundings by heaving the lead. It was not expected that we should have to do this manual work when we ceased to be midshipmen; but it was expected that, in days when there was no continuous service afloat and large sections of a ship's company were "newly raised," we should, as sub-lieutenants or lieutenants, be able to show with our own hands untrained men how to do the necessary work connected with ropes and sails.

Nothing that by any possibility would prove useful was thrown away. Everything was saved with a rigorous economy. Water was the most precious object on board. Everybody was careful to pour out just the amount that he wanted to drink and no more. When an extra allowance of drinking water was granted on a long voyage—which was

not often—each of us secured his half pint, put it in a bottle, and locked it up. The habit of being economical of drinking water has become a second nature to many of us. To this day I often find myself carefully putting into a glass the exact quantity of water that I am going to drink.

Tins of preserved meat were not common in the Navy in those days, but we did have some. H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* had been sent with provisions and stores to go through Behring's Straits, in the hope that she might find and relieve some survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition. In this she was not successful, and on her way home she was ordered to supply the ships of our squadron with some of her store of preserved meat. Personally, I liked it better than salt beef or salt pork. It was attractive enough in cold weather, when it could be turned solid out of a tin, but in hot weather it was not very appetising. The men in general put up with it rather than liked it. They did not mind taking it instead of salt beef once in four days, but they strongly objected to its being substituted for salt pork. The official name was "soup and bouilli." The sailors called it "soup and bully." This is the origin of the term "bully beef."

Except during the time that the preserved meat obtained from the *Rattlesnake* lasted, our food was almost exclusively salt beef, flour, salted suet, and raisins on one day, and salt pork and peas on the next. The flour, suet, and raisins were to make plum-duff; the peas were whole and not easily digestible, split peas not being introduced into the Navy till later. We had cocoa and sugar for breakfast. For many months we had the raw cocoa-bean which was roasted on board, and hammered with a shot slung to each end of a short piece of rope, which passed through a block hanging to a hammock-hook in a beam overhead. The roasted beans were wrapped in a piece of bread-bag and

laid on the deck. The two shot were moved up and down alternately, each hammering the beans in turn.

There was no milk and no butter. The ship's company never received soft bread at sea, and did not often receive it in harbour. We midshipmen sometimes had for breakfast the nearest approach to rolls that our cook was capable of baking, but generally for every meal we had biscuit, or, as it was always called in the Navy, bread. Ship's bread was, until many years afterwards, kept in bags of rough sacking. They offered no protection against damp or insects, consequently the bread was often mildewed and nearly always full of weevils. In those days no naval officer ever ate a piece of biscuit without first knocking it on the table to expel the weevils.

What was officially called "supper" was really tea, a meal eaten between 5 and 6 P.M. For the ship's company and the midshipmen it consisted almost invariably, when at sea, of tea without milk and dry biscuit. In the long voyages in the Pacific Ocean—and afterwards, as I was to find out, in the East Indies—the provisions, such as they were, would not have lasted out had each man's allowance not been reduced. It was not only the protracted periods spent actually at sea that kept us short. Many places at which we called could, in those days, supply us with little in the way of food. We did not always get fresh beef at them, or even fresh vegetables. When we did manage to purchase the latter they were nearly always pumpkins, which would not keep for more than a day or two. Sometimes we could get yams and sweet potatoes, but not very often.

We frequently had to be put on a reduced allowance of two-thirds. This was called "six-upon-four"; that means that four men's allowance had to suffice for six men. As far as I could see, this was not regarded as a great hardship. Each man received a money

payment for the amount of food that he did not get in kind. At all times it was usual for the men to "leave behind," as it was called, part of their provisions, being given for that part a money substitute called "savings."

This may be taken as strong evidence that the naval dietary was sufficient in quantity. It may also be said that each article was good of its kind, the best or nearly the best that could be obtained. It was, of course, oppressively monotonous, and neither appetising nor easily digestible, and some articles did not always keep good in hot climates.

Sometimes, even after we had been put "six-upon-four," we ran out of some kinds of food altogether. On one voyage we ran out of bread and spirits. Rum had long disappeared from our stock and had been replaced by so-called "brandy," purchased at a Spanish-American port. We still had plenty of flour, and this was cheerfully received as a substitute for the bread. The loss of the spirit allowance was felt as a great privation.

Many efforts were made to supplement our scanty and monotonous fare. Sea-birds were caught and eaten with relish. I could never manage to swallow a mouthful. The bluejackets, before cooking them, put them through a process which they called "purging." The birds' flesh was cut into small pieces and soaked for several hours in a bucket of salt water, which was supposed to remove the strong fishy and oily flavour. To me it seemed that the process was ineffectual.

Some men used to sit on the back ropes near the dolphin-striker for hours with a harpoon or a sort of trident called "the grains," watching for a porpoise, or the fish which changes colour when dying, and was known to sailors as a dolphin. A fair number of these were caught and both of them proved eatable.

As a ship with a nice breeze usually went about

six or seven knots through the water, line-fishing of a particular kind was possible. Every man-of-war was supplied by the Admiralty, as part of the regulation stores, with fishing lines and hooks. A line was secured to the jib-boom end, and was just long enough to reach within a foot or two of the ship's stem. It had attached to it a hook carrying a piece of bright tin, or scraps of red-and-white calico. As the ship moved, this played on and in the water something like an angler's fly. The fish caught were usually *bonito*, and sometimes the so-called "dolphin." In some latitudes immense numbers of flying-fish were passed, and not infrequently some flew on board. They were highly prized.

It will be easily understood that on board ship there was no waste of food. How the seamen of the fleet in later days became, as undoubtedly they did become, so wasteful of soft bread is almost a mystery. It is perhaps to be explained by the greatly reduced time they spend at sea, their long and frequent spells in harbour, and the example of extravagant people on shore. There was, indeed, no waste of anything aboard ship in the days to which I am referring. The way in which bullock-hides and sheepskins were made use of has been mentioned already. Parts of the hoofs of bullocks slaughtered for food, together with strips of hide, were boiled over a slow fire and converted into glue. The tips of the horns were used for renewing the "browning" of the barrels of the ship's muskets. Every bit of rope-yarn was carefully picked up and put into a bag called the "shakings" bag, kept for oakum when the decks were caulked, and for thrums for mats. No rag, however small, was thrown overboard. All rags were kept for the use of the gun's crews in cleaning their guns. Paper, if fairly thick, was carefully preserved to be smeared with glue, have sand strewed on it, and thus be useful as sand-paper. The bones of sea-birds were converted into pipe-stems and the skin of their

webbed feet into tobacco-pouches. If a shark was caught, his liver was made into oil for scouring the copper near the water-line, and his skin was made into fine "sand-paper."

Many or most of the articles used in keeping the ship clean and making her look smart had to be provided by the officers, usually the first lieutenant or the captain. The only paints allowed were white, black, and yellow; and the quantity of these was quite insufficient. Till many years after I joined the Navy the deficiency had to be made good, as a rule, by the first lieutenant. Every bit of finery was provided in a similar way. Stain and polish for woodwork and polish for guns, as well as chamois leather, bathbrick, and rottenstone were all privately provided. The Government gave no prizes for good shooting with either guns or small arms. Officers of quarters generally found these, and the captain added a supplement.

As regards even necessary articles, or articles which were nearly if not quite indispensable, it is remarkable how many of them had to be found, not by the State but by the officers, usually the captain. The light grass hawsers which often prove highly useful were, in my earlier years of service, paid for by the captains of ships in which they were used.

When a ship was put in commission she was allowed a certain number of birch brooms. After the first supply the people on board were expected to find what was wanted. Men were landed at suitable places to cut brushwood. It was taken on board, hung to the whiskers of each side of the bowsprit to dry, and then made into brooms. All hair brooms and brushes and all scrubbing-brushes were paid for by the officers, almost always by the first lieutenant. As far as possible, scrubbing-brushes were made on board. Coir fibre was bought; and pieces of the heads of old casks, cut to the proper size, had holes bored in them with a red-hot marling

spike. Into these holes the fibre, which had been well wetted, was drawn with twine and cut to even lengths in a roughly made wooden gauge. The drain upon officers' pockets was very large, and could only have been met because the ships were then so much at sea that expenditure on pleasure and luxuries was relatively inconsiderable.

CHAPTER XX

FROM THE PACIFIC TO ENGLAND—PAYING OFF

My longest voyage lasted altogether a hundred and thirteen days. It was from Valparaiso to England, but it was broken by a call at the Falkland Islands. From that place to Plymouth Sound our voyage was eighty-five days; eighty-four out of sight of land. The ship was paid off at Devonport, in the old-time fashion. Before the men were paid, everything, even to the masts and bowsprit, was taken out of the ship.

It had been the custom to give no leave to the ship's companies about to be paid off. This ridiculous and even cruel custom might have had some justification in the war-time at the beginning of the nineteenth century; but there was absolutely no justification for it in Queen Victoria's reign. Men who had been away for years were brought to places within a few hundred yards of their homes and were not allowed to visit them. There was much speculation amongst our men when we were nearing Plymouth as to the continuance of the custom mentioned, and the news that it was not being enforced naturally rejoiced them greatly.

I had been more than three years in the *Brisk* and I was not sorry to leave her. I might have left her in the Pacific, as the admiral, who had known my mother's family, offered to take me into his flagship. I had been a long time away from home and had not seen my mother and family for several years. My father had died in the mean-

time. As joining the flagship would have meant nearly two years longer stay in the Pacific, I asked permission to decline the offer to be appointed to her. The admiral was particularly kind, and told me that he quite understood my reasons for desiring to remain in the *Brisk*, then expecting orders for England.

One of the great discomforts of service on a distant station in my early days was the uncertainty and scantiness of the postal arrangements. This was especially felt on the Pacific station. I was once nine months without receiving a letter. In the meantime my father had died, and it was long before the news of his death reached me. The Navy agents with whom my allowance was deposited, through no fault of their own but through the failure of a bank with which they were connected, had become bankrupt, and I drew bills for two quarters before I heard of the failure.

When we could send letters the postage was high—never less than sixpence a letter, and often enough a shilling. The seamen and marines had the right of sending letters at a penny rate, if franked by the commanding officer. Therefore there were on board ship always two letter-bags—one for the officers' letters and one for the ship's company's.

In spite of all its drawbacks I did not dislike the Pacific station, and, I believe, it was not unpopular amongst the officers and men generally. Notwithstanding the high price of everything that we required, our long voyages, during which we could not spend anything beyond what was necessary for our messing and a few extras, and also for the small amount of wine allowed, enforced economy on us; and when we reached a port at which there was anything worth buying, we—both officers and men—generally had our pockets fairly full of money.

There was certainly much that was interesting in the places that we visited. To have seen California only six years after the "forty-niners" had made

their way to it, and to see San Francisco in the days of the historic second Vigilance Committee, were worth much prolonged voyaging. To have seen Victoria when it contained only a stockaded "fort" and half a dozen houses surrounded by Indians; and also Esquimalt, when the only building in sight from the anchorage was a log-hut put up by a man-of-war's crew for use as a blacksmith's forge, and when naked savages lighted fires on the beach within a hundred yards of the ship—helped to make intelligible and doubly interesting many a book of adventure, and tales about early colonisation. The Latin-American republics, at their then stage of development, contained abundance of things worthy of being observed.

The *Brisk* was not a particularly uncomfortable ship. The officers got on well together. There were no doubt occasional tiffs—as there always have been and always will be where a few persons are crowded together for long periods, in contracted quarters in an exacting climate, and with scanty and monotonous food; but these were soon made up again. I believe that the captain honestly tried to make his officers and men happy; but his success was not great. He was not exactly disliked, but he was not popular. He was a generous man. He gave each of us midshipmen an excellent spyglass. He avoided, as far as possible, inflicting punishments that caused physical pain. He did order men to be flogged, but very seldom. He never, when correcting us midshipmen, so arranged our punishment that we should have to miss a meal.

He was, however, most ingenious in inventing punishments that must have been highly mortifying, and even the cause of great mental pain, to the delinquents. He had two officers put in irons—one an engineer and one a midshipman. He ordered me—as in each case I happened to be on watch—to report to him when his orders had been carried

out. In neither case was there the slightest necessity for the step he took. The engineer certainly refused to obey an order; but he offered an explanation, and the captain would not listen to it. The midshipman had been making a noise, and went on after he knew that he was disturbing the captain; but there was no direct disobedience of orders.

Putting anyone in irons as a punishment was not long afterwards stopped by Admiralty order, and was limited to cases in which it was necessary to secure the person of a prisoner likely to run away. The precisely described punishments of modern days did not exist in the Navy during my early years of service.

Our captain invented several, the like of which I never saw either before or since. Troublesome men had to stand in the middle of the quarter-deck at the morning inspection called "divisions," and at "evening quarters," dressed in a jacket made of patches of black and bright yellow cloth with red buttons. At inspections a model of a gallows was placed amidships on the quarter-deck, and a delinquent often had to stand under it with a rope round his neck, the noose being formed with a properly made "hangman's knot." There was one troublesome lad on board, who seemed to me to be rather an incorrigible joker than naturally vicious. The punishment which the captain devised for him was to be imprisoned in a sort of cage, made of hatchway gratings, set up just outside our mess-berth. The prisoner's dinner was poked in to him through the holes in the grating.

In January 1857 I completed four years' service, and passed the so-called "four-yearly examination." This gave no rise in rank or pay, but distinctly added to a midshipman's importance. A "four-yearly midshipman" was no longer considered a "youngster," and would have been justified if he resented being addressed by that term.

Whilst in the *Brisk*, as already mentioned, I was

for some time a shipmate of a pilot who had been with Lord Cochrane in the *Impérieuse* in 1808; on our voyage to England, I was shipmate of a man who had been with Nelson at Copenhagen in 1801. His name was Benjamin Bee. He was a bandsman in H.M.S. *Monarch*, 84, and came from that ship to us for passage home on "expiration of his service." He had been in the coastguard, and was called out when war was declared. Peace having been proclaimed his service ended.

There were still on the active list of the Navy many officers who had served under Nelson—Admiral Sir William Parker, commander-in-chief at Plymouth when I was there in the *Brisk*, was one of them; but I think that Bee was almost the only foremast hand whose service connected the Nelson era with the era of the Crimean War. The admiral superintendent at Devonport also had served in the Napoleonic War. He always wore a cocked hat, never a cap, and a white neckcloth.

The *Brisk*, as already said, was paid off in the old style. The ship was emptied of all her guns and stores, was hauled alongside the sheer-hulk in Hamoaze, and then put out of commission. I was granted four weeks' leave. I may say that I never had more than twenty-eight days' leave, and seldom as much, at a time until I had been more than thirty years in the service. All the leave added together granted me during that time would not have amounted to twelve months! On the ship being paid off, the midshipmen were appointed to the port admiral's flagship at Devonport.

CHAPTER XXI

SERVICE IN THE EAST INDIES

On the expiration of my leave I reported myself on board the flagship, or guardship as she was generally called, and found that there were several other midshipmen in the gun-room mess. We had no duty to do, and generally spent the greater part of each day on shore, aimlessly roaming about the town. It was a relief to me when I received an appointment to H.M.S. *Pelorus*, about to be commissioned by my old commanding officer, Captain Beauchamp Seymour. The orders to me were to join her on the day after her pendant was hoisted. Her captain was a popular officer; and, even before his printed placards inviting men to join his ship had been posted up, men crowded to the dockyard gate asking to be entered. When the ship's rendezvous was opened—at a public house in Fore Street, Devonport, near the dockyard gate—eighty men offered to join in the first hour. On the third or fourth day she got her ship's company complete. She had 270 officers and men. We were accommodated on board an old hulk, the *Lively*, frigate, in Hamoaze, till the *Pelorus* was in a state to receive us.

The ship was a bare hull, and we had to get her masted and put all her stores on board. We were one of the first ships to have what was then considered an epoch-making improvement in naval gunnery. Every gun—the ship had one 68-pounder

in the bows and twenty 42-cwt. 32-pounders on the broadside—was fitted with a hexagonal sight, that is to say, a six-sided brass rod, working up and down in a socket affixed to the cascable. One side was marked in degrees; on three other sides distances were marked in yards for the three different charges, viz., the battering, the full, and the reduced. A fifth side was marked in yards for the ranges of shell. The sixth side was blank.

This was no doubt a considerable advance; but it must not be supposed that target practice in the Navy at that date was contemptible. It was never that; and, considering what the weapons were, it was, in most ships, highly creditable. The stories concocted of late years as to the want of attention to gunnery in the older Navy were unworthy fabrications. I never saw anything but the keenest interest in it in every ship that I served in or knew anything of. Officers of quarters willingly paid the prizes for good shooting out of their own pockets, convincing proof of the interest that they took in it.

All the guns in the *Pelorus* were cast-iron smooth-bores. Those on the broadside were mounted on wooden gun-carriages of a pattern practically identical with that of the gun-carriages in Queen Elizabeth's ships. This pattern survived in the Navy for another twenty years.

It would be very unfair to infer from this that the Admiralty was backward in introducing improvements in ship's armament or material. In many highly important improvements it preceded every other naval administration and every mercantile marine. It introduced lime-juice as an anti-scorbutic before the end of the eighteenth century; or more than half a century before it was introduced into other great navies. Except the American, no bluejacket was so well fed as the British. It is true that the latter's food at sea was monotonous; but each article was originally of good quality.

First of all navies, ours adopted preserved meat as part of the regulation victualling; and only gave it up temporarily until proper methods of preservation had been devised.

The British Admiralty had ships built of iron long before they were in existence in other navies or in the Merchant Service. Four iron frigates were built and got rid of some years before I went to sea. They had been tested and found unsuitable. Metallurgical science had not advanced far enough to provide proper material for warship construction. Our Admiralty early adopted steam propulsion. When I joined the Navy there was still in use at Portsmouth as a tug, a vessel, which I have mentioned before, called the *Comet*, one of the earliest sea-going steamers ever built. Our Navy preceded all other navies, and every mercantile marine in the possession of ships of great size built of steel. It was the same with the "compound" steam engine; though the French had tried it at an early period and had given it up. It was the same, also, with the double screw. Certainly Queen Victoria's Admiralty was not behindhand in the adoption of improvements.

While we were fitting out at Devonport, two important events occurred. The first half of the great Saltash railway suspension bridge was put in place. H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, one of our earliest steam line-of-battle ships, and the United States frigate, *Niagara*, came into Hamoaze, and after a short stay there started on their way to lay the first Atlantic telegraph cable. They spliced in mid-Atlantic the length of cable carried by each, and then turned, the *Agamemnon* to Valentia in Ireland, and the *Niagara* to Newfoundland, and landed the shore ends. A message or two passed; but the cable soon broke down and was not replaced till 1865. I sent a telegram by this last to New York in 1867, asking a friend to telegraph by land to

Halifax to my old commander, to tell him that he had been promoted. Promotions were not officially telegraphed to foreign stations until long afterwards. The rate to the other side of the Atlantic was £1 a word.

The *Pelorus* was commissioned to form one of a squadron of five vessels under a commodore in a 50-gun frigate to proceed to the East Indies. In those days China and the East Indies formed one station. The Sepoy Mutiny had broken out in India, and we were at war with China. The squadron did not go out as a unit. The *Mohawk*, gun-vessel, started in company with us; but we never saw anything of the other ships until after our arrival in the Bay of Bengal. The *Mohawk* was with us until we reached Madeira, and then each of us went on independently.

We called at Rio de Janeiro, where we met my old ship, the *Cumberland*, then the flagship of the commander-in-chief on the south-east coast of America station. From Rio we went direct to Point de Galle, in Ceylon, a voyage of sixty-seven days. We had very rough weather south of the Cape of Good Hope and were nearly lost, having broached to in a violent westerly gale. The *Pelorus* was a remarkably fast sailer, both "by and large"—sailing close to or by the wind and running with the wind free. As the Government was hurrying out troops to India, the Admiralty took up as transports all the fast clipper-ships that could be got.

The celebrated clippers of those days were the *Red-Jacket*, the *Blue-Jacket*, the *James Baines*, the *Champion of the Seas*, and others usually running between the United Kingdom and Australia. In 1856 the *Red-Jacket*, on her passage from Liverpool to Melbourne, for eight days averaged 334 sea-miles a day. In June 1854, the *James Baines* ran 420 miles in twenty-four hours, and at 8.30 P.M. on the 17th was logged as "going 21 knots with the main skysail

set." These records are not contemptible, even by the side of the records of modern trans-Atlantic mail steamers. In the *Pelorus* we never made 21 knots but we sometimes ran over 300 miles a day.

We made a better passage than most of the clippers bound to the Bay of Bengal. One of them we sighted at sea and beat her handsomely between daylight and sunset. The *Pelorus*, however, was a very wet ship. When going fast she took in a great deal of water. She had an unpleasant trick of shipping seas over the lee hammock netting and flooding the lee gangway and the lee side of the quarter-deck. As midshipmen of the watch were almost confined to the latter, it was no uncommon experience of ours to be wet nearly to the waist.

From Point de Galle we pushed on to Calcutta; and, meeting heavy weather in the Bay, were rather knocked about. The East India Company maintained a highly efficient pilot-service at the mouth of the Hooghly, called the Bengal Marine. The pilot was an officer of corresponding rank to a lieutenant, and he went on board the ship, which he was to take up the river accompanied by a younger officer corresponding to a midshipman. This youth hove the lead and called the soundings, a bluejacket being assigned to him to haul in his lead-line.

We stopped for the night at Diamond Harbour, some miles below Calcutta. It was at the end of December. I had the middle watch—midnight to 4 A.M.—and in the thin clothing which we had been wearing for several weeks I found the cold bitter, which was very different from what we had expected to find in India. We went on to Calcutta the next day and moored off Prinsep's Ghat. H.M.S. *Pearl* was lying there; most of her officers and men were serving in a naval brigade up-country. H.M.S. *Shannon* had just been sent off to South Africa for horses for the Army. Her captain, Sir William Peel, and the greater part of her officers and men did not

go in her, as they were in the *Shannon's* naval brigade at the front.

We lay nearly abreast of Fort William. In the fort there was a garrison of the Queen's troops, as they were always called, to distinguish them from the Company's. There was also in it a regiment of native infantry. The men were splendid-looking fellows; but, though they still wore their uniform, they had been disarmed. Railways then scarcely existed in India, and troops were sent to the front in steamers and barges by the Ganges, as long as that route served.

The cold season climate of Calcutta was not unpleasant; though we were much troubled by mosquitoes in the evenings. The sun was not always intensely hot; and, though men as a rule wore pith helmets, or solar *topees*, I noticed occasionally Englishmen in tall hats, both black and white. As has been said before, naval officers in uniform wore tall hats with a stripe of gold lace up the side. I had, when in the East Indies, a white crush or opera hat, with a midshipman's gold cord twisted up the side instead of lace. It was light and cool, but on shore we generally wore pith helmets or the ordinary naval cap covered with a muslin pugaree.

The *Pelorus* was the first ship in which I served after the introduction of the rule of paying officers in hard cash. In India we received 10 rupees for £1, the rupee being then worth two shillings or a little more. Imported articles in India were dear, but almost everything of native manufacture was very cheap compared with the price of similar things in England. I bought at Madras a newly made pair of Wellington boots for five shillings (two rupees and a half). These boots would have been useless in wet weather, but in dry weather they lasted for a considerable time, and were an admirable protection against mosquitoes, which were especially fond of attacking one's ankles.

At Calcutta there was not much to be done except to drive about in a buggy, a sort of one-horsed gig with a hood to it. There were street vehicles called *gharries*. They were a kind of four-wheeled cab, reduced in size and even more shabby in appearance than the London four-wheelers of the middle of the nineteenth century. There was another means of conveyance. There were many palanquins, or *palkies* as they were called. The *palki* was an oblong box with a sliding door on each side. A stout pole protruded from each end, and this rested on the shoulders of the bearers, usually four in number. When you had succeeded in inserting yourself into the box and were lying at full length on the cushion covering the bottom you were comfortable enough; but you felt very helpless inside the box and could not see much outside it.

A memorable event occurred whilst we were at Calcutta. That was the arrival of the relieved Lucknow garrison after its siege by the mutineers. The garrison came down the river in a steamer and landed at Prinsep's Ghat near our ship. We could see every individual as each went ashore. There were several ladies on board the steamer and many wounded officers and men. The arrival at Calcutta of the heroic defenders of Lucknow was made the occasion of an official ceremonial. The *Pelorus* "dressed ship" with flags and fired a salute, and all the officers and men were assembled on deck to see the people in the steamer disembark.

We were much struck when at Calcutta on seeing the adjutants, great birds with huge bills. They stalked about the streets and performed the office of scavengers.

CHAPTER XXII

BURMA—PASSING FOR LIEUTENANT—MADRAS AND TRINCOMALEE—THE RED SEA—AUSTRALIA

WE did not stay long in the Hooghly as we were ordered to Rangoon, in Burma, which—owing to the demand for troops elsewhere—was almost denuded of its European garrison. Only one Queen's regiment—the 29th foot—was in the country, and one half of the regiment was at Rangoon, and the other half at Thayet-Myo, near the frontier. The country was disturbed, and there were threats that a force of the mutinous Sepoys would come round the Bay of Bengal by land. As soon as we reached Rangoon preparations were made for sending to the frontier as many of our officers and men as could be spared. With the marines, they formed a naval brigade. All of us midshipmen went with it.

At that time the East India Company maintained an Irrawaddy Flotilla Service, the officers of which were all Europeans; the seamen were Mahommedan lascars, or, as our bluejackets called them, calashes. The vessels were small masted paddle-steamers, and flats, or commodious house-boats. One of the latter was lashed alongside each steamer. Our naval brigade embarked in a steamer and a flat, and went up the Irrawaddy to a fort called Me-aday, very close to our then frontier. We stopped at several places on the way up, amongst them Prome, an interesting place with many pagodas, temples, and monas-

teries, or, as they were generally called, *poonghy* houses.

The fort at Me-aday, which was in a very dilapidated condition, was already accommodating one Indian regiment, the 4th Madras Native Infantry, which bore "Assaye" on its colours, and two companies of another Madras regiment, the 44th. We were attached to the brigade which had its headquarters at Thayet-Myo five miles in our rear, that is, lower down the river. We had many alarms, and made many excursions during the couple of months that we were on shore.

Whilst we were at Me-aday I went up for the examination, officially termed "for the rank of lieutenant," really for that of mate, or, as would be now said, sub-lieutenant. I could only pass "provisionally," as three captains or commanders were necessary for the regular examination in seamanship. The gunnery and navigation examination I passed without further postponement. I returned to Rangoon, where it was expected that the three captains would be found, but the number could not be got together until some weeks later at Maulmain. As soon as this happened I became an "acting mate," or, as it was generally called in the service, a "seven-bells mate."

Our brigade became very sickly at Me-aday and we had several deaths. I was not long back at Rangoon before the rest of the officers and men returned. Two regiments, the 68th and 69th, had come out from England, and one of them had gone up to Thayet-Myo, so that there was no reason for keeping our men ashore any longer. The Admiralty, naturally and properly, had a great objection to the landing of men-of-war's men if they were to go any considerable distance from their ships. It held, and I venture to think held wisely, that the proper place for a man-of-war's crew was on board the ship to which it belonged,

and which might be wanted to go away on urgent service at short notice. The Admiralty was ready to make, and did make, exceptions in really great emergencies like the Indian Mutiny or the Boxer Rebellion. It was only in crises such as those that the Board viewed with approval the landing of naval brigades from ships on distant stations.

Burma sixty years ago was not a pleasant country to serve in. The chief lines of communication were the rivers, and as steamers, except those belonging to the Government, were not many, people wishing to move about had generally to go in native boats. The heat was sometimes very great. The insect pests were extraordinarily numerous. At meals it was necessary to keep the tumblers covered. Once on our way up to Me-aday, when at dinner in the deck house of the flat, such clouds of insects came in that our whole party had to leave the table.

From Rangoon we went to Amherst, at the mouth of the Maulmain Estuary. At Amherst there were several bungalows used on occasional visits to the seaside by European residents at Maulmain. When we were at Amherst it was the rainy season and they were unoccupied. Our principal, indeed our only amusement, was to take chairs on shore with us and sit in the verandahs of the vacant houses, reading or watching the nearly incessant rain. In the surrounding country great quantities of pineapples were grown, and were extremely cheap. One afternoon some of us lounging in one of the verandahs gave a young Burmese a rupee (then about two shillings) to buy pineapples. He came back with as large a bagful as he could carry, and followed by two boys, each with a load of the fruit.

Maulmain was the chief port of the teak trade. Ships were built there—amongst others H.M.S. *Malacca*, a corvette, which ship, after being employed

for some time in our Navy, was sold to Japan and became the well-known Japanese sea-going training ship for officers, the *Tsukuba-kan.*

Our ship could not go up to Maulmain, owing to her draught of water; but other ships could, and at Maulmain, as already mentioned, I passed my final examination in seamanship and became no longer a provisional but now a recognised acting mate. While I was at Maulmain the commissioner gave a ball, to which I was invited. At the time of which I am speaking, mates wore one epaulette, and I appeared for the first time with mine at the ball. The company was not large. There were about thirty men, mostly officers of the garrison and the ships, and exactly twelve ladies.

Our cruises in the Bay of Bengal brought us occasionally to Madras, where we used to have a disagreeable time at anchor in the roads. The swell caused the ship to roll continuously. The only way in which we could land was in a masula boat, a large boat with sixteen or eighteen native rowers, and covered with a stout awning, having at the side canvas curtains. When the boat got into the surf, close to the beach, these curtains were drawn and secured, so that the passengers could see nothing of what was going on. They could, however, hear the extraordinary din made by the coxswain and some of his crew, who uttered loud shouts, apparently without any meaning. As soon as the boat was beached the curtains were quickly thrown back, and, before the passengers could realise what was happening, they were seized by natives on the watch for them and were lugged out of the boat and carried beyond the reach of the surf. The stranger often struggled violently, thinking that he was carried off by robbers. He was, indeed, robbed to the extent of having to pay more than was legally due to the people who had lugged him out of the boat.

Letters were carried between the ships and the

shore by natives in, or rather on, catamarans. These were composed of three or four logs. The boatman, who was quite naked, except for a conical straw hat without a brim, knelt on the logs and propelled his catamaran with a paddle having a blade at each end. The letter entrusted to him he carried in his straw hat.

A well-known character at Madras in those days was a native, supposed to be the chief of the catamaran men. He was called by the sailors "Admiral Cockle," and used to come off in great state in a masula boat to a newly arrived man-of-war. On these occasions he wore an admiral's uniform, and presented for inspection a commission given him by the midshipmen of one of H.M. ships. His object in coming on board was to get rupees. We followed the usual custom and gave him some, and also decorated him with a medal made out of the tinfoil capsule of a pickle bottle.

The place of all others which we liked was Trincomalee. In its snug and beautiful harbour there was an island called Sober Island, which was reserved as a sort of recreation ground for the crews of H.M. ships. There were a couple of bungalows on the island, in which we could lounge about, read, and smoke. There was a bay, or lagoon, in which it was safe to bathe, as sharks were believed not to visit it. There was also some shooting to be got on the island, as jungle-fowl were fairly plentiful, and there were some pea-fowl. Our mess dietary occasionally included peacock, which was not greatly relished. It was rather like inferior turkey. We did, however, highly appreciate the delicious Trincomalee curries, which—though greatly superior to the Indian curries—are almost or quite unknown in England.

From Trincomalee we were unexpectedly sent to the Red Sea and had a long voyage to Aden. From Aden we went on to Jeddah. This place, which is only forty or fifty miles from Mecca, was prohibited

as a place of residence to Christians. After the Crimean War the British and French Governments induced the Sultan of Turkey to allow consuls to be stationed at Jeddah. This was resented by the population and caused a sanguinary riot, in which the French consul and his wife and the British consul were murdered. We were sent there, as also was a French frigate, the *Duchayla*, which arrived after us, to support the demands of a mixed British and French commission. The British commissioner lived on board our ship.

We remained at Jeddah five months, and a dreary time it was. We rarely went on shore. There was not much to attract us in the town. One visit to the slave market was quite enough to satisfy our curiosity. One of the gates of the town was called the Mecca gate, and we were the first Christians who had ever been allowed to pass through it. A rather interesting object outside the town was the so-called Tomb of Eve, who, the inhabitants believe, was buried here. There were scarcely any native curiosities to be bought, except black coral beads, the manufacture of which with a primitive turning lathe could be watched in several streets. We could buy moss-agates and cambay stones, well polished; but these were brought here and were not local products.

One day the Shereef of Mecca, the grandfather, I suppose, of the present king of the Hedjaz, came on board. He was a particularly dignified man, apparently between forty and fifty years old. Whilst we were lying at, or rather off, Jeddah, we sighted the two steamers, *Imperador* and *Imperatriz*, which came out to lay the first telegraph cable in the Red Sea.

Sometimes we were given forty-eight hours' leave, and one or two of us, hiring a small native craft or *dhow*, used to sail to one of the neighbouring islets to shoot. We had little sport, though we never came back with an altogether empty bag. There

was an Arab at Jeddah whom we knew as "Jack." He was quite black, though his features were not in the least negro. He spoke English perfectly. How he learnt it I never knew. He had been an interpreter attached to our army in the Crimea. He was employed by us partly as an interpreter and partly as an assistant in procuring supplies. He promised me and one of my messmates that he would get us into Mecca. His intention was to disguise us as women and conceal us in the panniers, carried on each side of a camel, in which women travelled in the country. If we had gone we should not have seen much; but we could have claimed to have visited Mecca. The captain heard of it and strictly forbade our going. He said that if anything happened to us there might arise serious international complications.

After a long investigation, the two men principally implicated in the murder of the French consul and his wife and the British consul were condemned and executed, and we sailed for Suez.

Jeddah had been a dreary place, but Suez was more so. It was then a shabby little Oriental town. It boasted what was called a hotel. I had to sleep in it one night, and in the morning I was covered from neck to wrists and ankles with flea-bites. This bore out the Arab saying, that the sultan of the fleas lives at Jaffa and his grand vizier at Suez.

At Jeddah we were often short of food; at Suez we were a little, but not much, better off. It should be noted that the Suez Canal had not been begun, and that the railway across the isthmus was still unfinished, small omnibuses drawn by mules connecting Suez with the rail-head. A P. & O. steamer from Bombay came in every fortnight; beyond that a steamer in the Red Sea was a rarity.

We met one or two vessels of the Indian Navy—one of them a fine steam frigate called the *Assaye*. She was in admirable order. All that I saw of the old Indian Navy caused me to form a very high opinion

of it. I thought it a great mistake when, a few years afterwards, it was abolished. It might, with great advantage, have been incorporated into the Royal Navy, as the Bengal, Bombay, and Madras Artillery and Engineers were incorporated into the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers.

Whilst the ship was at Suez, I got leave to go to Cairo and Alexandria. Cairo was then a thoroughly Oriental city, with no outward signs of Europeanisation. There was only one hotel at which a Frank could put up. This was Shepheard's Hotel, in its original building a private house rented by Mr Shepheard from an old princess of the Pasha's family—the title Khedive not having been invented. When I stayed at the hotel, Mr Shepheard himself was there and was particularly kind and obliging.

Each visitor had to have his own servant to wait upon him at table, or he would have got little to eat. There were no bells, and to call a servant you had to clap your hands, which reminded me of the *Arabian Nights*. There were at the time no telegraphs, and, as regards the upper country, no post office. Travellers who had gone up the Nile—which they then had to do entirely in *dahabiyahs*, as there were no steamboats—depended on the good offices of other travellers who followed them and would bring on their letters. To facilitate this, each *dahabiyah* was provided by the traveller hiring her with a flag. A description or a water-colour representation of this flag was entered in a book kept at Shepheard's Hotel, and each entry contained the name and sometimes the signature of the owner of the flag. Travellers starting later, on a trip up the Nile, looked at the book, noted the name and flag, and—if there were any letters to be forwarded—took them with them, and, when they met the people for whom they were intended, handed the letters over. Many years afterwards I again stayed at Shepheard's, but at the fine modern hotel which had replaced the

building of earlier times. I asked for and was shown the flag-book. Pieces were cut out of several pages. This, I was told, was the work of visitors staying in the hotel, who had a craze for collecting autographs, as the book contained the signatures of nearly all the distinguished personages who had ascended the Nile in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century.

Naturally, Cairo greatly interested us. We went to the Pyramids on donkeys which at Old Cairo were carried with ourselves across the Nile in native boats. My donkey, which was rather fractious, fell overboard, and was recovered with some difficulty. He had his saddle on, and it was of course saturated with water. As it was impossible to replace it, I hired from a sheikh his blue cotton robe, and put it on the saddle, so as to have a fairly dry seat. At the end of the day there was a violent squabble with the sheikh about the rent of his robe, and, although our dragoman gave him a thrashing for being an exceptionally dishonest scoundrel, he and his friends continued to make such a noise that I ended by buying the robe outright. It became the donkey-boy's perquisite when we arrived at our hotel.

Alexandria, when I first saw it, showed a curious mixture of Frank and Oriental arrangements and methods. There was a handsome Frank quarter with fine houses and a large public square, and close to it was a purely Eastern city. Anyone out after dark had still, at Alexandria as at Cairo, to carry a lantern. There were several rather good hotels, and many restaurants where European meals were served. Of course it was a far less interesting place for a hurried visitor than Cairo; but there were some things at Alexandria worth seeing. We went to look at Pompey's Pillar and at Cleopatra's Needle, then prostrate on the ground. There was much talk as to the prospect of ever getting it to England.

The railway between Cairo and Alexandria had

been open for traffic for some time, and already carried many passengers. On our way to Alexandria we called at a place called Tanta, which was holding a horse fair. The ordinary road ran parallel and very near to the railway. After leaving Tanta, we saw many people on horseback moving along the road in the same direction as our train. One horse took fright and bolted with its rider, keeping up for some minutes with the train, which was going rather fast. A cow crossing the road got right in the way of the bolting horse. The latter came into collision with the cow, knocked it down, and threw it on its back with its hoofs in the air. The rider was shot right over the horse's head and landed in a sitting posture on the cow's belly. I still recollect perfectly the look of astonishment on his face as we passed him.

After a stay of nearly nine months in the Red Sea, we were ordered to Aden. The place was still in its undeveloped state, but we looked upon it as a sort of paradise after the Red Sea. I met there two old schoolfellows of mine, one of them a son of my old headmaster. Both were officers in the garrison, and both showed me much hospitality and kindness. They were amongst the seniors of the school when I was there, but they both remembered me.

From Aden we went to Trincomalee and had a very long voyage, part of the time on short commons, so that we were "six-upon-four."

On arrival at Trincomalee we found orders to proceed to the Australian station. The ship had now (May 1859) been nearly two years in commission, and all but a month of that time away from England. The married officers and men did not regard with satisfaction the prospect of at least two years' more absence from home. In the end, it turned out that the *Pelorus* remained in commission five years and four months, and

was absent from England five years and three months. This did not fall very far short of the six and seven years' commissions of the old war. These long commissions were a great hardship for officers and men, especially in days like those of the middle of the nineteenth century, when communication between home and our foreign stations was infrequent and slow. I have never changed my belief that these long commissions were unnecessary and not good for the service.

We had another long voyage to Australia, as we went without touching anywhere to Sydney. The change was delightful. The perfection of the harbour as an anchorage and the beauty of its surroundings deeply impressed all of us, as was natural at the end of a sea-voyage of more than sixty days. We had heard much of the hospitality of the Australians; but all that we heard did not prepare us for the warm and hearty reception given us. Nothing seemed to be thought too good for us, and no trouble too great to be taken on our behalf.

Australia in 1859 had not yet completely got over the effects of the "gold fever." Prices were still astonishingly high, reminding me of Californian rates. In the East Indies our washed clothes had been paid for by the hundred, at prices which in England would have seemed ridiculously low. I overheard our boatswain, a veteran who had gone to sea in George III.'s reign, say at Sydney: "What! tenpence apiece for washing shirts! I'd shift 'em end-for-end first." A rope worn at one end is shifted so as to bring the less worn end into use. The boatswain was rather noted amongst us for his quaint remarks. One day I was standing near him when an African negro belonging to the ship's company came along carrying a tub of soapy water. In passing he unintentionally let some of the water splash against the boatswain, who shouted to him: "You black scoundrel! I wish I had you in New Orleans."

Slavery still existed in the Southern States. Addressing me he said, pointing to the negro: "There's a thousand dollars, sir, if you had him in the right place."

The colonial governments made a special addition to our pay. At Melbourne, where prices were much higher than at Sydney, the "colonial allowance," as it was called, given by the government of Victoria was the largest paid. In the midshipmen's berth we never saw our colonial allowance. It was paid directly into our mess fund to cover the cost of living.

We found, on arrival at Sydney, the commodore commanding the station in his ship, the *Iris*, a 26-gun frigate. He would not allow any officer to wear plain clothes on shore. This order was not very exactly obeyed. We were made honorary members of the best clubs. The celebrated Australian Club of Sydney, probably the oldest club in the British overseas dominions, with a list of members including a multitude of distinguished names, was frequented chiefly by senior officers. I called there one afternoon to wait for a friend. I was sitting in the morning-room and was dressed in plain clothes.

To my dismay, who should come in but the commodore. I seized a newspaper—it happened to be the London *Times*—and held it open in front of me, so as to afford an effective screen. The commodore took a chair near me and showed signs of a determination to make an afternoon of it there. How long he stayed I cannot say. It seemed to me a very long time, and never were my arms so tired as they were by holding up the newspaper until he left the room and gave me a chance of slipping away.

The club to which I more often went was the Union—now one of the best clubs in the world. It was then in its early days, and occupied a house in Wynnyard Square. There was another club at

which I was always kindly received. This was the Victoria, situated near the Colonial Houses of Parliament and frequented by the younger members. Here I made the acquaintance of one of the most attractive men I ever met—William Bede Dalley, afterwards the first Australian Privy Councillor.

Although it was fifty-six years ago, Sydney was, even then, a fine city. Several of its clubs have been mentioned. It had many handsome and well-filled shops, and many beautiful private houses. There was an opera house, which was open when I was there, and at which I heard *Lucia di Lammermuir*. I used sometimes to go on my friend, Mr Dalley's, introduction to hear the debates in the House of Assembly, where I saw the election as Speaker of the first Sir Daniel Cooper, famous for his munificent donations in aid of deserving movements.

The beautiful hall of Sydney University had just been completed; and a portrait of its Chancellor had been hung in it a few days before we arrived. At this time news was received that Queensland was to be separated from New South Wales and made into a self-dependent colony. On my first visit to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, many years after this, I found the city *en fête* celebrating Separation Day.

CHAPTER XXIII

PROMOTION—RETURN TO ENGLAND

AFTER we had been at Sydney several weeks I was one day officer of the forenoon watch when the captain's gig, which had taken him on board the commodore's ship, returned without him; and Thomas Shaw, the captain's coxswain, an old shipmate of mine, and, as I learnt later on, a native of Newfoundland, came up to me with a report and added: "Mr Bridge, you are promoted." I had not expected it and could not at first believe it. Nevertheless it turned out to be true, the date of my commission, 28th June 1859, making me a lieutenant when I was just over twenty years and three months old.

To my regret, for, like most young officers, I found Australia a very attractive place, I had to return to England to pass the final examinations in gunnery on board H.M.S. *Excellent*, and in navigation and rather simple mathematics at the Naval College at Portsmouth. My commission had been chasing me about the world, having first gone to the Red Sea, then to the East Indies, and finally to Sydney, where it reached me in about three months' time. I had a long voyage before me and some weeks in addition to complete the examinations which were now held on fixed days. So that I was likely to be, and in the end was, more than half a year a lieutenant before I could be appointed as one to a ship.

The P. & O. Company was then running its first

regular line of steamers between England and Australia; or rather—as the Suez Canal had not yet been made—between England and Alexandria and between Suez and Australia. It was still "The Overland Route," and was always so called. I was ordered a passage in the first steamer bound for Suez. She was the *Bombay*. I forget her tonnage, but I should say that it was less than two thousand. We called at Melbourne, anchoring in Port Phillip Bay, and stayed there two days. Even at that early period Melbourne was a grand city, finer, it seemed to me, than San Francisco when I knew it three and four years before.

I dined one evening at a restaurant, and walked from the handsomely appointed dining-room through a door which opened direct on to the dress circle of a theatre, where I saw an admirably acted play. Perhaps one of the things of which the Australians have a right to be proud is their great daily newspapers. We had all been much impressed by the ability and tone of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and now I found an equally excellent newspaper at Melbourne, the *Argus*. Though the home news was not very recent, it was a great comfort to us, after a long absence from England, to get any, and in these newspapers we got it full and accurate.

After leaving Melbourne we called at King George's Sound, or Albany, in Western Australia. There were not then a dozen houses there; but there were, in the immediate neighbourhood of the settlement, a good many native savages. Some of these had picked up a few words of English, evidently taught them by white men as a joke, and repeated them with perfect accuracy. As soon as our steamer had anchored, the second officer was sent on shore with a mail-bag. There was no wharf so he landed on the beach, near a little crowd of natives. In stepping ashore he stumbled and nearly fell on his face, and ejaculated "Damn it!" One of the natives

immediately remarked, in perfect English, "It's wrong to swear." This astonished the officer, who, however, soon found out that the native could not speak another word of English.

Most of the passengers dined at one of the houses in the settlement, which was a clean and comfortable inn. Before dinner we induced some of the natives to give us a display of spear and boomerang throwing. The spears were stuck into a short bone tube fixed at one end of a thin oval-shaped piece of wood and then hurled. The range and accuracy were remarkable. I have since seen white men throw boomerangs, but none did so just as those natives did. The latter made them almost skim along the ground for some distance, then rise sharply in the air and come back nearly to the spot from which they had been thrown.

The steamer's purser arranged with the chief that the natives should entertain us after dinner with a *corroboree*, something between a ballet and a pantomime. While we were at dinner the chief came into the dining-room and surprised us all by remarking in well-pronounced English: "Can't corroboree naked, because ladies present." When we recovered from the effect of this, we found that the words were all the English that our savage friend knew. Who had taught them to him I never discovered, but I suspect that it was one of the passengers. In itself the remark was uncalled for, because the natives had not on a single article of clothing except a kangaroo skin thrown over the shoulders and reaching but little below the waist. It was fastened at the throat by a bit of bone stuck like a pin through two corners of the skin brought close together.

When dinner was over it was getting dark and we adjourned to an open space amongst the bushes not far from our inn. Here the savages had lighted a fire, which served as the footlights for their performance. They had marked their bodies with a sort of

whitening, in most cases outlining the ribs, which gave them the appearance of skeletons, the whole scene by the fitful light of the fire being weird. The performance represented a kangaroo hunt and was highly realistic. The savage who acted the kangaroo performed his part so well that in the dim light one occasionally almost fancied that he really was a kangaroo. The chief hunter gave the quarry the *coup de grâce* so realistically with his spear that for a moment it looked as if he had actually pierced him.

We went on from King George's Sound to Mauritius, then to Aden, and from Aden to Suez, where we landed and crossed the isthmus by railway, stopping a day or two at Cairo *en route*, until the day on which our steamer for Southampton was to sail. We called at Malta, and I saw that island for the first time. It was very familiar to me in after years. We arrived at Southampton on a raw and chilly November day, fifty-four days after leaving Sydney. Our steamer from Alexandria to England was a new and well-appointed paddle-wheel vessel called the *Delta*, a great contrast to the *Bombay*, in which we had travelled between Sydney and Suez. The *Bombay* was a full-rigged barque, and frequently had her sails set. After we left Mauritius we had seventy-three passengers on board; and, as the ship was of no great size, she was rather uncomfortably crowded. The *Bombay* had a long life. She was enlarged by the addition of an upper deck and ran on the China and Japan route for many years. At the end of her career she must have been nearly, if not quite, the oldest sea-going vessel in the P. & O. Company's list.

Since the days just referred to, I have made several voyages in P. & O. steamers and could compare conditions on board them with those of former times. In my first acquaintance with the P. & O. Company's vessels, smoking, as on board our men-of-war, was permitted only at certain times

and in certain rather restricted places; and there were sepoys in uniform, like marines, to see that the rules were not infringed. The *Delta* had a smoking-room; the *Bombay* had not. In the latter vessel, whatever the kind of weather, if you wanted to smoke at the appointed times you had to do it on the upper deck before the mainmast.

Passengers at luncheon and dinner were given wine, spirits, or bottled beer free. There were other times, rigidly fixed, when drinks could be obtained, but they had to be paid for as extras. Champagne was allowed at dinner twice a week; but, oddly enough, not when there was ice on board. Perhaps it was believed that if champagne were iced more of it would be drunk. Ice did not last more than forty-eight hours after leaving port.

The meals in the saloon left nothing to be desired as far as quantity was concerned; but, even to myself, fresh from a midshipmen's berth, they seemed roughly served. Breakfast was at 8 A.M. Noon was the hour for luncheon. The table was not regularly laid for this; down the middle of the dining-tables plates of biscuit and small cubes of cheese were placed alternately. Between the plates were water-bottles and decanters of sherry, brandy, and gin. Whisky may have appeared occasionally but it was uncommon. Tumblers and wine-glasses were in racks overhead. There was no attendance, and passengers who wanted luncheon helped themselves. At 4 P.M. we had dinner, a plentiful meal, at which, after we had been a few days at sea, salt meat held an important place. We occasionally had good Indian curries.

The price of a passage from Sydney to Southampton had just been reduced from £125 to £115, a sum, it should be remembered, that covered the passenger's wine bill. Naval officers returning to England on promotion, or even when invalided, unless it was to save their lives, had to pay one-third

of the passage money. This amounted to a heavy pecuniary fine in the case of officers making the voyage from a distant station; and no station was so distant as the Australian. In addition to that, every officer of the rank of lieutenant had to pay 3s. 6d. a day whilst on passage.

A mate's (or sub-lieutenant's) pay was then 2s. 8d. a day. The half-pay of a lieutenant on promotion was 4s. a day. Officers, until arrival in England, were allowed to choose whether they would take the full pay of their former rank or the half-pay of the rank to which they had just been promoted. Naturally—especially in view of the 3s. 6d. deduction —I chose the 4s.

I soon found that I had "reckoned without my host," or rather, without the Accountant-General. Having elected to take 4s. rather than 2s. 8d., I was given the former but was informed that, as I had chosen half-pay, I could only be granted half-pay time instead of sea-time, which I could have claimed if I had been content with the smaller sum. The effect of this decision was serious.

I have already said that my lieutenant's commission, owing to the movements of my ship as to which I had no influence, had been chasing me about the world for nearly three months. It caught me at the Antipodes and I had to make a nearly two months' voyage to comply with the order to return to England. The final examinations were now being held at fixed dates; and though I presented myself at the first which were held after I got to Portsmouth, waiting for them added another month to the "half-pay" time, although I was under naval discipline as attached to H.M.S. *Excellent* throughout the examination period. The matter did not end here.

When in January 1860 I was at last appointed to a ship, my appointment was to one which was not in England, and I had to wait for her return before I could take up the appointment. Thus the Accountant-

General "got to windward" of me by about seven months. This might have made a considerable difference in the retiring allowance, in the event of a failure of health compelling an early retirement from the active service. Cases of the same kind were common enough sixty years ago, so common, indeed, that they were accepted, not without murmurs, but without formal protest.

There was a rather large batch of officers at Portsmouth waiting to go through the final examinations; some of them were acting lieutenants like myself. We were attached to the *Excellent*, but we lived at the college in the dockyard. We went up for the gunnery examination and we all passed it. The other, or so-called "college examination," was in navigation and nautical astronomy. The most difficult part of this examination was finding the longitude by lunar observation. Solving this problem correctly was rewarded with a handsome number of marks, or, as we used to call them, "numbers." Failure to solve it, combined with incorrect answers to other questions, would be likely to result in a candidate's not passing the examination. We all felt that much depended on the lunar. Each of us noted our answers to the questions in the examination papers, and when the examiners released us we lost no time in comparing them. My answer to the lunar question differed from that of every one else; so did some of the other answers, but the lunar outdid all in importance. It was so unlikely that one candidate should be right and all the others wrong, that it was believed that I had failed to pass. Much against my will, I was induced to believe it myself.

We had a farewell dinner at the Keppel's Head the day before the result of the examination was made known. As being the only candidate who had not passed, I was given the most distinguished place on the right of the president and a toast was

drunk in my honour, having been proposed in a speech full of sympathetic references to my disappointment and of hopes that I should do better next time.

On the following day we were summoned to the examination room at the Naval College, where the commander-in-chief would see us and announce the result of the examination. I was called up by the admiral before anyone else, and expected a lecture for not having passed. So far was this from being the case that it turned out that I had passed first of all and had obtained marks only ten short of full numbers. Of course I was warmly congratulated by my companions. Happily, all had passed. It was near Christmas and we all went off to our friends. I was now a "confirmed" lieutenant and received a commission, not to be acted upon, to H.M.S. *Victorious*, an old hulk in Portsmouth Harbour.

CHAPTER XXIV

ENGLISH CHANNEL AND MEDITERRANEAN

THE *Algiers* was a 91-gun screw line-of-battle ship, a two-decker. She had one 68-pounder mounted as a traversing gun forward, two 8-inch guns on each broadside on the lower deck, and eighty-six 32-pounders distributed between the lower deck, the main deck, the quarter-deck, and the forecastle. She had a complement of 870 officers and men. Her steam-engine was seldom used; indeed, except occasionally when entering or leaving a harbour, all our cruises were made under sail. Like all ships of her class, she was heavily sparred and rigged.

I had been accustomed to ships in which great attention was paid to their cleanliness, neatness, and even decoration. This did not in the least involve indifference to discipline or neglect of drills and exercises. My experience of service afloat has taught me that the smarter in appearance a ship was the more efficient she was. In the whole course of my service I came across only one ship in which decoration seemed to be regarded as of more importance than drills and exercises. She was not in reality an exception, because in her case decoration was only partial and confined to spots which a visitor would be sure to see. Condemnation of so-called "spit and polish" was not really sincere, and usually came from critics who had no feeling of aversion from slovenliness.

No one could have attributed to the *Algiers*, as I first saw her, indication of "spit and polish." Frigates and ships of the line had broad bands of white along their sides where the gun-ports were. This was the origin of the term "chequer-sided." In the *Algiers* these bands were not painted, but whitewashed. On a dry, sunny day they looked well enough at a distance, but in wet weather they were soon discoloured and unsightly. In those days every ship's yards were black, but the lower masts were usually painted yellow or brown. In the *Algiers* they were whitewashed. One could not say that the ship was dirty, but she certainly was not over-clean. At a later period of the commission we got a new captain, and then there was a great change in her; she became, in fact, a creditable ship in every respect.

She had a fine ship's company. She had hoisted the pendant a few months before a considerable increase of the fleet and got the pick of the men unemployed at Portsmouth. The *Shannon*, the distinguished Sir William Peel's ship, had only recently been paid off, and a large portion of her crew joined the *Algiers*. The ships afterwards added to the Channel and Mediterranean fleets came off very badly as regards manning, and completed their ships' companies only by entering "bounty men," generally very poor creatures induced to enter the Navy by the award of several pounds in money as bounty. The *Algiers* had hardly any of them.

With such a fine ship's company, coming largely from ships with a high reputation, it is not surprising that the *Algiers*, defective in neatness as she was, could be considered a well-disciplined ship. In gunnery she was especially efficient. All the officers of quarters took a keen interest in target practice, and gave prizes for good shooting. I had, at the foremost lower deck quarters, the best shot in the

ship. He was a captain of the forecastle, named Kennedy, and, considering the means at his disposal, his performances when firing at a target were remarkable.

Not many days after I joined her, the ship was ordered into Portsmouth Harbour to have the leading corners of her screw-propeller cut off. It was supposed that this would increase her speed. It apparently did so, but by a trifling amount. Every ship before entering the harbour at any of our home ports had to land her explosives; and every ship of the line, before going into Portsmouth, had to hoist out her lower-deck guns. The latter proceeding was rendered necessary by the fact that the channel was not deep enough to take the ship unless she were lightened.

Our stay at Portsmouth was not a long one. The forts on Portsdown Hill were then being erected, and my cousin—my mother's nephew—Henry Crowdy, an officer of the Royal Engineers, was supervising the work on one of them. He and a brother officer occupied a charming little country house which had been taken over by the Government, as it stood close to the site on which the fort was to be constructed. I, more than once, paid a pleasant visit to my cousin. The house was to be, and probably was, pulled down when the fort had been completed. The old Portsmouth theatre, the theatre of Mr Vincent Crummles, still existed. It was near the head of the High Street. I went to it once and remember seeing bluejackets drinking beer out of pewter pots in the gallery. A place which proved more attractive to us was the Blue Bell, the first one of the name. It was the first music hall of the modern type which I ever saw. The performances in it may not have been artistically so good as those of the present day, but they were in some respects distinctly better. There was never any indelicacy about them.

Our ship was attached to the Channel Fleet for about a year, and was then for about two years in the Mediterranean. In one of our cruises with the Channel Fleet we visited St Margaret's Hope, and anchored about the site of the present great railway bridge and opposite that of Rosyth Dockyard which then had not even been thought of. Rosyth was a tiny place with the remains of an old castle or tower visible from the anchorage. We could also see, from on board ship, Dunfermline and its great church with Robert Bruce's name forming a sort of balustrade to the church tower. It was an easy and pleasant walk from the landing-place to Dunfermline, the people of which always gave us the kindest reception, almost literally thrusting their hospitality upon us.

I had already been a good deal about the world and had seen many places, some celebrated for the beauty of their aspect, yet I thought I had never seen any city so beautiful as Edinburgh. I have visited it several times since, and am prepared to agree with its citizens when they assert that Edinburgh is the most beautiful city in the world. Stockholm and Sydney run it hard, no doubt, but both of them, to be seen at their best, should be seen in sunshine. Edinburgh looks beautiful in any weather.

Whilst lying in St Margaret's Hope we got up a Channel Fleet Regatta, then a novelty. The ships were visited by crowds of sightseers. Steamers full of them came alongside every day. In the *Algiers* we thought that, to show our appreciation of the abundant hospitality extended to us by the people of Edinburgh and the surrounding country, we ward-room officers might invite a party of them on board to luncheon and to see the regatta. Some sixty or seventy ladies and gentlemen accepted our invitation. We asked the commander if he would give an order that the steamers loaded with sight-

seers should not come alongside until the luncheon was over. Somehow or other this order was not given, or, if given, was misunderstood. We took our guests on to the poop to see one of the best races in the programme, and when it was over led them down to the ward-room for the luncheon. The table had been laid with what I think is called a cold collation. While we were on the poop, a couple of steamers, each with hundreds of people on board, had come alongside. About a thousand of them came on board the *Algiers* and spread themselves about the main deck. Our mess servants, who were just as desirous of seeing the race as we were, had gone off to points from which they could get a good view of it; the ward-room doors were wide open; the sightseers, as their predecessors had always been allowed to do, streamed in to have a look at our mess place. Catching sight of the luncheon on the table, they fell upon it and devoured the whole of it. When our guests came down from the poop there was nothing for them to eat but scraps, and not many of these. However, all took it very good-humouredly, and there was much laughing and joking about our unbidden company.

When not cruising, the ships of the Channel Fleet were kept a good deal at Spithead or in Plymouth Sound. The *Algiers* used to anchor at the former, as she was a Portsmouth ship. In bad weather the anchorage was neither pleasant nor convenient. Nearly all communication with the shore and with other ships was impracticable, except by boats under sail or oars. It was sometimes impossible for a boat to come alongside a ship. In that case the boat went under the ship's stern, and to get on board you had to climb up a Jacob's ladder hanging from the spanker-boom. The sight of a portly, middle-aged officer of the civil branch, clambering up a long Jacob's ladder swung to and fro by gusts of wind, till he reached the poop of a line-of-battle ship, was enough

to remind the observer that there were snugger places than Spithead.

One evening after dark a boat came to us from the flagship of the admiral second in command, with directions for our commander to go on board at once. When he went we found that there had been trouble on board, and that he was to bring back with him to our ship several men to be confined as prisoners. The case was one in which means of rapid communication between the flagship and our ship was urgently needed; but in those days there was no method of night signalling except by a display of lanterns directing a very restricted number of evolutions. The flashing system—not invented by Vice-Admiral Colomb, but made by him available for naval use—has now, for many years, rendered it possible to send at night any message from ship to ship. Of course it has been greatly developed since its first adoption in our Navy.

During one of our visits to Spithead, an order from the Admiralty directed each ship of the line to send two lieutenants at a time to H.M.S. *Excellent*, to be instructed in the new Armstrong gun drill. The instruction I found deeply interesting and important. There had been eminent authorities on gunnery before Sir William Armstrong; but the country owed to him, and perhaps even more to his eminent coadjutor Sir Andrew Noble, an immense debt for all that they did in advancing gun construction and gunnery. I saw much of Sir Andrew Noble, and was a colleague of his on the Government Committee on Explosives, and learnt to respect his talents, admire his character, and value his friendship. An Armstrong 80-pounder breech-loading gun replaced our 68-pounder on the forecastle of the *Algiers*.

The ordinary cruising ground of the Channel Fleet included Lisbon. There was much to interest us at Lisbon, and an excellent company was giving representations at the opera house. There were

frequent masked balls which we thought very diverting. Going to one of these with several of my messmates, I found the stairs leading to the ballroom so crowded that we had to wait in the hall. Every now and then the barrier at the top of the stairs was removed and the company ran up with a rush. Then there came a block, and a fresh crowd on the stairs. One of the maskers was dressed like the devil: his tail hung down between the banisters while we were below in the hall. One of our marine officers, a merry companion, fond of practical jokes, quietly tied the tail to one of the banisters. At the next rush his satanic majesty dashed forward; his tail held securely to the banister, and kept with it the seat of his lower garment. He could not turn back—or even hold back—but was swept by the crowd of maskers, tailless, and more than tailless, into the ballroom.

After the *Algiers* had been (since I joined her) about a year in the Channel Fleet, she was unexpectedly ordered from Lisbon to the Mediterranean, and remained on that station nearly two years. The Mediterranean command was held by Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, the greatest flag officer of the nineteenth century after the close of the Napoleonic War. The Navy of the present day is to a great extent the offspring of the reforms which he introduced into its organisation, its interior economy, and its methods of discipline. In his lifetime he was frequently compared with Lord St Vincent, but he was an abler man than St Vincent. He did not, it is true, have so large a stage on which to show his powers, and he did not win a great victory at sea: still, within the range of his influence, he made his views supreme. His appointment to the command preceded and was immediately followed by the advent of the armoured sea-going ship. The *Warrior* joined the Channel Fleet just as our ship was on the point of leaving it.

We were stationed for some months in the Bay of Naples, anchoring usually off Santa Lucia. We were at Naples when King Victor Emmanuel—*il Re Galantuomo*—paid his first official visit to it after the formal incorporation of the two Sicilies into the kingdom of united Italy. His Majesty had been there before, as he drove into Naples in a carriage with Garibaldi: but that was in the early days, and before annexation had been definitely effected. He came this time by sea, escorted by a small Italian squadron and a large French fleet. The French flagship had a steam-launch, the first man-of-war's steamboat that any of us had ever seen.

When the king passed our ship we manned yards. A captain of the main-top climbed up to the top of the main topgallant mast, and stood on the truck with the spindle of the lightning conductor between his feet. He was one of the tallest and biggest bluejackets in the ship, and one of the oldest, though he was still under forty. King Victor Emmanuel was delighted with this performance, and at an entertainment in his honour in the evening, specially spoke to our captain about it, and sent a gracious message to the captain of the main-top.

Whilst at Naples we had much sickness on board. Seven men died, our ward-room second steward among them. He was an excellent young man, and we regretted him very much. The sickness was a fever. Only two officers caught it—one of the assistant surgeons and myself—and we both had it very badly. Though I was doing duty again in a few weeks, I felt the effects of the disease for many months afterwards. Every patient who recovered had jaundice or acute rheumatism; I had the bad luck to have both. The pain of the acute rheumatism was very severe.

Orders had been given that we were to land our smooth-bore muskets and receive muzzle-loading rifles in exchange. When we were in the Medi-

terranean, an officer of marines with a staff of specially qualified sergeants was sent out to train the seamen in the use of the rifle. Two of these sergeants were embarked in each ship as instructors, and proved themselves highly efficient. This was the way in which "musketry" was introduced into the Navy.

We were for about five months on the coast of Syria, usually anchoring at Beyrout. There had been disturbances in the Lebanon, and a massacre of Christians, and the French had sent an army to Syria to see that justice was done and order maintained. The late Lord Dufferin, afterwards the eminent diplomatist, was staying at Beyrout as a private visitor. He did admirable work in sheltering refugees and rescuing survivors of the massacre. He was afterwards appointed a commissioner, thus beginning his long and distinguished public service.

Russian, French, and British men-of-war were frequently at Beyrout. A Turkish man-of-war came occasionally. The whole French Levant Fleet under Vice-Admiral Barbier de Tinan was at Beyrout for a long time. It was a powerful fleet of line-of-battle ships, and was in first-rate order. Efficiency of the masted wooden ships of the line had, in this fleet, reached its highest point. This was just as fleets of the kind were about to be superseded for ever by the iron or steel armoured navies. One of the French junior flag officers was the celebrated Rear-Admiral Paris, an early advocate of the substitution of steam propulsion for sails in ships of war. He took great interest in the engineer branch, and did his best to get its position in the French Navy improved. He asked our captain what the status of our chief engineer was. When the captain told him that he had the relative rank of commander in the Navy and lieutenant-colonel in the Army, Admiral Paris exclaimed, "Position superbe!"

While we were in the Levant an opportunity was

given us to see something of the Holy Land. The ship called at Jaffa, and with several other officers I went for a tour of ten days. We visited Jerusalem, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Bethlehem. In those days, except the beginning of one which the French were making from Beyrout to Damascus, there were no roads in the whole country, only tracks. All travelling had to be done on horseback. The weather was intensely hot, the power of the sun in the middle of the day being almost intolerable. After our tour was over we suffered much from boils, usually of great size, and extremely painful. We took tents with us, and at night we slept either in the camp which we pitched or in the monasteries, of which there were several, Latin and Greek, in the country. One of these, Mar Saba, was a remarkable place. It was situated in a dreary wilderness and was like a great fortress. As the Bedouins had recently been very troublesome, we were accompanied by a guard of Kurds, mounted on very fine horses.

My eldest sister was married to an officer in the Royal Engineers, and was with her husband at Corfu where we then kept a large garrison. I had a few days' leave granted to me so that I went and visited my sister. It gave me my first sight of the fascinating island of Corfu, where I often was afterwards. When my leave was nearly up I was allowed to take a passage in H.M.S. *Megœra*, a troopship, to Malta, where I had left my own ship. When we reached Malta it turned out that all the ships had been ordered to Gibraltar, and I had to go on to that place to rejoin the *Algiers*. The concentration of ships at Gibraltar was ordered in consequence of the so-called "Trent affair," and the probability of complications with the United States. Gibraltar would have been a convenient place from which to make a further move. Fortunately the apprehended complications did not ensue.

When towards the end of 1862 the *Algiers* had

been nearly four years in commission, she was ordered home to be paid off. I had belonged to her for very nearly three years. We were paid off at Portsmouth and, as the rule then was, I, in common with all the other commissioned officers, was put on half-pay.

CHAPTER XXV

COAST OF IRELAND—THE WEST INDIES AND NORTH AMERICA AGAIN

In the early part of 1863 I was appointed to H.M.S. *Hawke*, district ship of the coastguard at Queenstown. I did not serve all the time in her, as I was in command of a gunboat; first the *Griper*, and then of the *Blazer*, usually employed on the west coast of Ireland. The position of the *Hawke* was strange; there was an admiral at Queenstown and he flew his flag in a stationary line-of-battle ship. When I was there he was a Rear-Admiral of the White. Consequently his flagship, and all other ships calling at Queenstown, hoisted the white ensign. The *Hawke* was directly under the orders of the Admiralty, represented by the controller of the coastguard, and always hoisted the red ensign. In my gunboat I had to do the same. The *Hawke* was what was called a block-ship. She was an old sailing 74-gun ship of the line, which had had her poop removed and the number of her guns reduced to sixty. She took coastguard men to sea for their yearly practice course, and also received on board for drill, 200 at a time, the local Royal Naval Coast Volunteers, a sort of militia composed of coast fishermen. They were a fine lot of men, but almost incredibly dirty.

When I joined the *Hawke* I had been just ten years in the service; and in those ten years many and great changes had taken place in the Navy. As far as regards more than three-fourths of it the

personnel had become a continuous service body. When a captain now commissioned a ship he had not to hunt for his sailors where he could pick them up. They were sent to him in drafts from the depôt ships and training ships. The stokers were still mostly "non-continuous service" men: but their numbers were not yet large. The effect of the institution of boys' training ships was beginning to make itself felt; and the seamen part of a ship's company was in a fair way towards being composed entirely of bluejackets who had entered the Navy in their teens. This transformation of the *personnel*, both in itself and in its more or less direct effects, was the greatest change made in the Navy since I first knew it. Great as have been the changes in *matériel*, the changes connected with the *personnel* and organisation have been fully as great. About the same time the master's branch of the Navy was renamed, masters being now styled navigating lieutenants.

I enjoyed my service on the coast of Ireland immensely; I liked the people of all classes. In many country houses I was received with the utmost kindness. Being the namesake of a great uncle, who had in former years commanded the Horse Artillery at Ballincollig, and who was still remembered in some very agreeable families, I had a most hearty reception. Some naval and military officers at Queenstown and a few civilian friends got together a pack of beagles, which we used to follow on foot on Saturdays during the season. Nearly all the lads in the neighbourhood and the boys old enough to run joined us. They were very amusing and delightful companions. I will mention two of the things that I learnt in Ireland. Nobody knows how to cook a salmon as well as an Irish cook. If you want to know how good an Irish stew can be, you must taste it in Ireland; out of that country you get only poor imitations of the real thing.

After I had been several months on the Irish station I was offered the appointment of first lieutenant of H.M.S. *Fawn* just commissioned at Sheerness. I went off at once to join her. She had her complement full; the men having been sent on board from the Sheerness barracks and other depôts. The ship herself had been rigged and had received her armament and principal stores before the pennant was hoisted. The *Fawn* was a commander's command. She was a 17-gun corvette of 750 tons, and had 175 officers and men. The seventeenth gun was an Armstrong 40-pounder breech loader. On each broadside were mounted two Armstrong B.L. 20-pounders and six 34-cwt. (old pattern) 32-pounder smooth-bores. The marines and the bluejackets of the "small arms" company all had muzzle-loading rifles. The old smooth-bore pistols were replaced by revolvers; but the boarding pikes and tomahawks remained. The ship had engines of 150 horse-power and could carry 100 tons of coal. She was a full-rigged ship, a fairly good but not very fast sailer, and was rather but not especially handy under sail.

We towed out to Bermuda—always under sail—a gunboat. We called at Madeira on the way. When we arrived at Bermuda we received official information that the red-and-blue ensigns were abolished in the Navy, which, in future, was to fly only the white. From Bermuda we were ordered to Jamaica, and I had a repetition of my former experience in the *Medea* in looking for slavers in the West Indies. We never saw one. Before we had been long on the station our captain was invalided and succeeded by another who was a member of the House of Commons. This was probably the last, or at any rate nearly the last, case of a Member of Parliament commanding a sea-going ship on a foreign station.

We had some fairly exciting times. When cruising

we were met at sea by a vessel from Jamaica, which brought orders for us to return with all speed to Port Royal as there was an insurrection in the island. When we arrived the troubles were nearly over. We saw enough of the condition of Jamaica to feel sure that the virulent persecution of Governor Eyre in England was monstrously unjust. Like nearly everyone who had been on the spot, we were convinced that Governor Eyre had saved Jamaica from a terrible catastrophe.

One of the many revolutions for which the republic is or was noted having broken out in Hayti, we were sent to Cap Haytien to protect the foreign residents. The revolution had begun there, but had not spread very far. The government sent a considerable army to besiege the town, and the siege operations were in full progress when we arrived, and continued until we were relieved by another ship. The revolutionists had fortified Cap Haytien with great skill. There were long lines of trenches on the hillsides, and on a stretch of even ground between the town and the besiegers' position. Thousands of empty flour barrels were used as gabions.

The besiegers cannonaded the town almost daily, and there was much excitement to be got out of a walk in the streets. You could see the shot in the air coming towards you. One day I was walking in one of the principal streets of Cap Haytien when the place was being cannonaded. One shot that I saw plainly pitched on a house less than a hundred yards behind me. It fell on a poor woman lying ill in bed and killed her instantly. I saw another woman, also an occupant of the house, rush out of the door, pick up a small barrel that was standing near, and dash it to the ground in a burst of rage, but she was not in the least frightened. It was remarkable how little the inhabitants minded the almost daily cannonade to which they were subjected. A well-dressed woman, at an open window which I passed, said to me in a

mournful voice, "Ah! capitaine; on a tué une femme," but she showed no sign of fear, and did not seem to think of taking shelter.

I tried to find out what had become of another shot which I saw fall near the street in which I was. It had gone in through one side of a small house, and had come out through the other. The owner of the house was sitting in a chair with its back against the wall just where the shot came out: fortunately for him he had his feet resting on the rung between the two front legs of the chair, rather more than a foot above the ground. The shot passed under his feet and lodged in a little mound near. He continued to sit as if nothing had happened. A friend of his quietly walked to the shot, picked it up, and took it into the house, where he wrapped it up in a blanket, and put it in a hammock to keep it, as he explained to me, as a souvenir.

On the level ground outside the town there rose a curious conical mound on which there was an old bastioned fort. The besiegers occupied this at the beginning of the operations, and by their fire from it had greatly annoyed the revolutionists. The latter determined to get possession of it. We witnessed the assault. It was most gallantly conducted, and was completely successful.

One of my messmates had made the acquaintance of a personage who held the rank of general in the revolutionary army. We went together to call on this officer to ask him for a pass to go through the lines and inspect the captured fort. He was a German tailor and very stupid, and had not the smallest military authority. In fact he appeared to have nothing to do with the Army, and we suspected that his title of "general" was given as payment of a bill. We were directed to the house of a certain colonel who was holding an important position on the staff. We found him at home having a nap, as he had been up all the previous night. He was a

pure negro, very intelligent and very polite. He explained that the grant of a pass was impossible; but insisted on our remaining in his house and having some refreshment. We sat in a narrow room with a table running its whole length, our host on one side, my messmate and I on the other. Presently there was a terrific din next door. A shot had hit the house. This was not pleasant. Not long afterwards there was a louder noise; a shot had penetrated the roof of the house in which we were. Then came a third shot, this time into the house on the floor just above our heads. It was becoming most unpleasant. Our host never moved a muscle. We tried our best to look as if we did not mind it, and I hope we succeeded. I felt a great desire to rush from the house; my companion said to me in English—our host spoke only French—that he wished to do the same. However, we decided that it would not do for us to let what we wished to do be known: so we remained until we had consumed the refreshment hospitably offered us by the colonel. No more shot came near the house while we were in it; and we were a little more comfortable when we left it.

Once when we were cruising between Jamaica and Hayti, between noon and 1 P.M., we sighted an enormous shark. It came near enough to the ship to allow us to make a rough measurement of its length. Marking on the bulwarks a spot opposite the point of its head or nose, and another spot opposite its tail, we measured the distance between them and found it forty-eight feet. I had never seen or heard of a shark of anything like this length. I have seen a shark caught and measured on board, because it was a very large one; but it was only thirteen feet long. The great fish we saw was undoubtedly a shark. About two days afterwards I boarded an American vessel at sea. I asked the captain if he had any news; he said, "No, but we've seen a terrible

big fish." We did not wish to be looked upon as spreaders of one more astounding fish story, so we agreed not to say much about it. Not long afterwards our new captain took command of the ship; we anchored at Port-au-Prince, and the captain landed to see the British Minister. One of the first things that the captain said after he returned was: "You can tell your fish story as much as you like. Several vessels that have arrived lately at Port-au-Prince report having sighted a great shark."

Occasionally several ships of our squadron were at Port Royal at the same time, and their first lieutenants naturally met each other often. Amongst them was Lieut. Penrose Fitz-Gerald, well known afterwards as an admiral. As a seaman he had no superior. As an authority on the rig of ships' boats and on the cut of boats' sails he had few equals. His capacity for telling one where to put the masts in a boat and what the size and cut of the sails might be was extraordinary. He helped me, amongst many others, when I was a captain, and I had every reason to be grateful to him for his excellent advice. Our squadron was almost a school of boat-sailing. Admiral Sir Algernon de Horsey was commodore in command at Port Royal. To him we owe the celebrated de Horsey rig for "boom" boats, that is launches and pinnaces, which was a very great improvement on the older rig. Our captain gave me leave to rig our pinnace de Horsey fashion.

We spent a good deal of time in and near the Bahama Islands. The American War of Secession was going on during about two years of my second period of service on the North America and West Indies station. Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, was a point of departure and return of the many blockade-runners which tried, often successfully, to carry goods to the confederate ports. One day I counted thirty-six blockade-runners in Nassau harbour. They were all steamers, nearly all with

paddle-wheels. There were not many screw-steamers amongst them. Most of them were what in those days were considered fast, but some, even for that time, were slow. Success in running the blockade did not depend entirely on speed. At Nassau I went on board the last vessel that succeeded in running into Wilmington in North Carolina, and in coming out again when the blockade was very close. She was a screw-steamer of no great size; she was usually spoken of as a "pig boat" because she had traded between Ireland and Bristol; her extreme speed was only seven knots. Our business was to see that the United States' cruisers did not attempt to make captures in British territorial waters. The American naval officers behaved with great discretion; and, though they were very stiff in enforcing their belligerent rights, they had perfect respect for our rights as neutrals. We respected their attitude, and there was much friendliness between our Navy and theirs.

The Fenians in the part of the United States near the Canadian border had become very troublesome. They actually made an armed raid into Canada. They had been extending their efforts, and had established a camp and exercise ground close to the border of New Brunswick. We were ordered to St John and then to St Andrews on the Sainte Croix river. The Fenian camp was plainly visible from the anchorage, and it was generally possible to see the armed men at exercise. The only shots that were exchanged were at boats suspected by one side or the other of belligerent activity, so that the shot fell into the water. We took a battery of the Royal Field Artillery from St John to St Andrews, and on a subsequent trip a battalion of volunteer infantry, specially raised at St John. The men were splendid fellows, and the battalion, though it had only just been raised, was in admirable order.

We spent several weeks cruising on the coasts of

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, anchoring from time to time off various villages. In nearly every one there was a vessel being built. The men were farmers or fishermen in the suitable season, and shipwrights during the rest of the year. The rapidity with which they built ships and the number of them was extraordinary. I have seen several launched in one day at St John. The vessels were usually from about four hundred to one thousand tons, and three-masted barques or full-rigged ships. As soon as they were launched they were loaded with timber, mostly with three-inch plank known as "deals," and sent off to Europe, where they were often sold with their cargo. Many of them had what was called a "full" deck cargo: that is to say, the deck was loaded with timber, mostly deals, to a height of several feet above the bulwarks. The vessels thus loaded had a heavy list to one side or the other; but those who were experienced in their navigation held that there was nothing dangerous in this.

CHAPTER XXVI

PORTSMOUTH—THE CHANNEL

In the early part of 1867 I received an appointment to H.M.S. *Excellent*, to study for the post of gunnery lieutenant. We had been wintering at St John, New Brunswick, and there was no steamer communication between that place and the United Kingdom. Consequently I had to take my passage in a sailing-vessel. She was a Nova Scotia barque of 450 tons; she carried a half-deck load of timber: in other words, she was loaded on the upper deck up to the top of the bulwarks. She had a half poop, the deck of which was some three and a half or four feet above the level of the upper deck, so that there was a small space on which walking was possible. The main cabin under the poop was light and airy, and I had an excellent sleeping cabin. In addition to her cargo of timber, the barque carried five hundred boxes of the Nova Scotia red-herrings known as "Digby chickens." My luggage was stowed near these, and my things smelt of red-herrings for weeks after I reached England.

The crew was composed of a captain, two mates, seven sailors, and a cook, who also did duty as steward—eleven hands all told. There was a small boy on board but he was not really a member of the crew or a passenger. He had been found wandering about Charleston in South Carolina, having lost both his father and mother, by a former captain of the barque, and taken on board out of kindness; he was too young to do any work, and received no pay, but

was fed. I was the only passenger, and while the captain, the mate not on watch, and I were at meals, the small boy used to sit on the deck in the cabin resting against the bulkhead. He was a very nice intelligent boy, but at first was dreadfully dirty. I asked him when he had washed himself all over last, and he replied, "Last summer, at Miramichi." I induced him to begin by washing his face and hands, and gradually managed to get him to wash the whole of his body. As a reward I used to give him lessons in reading, writing, and simple arithmetic, which he specially asked for.

The cook had been an admiral's cook for several years, and was an artist. As long as the fresh provisions lasted, we lived like "fighting cocks." The weather was intensely cold, and our fresh meat held out for three or four days. We all fared alike—officers, crew, and passenger. The passage money was small, but passengers were expected to provide their own food. I put mine into the common stock at the beginning, and had no cause to regret it. Our passage to Greenock lasted twenty-one days. It might have been shorter, but the captain considered it better to keep the ship lying-to for three days in a heavy westerly gale, which caught us soon after we had put to sea. The captain, seeing that I had my sextant on board, asked me to do the navigating work, which I did until the day before we arrived at Greenock. I remember that as we passed Lamlash the Arran hills were covered with snow.

I completed the gunnery course in the *Excellent*. It may be mentioned that I was the first officer in the Navy to be examined in submarine mining, counter-mining, and torpedo work; and just before I had completed the college course I was offered the appointment of flag-lieutenant to Admiral Sir Alfred Ryder. The then First Sea Lord of the Admiralty told me that I ought to take it. So I did. I confess that I was sorry to discontinue my connection with

the *Excellent*, as I was greatly interested in gunnery and the other matters connected with it. Great changes were being made. Electricity was being brought into naval use; submarine warfare was beginning to be regarded as a practical possibility of the future; protection of ships with armour and means of attacking the armour were matters of daily experiment. We still adhered to the same old appliances and methods. Ships still carried boarding-pikes and tomahawks. The cutlass-drill, though less elaborate than it had been, still took a long time to learn. The fencing master of the *Excellent* had introduced great improvements. He was highly thought of by the officers, and was a general favourite. He seemed to take his troubles with equanimity. One day when he was giving a fencing lesson he said to an officer, "I had a misfortune on Tuesday night—I lost my wife, but I've got my eye on another."

My new chief first hoisted his flag in H.M.S. *Bellerophon* as second-in-command of the Channel Fleet. We went for a long sea cruise of several weeks off the mouth of the Channel, not touching anywhere till we returned to our respective home ports. A despatch vessel occasionally came out with mails, and once or twice brought us fresh beef and vegetables. The ships were all "iron-clads," as they were then called, and cruised nearly all the time under sail. They were very slow, and most of them were very unhandy. After the cruise my chief shifted his flag to H.M.S. *Penelope*, the first double-screw armoured man-of-war of any considerable size. She had two stern-posts and two rudders, or practically two complete sterns under water, each with its own screw.

Our cruising now took us much to Lisbon. We left the Tagus occasionally for more or less prolonged cruises off the coasts of Spain and Portugal. Cruising in a squadron of armoured ships under sail, in

frequent fogs and even more frequent gales of wind, usually on a lee shore, was not a pleasant occupation. In one gale the waves rose to a height which I have never seen equalled in the Atlantic, though they were perhaps surpassed by those encountered off the Horn and between Tasmania and New Zealand. Admiral Colomb's system of flashing signals was now being generally used in the Navy. One night in the height of a gale of wind we thought the *Minotaur* flagship was flashing to us. It turned out to be the alternative hiding and exposure caused by the waves of the light carried in her main top as the mark of an admiral's ship.

In February 1869 I received at Lisbon my promotion to the rank of commander. I was not quite thirty years of age, and had just completed sixteen years of service, nearly all of it at sea and most of it on distant stations. I have now arrived at a date at which the old Navy "of hemp and canvas," of rude and primitive methods of manning ships of war, of putting ships in commission and of paying them off, had passed away for ever. The sailless man-of-war had already appeared in squadrons. The breech-loading ship's gun had not, indeed, established itself in the Navy, but its eventual and not far distant adoption was certain; the cast-iron gun was being displaced by the built-up gun. The continuous service system had now been all but universally accepted by the seamen. In very many ways the Navy was being turned into the highly centralised institution which it became by the end of the nineteenth century.

One of the most striking changes was the diminishing amount of service in blue water, and the increase in the amount of service in harbour or on shore. In the third quarter of the nineteenth century, most officers and men were at sea from two hundred and fifty to three hundred days out of every three hundred and sixty-five. In the last quarter the

proportions were reversed, and there were not many officers and men who had been in blue water ninety days in a year.

There are considerable numbers of officers and men still in the vigour of life who can remember the Navy as it had now become, and I should be performing an unnecessary and useless task if I were to go on describing life afloat with the same detail as I ventured to use in recording my recollections of the sea service of earlier days.

CHAPTER XXVII

MEDITERRANEAN—DEVONPORT—CHINA

In the early autumn of 1871 I had an opportunity of visiting the scenes of the then recent battles in France. My brother Dunscomb was already in Germany, and another brother, Jack, and I went to join him. He could not, however, remain with us, as his leave was about to expire. We two, therefore, after excursions in the Rhine country and Switzerland went to Alsace and Lorraine. We visited the battlefield of Worth, where the traces of military operations were still fresh. The scene of the extraordinary gallant but ruinous charge of the French cavalry had evidently not been touched. Even pages from the music-books of the bandsmen were still lying on the ground in large numbers. At the hotel at Strassburg at which we stayed, the great window on the first staircase landing had been smashed by a shell and was still unrepaired. The battlefields round Metz looked much as they must have looked very soon after the fighting. Between Ste. Marie-aux-Chênes and St. Privat the fallen officers of the Prussian Guard had been collected and interred in a little walled enclosure by the roadside. Almost everywhere else the killed had been buried where they fell, and the ground was studded with little wooden crosses marking the spot where each soldier had met his death. A visit to these scenes enabled one to understand the course of the fighting.

My service as commander took me to the Mediterranean, to Devonport, and to China. The last station was quite new to me, though I had served on it when it was combined with the East Indies station. My experience then was confined to the East Indies. I was now commander of my old chief, Sir Alfred Ryder's flagship, H.M.S. *Audacious*, a double screw armoured ship fully rigged as a barque. We had a muzzle-loading armament of 7-inch and 9-inch wrought-iron rifled guns behind armour, and four old 8-inch smooth-bore cast-iron guns converted into 64-pounder muzzle-loading rifles on Sir William Palliser's system. These last four pieces were mounted on old-pattern wooden carriages with trucks almost exactly like those on board the ships of Sir Francis Drake and Lord Howard of Effingham. No one can say that the Navy, at any rate the Navy of forty years ago, discouraged conservatism. We had also on board two 20-pounder Armstrong breech-loaders, specially supplied to the ship as a defence against torpedo attack, which was then beginning to demand attention.

We went to China by the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. From Aden we made direct for Point de Galle in Ceylon. It was in the early part of the year in the north-east monsoon, and we encountered a light wind on the port bow and a smooth sea. The question of "coal-endurance," or the distance which a ship could steam without assistance from sails, had not been brought into the prominence which it afterwards reached owing to the able and public-spirited efforts of Vice-Admiral Philip Colomb and his brother, Sir John Colomb. It became very acute when lumbering armour-clads, which could do but little under sail, had to run long distances from port to port. Steamers were sometimes reduced to strange devices. Just before I joined the service, a small steam-vessel belonging to the Mediterranean

squadron—I used to meet her captain in after years—ran out of coal on a voyage to Malta. She put all her spare spars into the furnace, then some of her boats, and ended up with burning the midshipmen's chests.

We had to take in an extra supply of coal at Aden. The largest compartment in the ship, called the "bag-flat," was cleared out and then filled with three hundred tons. This quantity and the stock in our bunkers just enabled us to steam to Point de Galle. We called at Singapore and Saigon, and then had another struggle against the still fresh north-east monsoon to reach Hong-Kong, which our restricted coal supply just and only just enabled us to do.

We arrived at Hong-Kong in February 1875. It had not entirely recovered from the effects of a very severe typhoon in the previous November. The popular belief in the Far East was that the typhoon season ended in October; just like the popular belief in the West Indies about hurricanes—

> "July, stand by!
> August, you must,
> September, remember!
> October, all over."

I came across a similar belief in the South Seas, though, of course, south of the Line the months named were different. The truth is now known. It is that, though typhoons and hurricanes are more common in the "season," they occasionally occur at other times. Traces of the damage done by the typhoon mentioned, which were still to be seen at Hong-Kong, showed how violent it had been. In a ravine-like valley near the public gardens, a small Roman Catholic church had been finished shortly before the storm. With the exception of the wall at one end it was absolutely levelled with the ground. A large house built for a European resident and very solidly constructed of the granite found in large

quantities on the island of Hong-Kong, had one corner cut off from top to bottom, almost as if it had been done with a gigantic knife, so that you could look right into the rooms.

In 1875 Hong-Kong, or rather Victoria, was already a fine populous city. The Peak, which at a later visit I found covered with hotels, barracks, and private houses, then contained only two bungalows—one, the governor's summer residence, a very modest dwelling, and the other, a small house for the government officials, who occupied it in turn. The great reclamation, which has now left the club house and the recreation ground well inland, had not been begun. What is now a nice *place* or square lined with hotels and other fine buildings was then the water's edge at which stood the main landing-place—Pedder's Wharf. The jinricksha had not then reached Hong-Kong. The only mode of conveyance for people who would not walk was the chair carried on Chinamen's shoulders. The chair coolies were perfect adepts in getting a stranger into a chair whether he wished to use it or not. In stepping ashore at Pedder's Wharf you had to be careful that you didn't step into a chair deftly placed to catch you. I once saw an unwary visitor, landing at Pedder's Wharf from a steamer, step into a chair quickly pushed under his feet at the upper step of the landing-place. Before he had time to look round he was hoisted in the chair on to the coolies' shoulders, being obliged to sit down on the seat for fear of falling out. The coolies at once hurried off at a smart pace, their involuntary fare loudly shouting at them all the abuse that his astonishment allowed him to remember. He dared not move or he would have come to the ground with a crash. He couldn't reach the coolies with his stick as the chair poles were too long. The coolies paid no attention to his abuse; in fact, neither of them moved a muscle of his countenance.

Altogether I spent more than two years and a half on the China station. I had an opportunity, in company with several other officers, of visiting Peking and going to the Nankow Pass to see the Great Wall of China. We went to Tientsin in one of the small vessels belonging to the squadron, and made that place the starting-point of our excursion. There were then two ways of getting to Peking—either by the river, which against the stream was a slow mode of travelling, or by cart drawn by mules. We chose the latter, and were two nights and part of two days on the way. There were no roads, but only tracks. The country, however, was level. The mule cart was an uncomfortable conveyance to travel in. It had no springs and the passenger suffered much from jolting, especially on rough ground.

I took with me a small horsehair mattress which I doubled up and laid on the bottom of the cart, so that I could sit on it. This saved me from some, but by no means from all, bruises. We stopped for the night at Chinese inns—huge courtyards with bedrooms like cells in a monastery on three sides. Meals could be obtained in a restaurant attached to the inn, which could be entered from the roadway. As, like most Europeans, we found the Chinese food generally unpalatable, we took our food with us, and it was prepared by our servants in the inn kitchen. The fleas in the inns were innumerable. I had provided myself with a sheet sown up at the sides so that it made a bag. Into this I got when retiring to rest. This kept most of the fleas out, but not quite all of them. I gave up trying to sleep in Chinese inns and slept in my cart in the courtyard, where the fleas were less but the smells more numerous.

Peking, at my first visit in 1876, had no perceptible sign of Europeanisation, unless it were that a few houses in it had been built for some of the foreign legations. I found the city intensely interesting, and greatly enjoyed our stay

there. There had been a severe and prolonged drought in Northern China, and the country round Peking had suffered from it much. It was still unbroken when we were on our excursion. Outside the gate on the northern side of the city, by which we left it on our way to Nankow, there was a temple with a huge bell. This was said to be the heaviest suspended bell in the world, the great bell of Moscow—which I have also seen—being on the ground. It was certainly suspended, as it hung from an arrangement of short wooden beams, supported by a massive framework of timber. The lower edge of the bell was on a level with the ground, and the earth had been dug away from beneath it so that it did not touch the ground. It was struck by a beam of wood suspended horizontally, and capable of being swung to and fro like a battering ram against the side of the bell. We had been told before we saw it that the Chinese, who rarely allowed the bell to be struck, believed that if it were sounded rain would fall. The guardian would not give us leave to strike it; but one of our party who did not know this swung the beam till it struck the bell and produced a quite musical sound. The guardian was greatly distressed, and only regained cheerfulness after receiving a handsome donation. Even then he did not seem very happy, so I said to him through the interpreter, "We shall now have rain." We had hardly left the temple when one of our party called out, "It is raining," and, sure enough, some drops fell, but there was no heavy shower. We went back and showed the spots of the raindrops on our clothes to the guardian of the bell, who now appeared to be perfectly happy.

On the way to Nankow we occasionally came across stretches of what must have once been a magnificent road laid with blocks of white marble. As it was out of repair, and a block of marble was missing here and there, we followed the fashion of

all the other travellers whom we saw and kept off the road, preferring to move through the fields on each side of it. At one point there was an imposing white marble bridge. This also was so much out of repair that we did not attempt to make use of it, but crossed the river near it at a ford. The bank on the far side was rather steep, so I got out of my cart to ease the mules, which repaid my consideration by running away and upsetting the cart. I had changed my money into Chinese cash before leaving Peking, and carried the cash with me in a bread-bag. This was turned out of the cart, and the cash was strewed all about the ground, necessitating a rather long halt before we could pick it all up.

We spent the night at Nankow. Amongst the provisions which we had brought with us was a ham, and after we had cut some slices from it, we proposed to give it to the people who were standing about looking at us. One of our servants, who spoke pidgin-English, told us that they would not accept it. "No can eat him," he said; "man here all same Mohammed." The Chinese population of this district were Mussulmans.

In the morning, leaving our carts at the inn, we started for the Great Wall, going up the pass on foot. We returned also on foot. Both going up and coming down we passed long strings of camels on the way to Manchuria and Siberia. We estimated the number seen at three thousand. This number will give a notion of the greatness of the land export trade at this exit from China proper. Nearly all the camels which we saw going up the pass were loaded with brick tea.

We slept a second night at Nankow. It was arranged that on our way back to Peking we should visit the northern Ming Tombs and sleep one night at an uninhabited country palace, or summer villa of the emperor's, where there were natural hot baths. The road passable by carts from Nankow to the

Ming Tombs ran at the foot of the mountains and round the extremity of a spur which jutted out like a promontory into the lower ground. This made the cart journey a long one, and rendered it necessary for the carts to start at an early hour. I learnt that there was a short cut across the spur, which was probably passable by donkeys. I had had little sleep, and decided to send my cart off with the others and rest for two or three hours more at Nankow.

About eight o'clock in the morning I got up and succeeded in engaging the services of a very intelligent boy and a donkey. The boy was to guide me across country to the Ming Tombs and then return with the donkey to Nankow. As soon as we began to ascend the spur we found that the road, or rather bridle-path, was very bad. It was steep, and in spots interrupted by long stretches of mud. It might have met the description of an early road across the Alleghanies posted up as a warning to travellers:—

> "This road is not passable,
> Not even jack-assable,
> If this may you travel
> You must bring your own gravel."

It seemed at first that I had made a mistake in not accompanying my companions in the carts. It turned out, however, that the bad part of the road soon came to an end, and on the upper part of the spur, where the ground was nearly level, it was pretty good. Except for the donkey boy I was quite alone. I am much inclined to believe that no European had travelled by this road before. We passed through several villages. The whole population turned out *en masse* in each village to have a look at me. There was not the slightest sign of incivility; and even the curiosity, which was intense, was not in any way annoying. What seemed to interest them most was my clothes. Here and there an old man would come courteously forward and feel the stuff of my coat

between his fingers and thumb, and would then turn round to the crowd and give them an explanation. At one village an old gentleman delivered what must have been a regular lecture on my costume. The seams in a garment called for special remark, and without actually touching me he traced them with his forefinger, addressing explanatory remarks to the audience at the same time.

Though the sheet made into a bag in which I had been sleeping at night had been a fairly efficient protection against the fleas, it was not quite perfect. At least one of these disagreeable insects had not only got inside, but had also accompanied me on my journey. Its persistent attentions at length became intolerable, and I had to take measures to get rid of it. I stopped in what looked like a fairly secluded place outside a village, where I believed I could take off most of my clothes unobserved. The expectation was not verified. One of the people had espied me; and whilst I was still searching for my tormentor, the whole population of the village hurried to the scene, and watched with evident and deep interest a performance which they had never before had the privilege of seeing, and which, it was quite plain, gave them great pleasure. I was sorry to leave these friendly rustics. Indeed, always when I have been in China, especially in the country districts, I have found the inhabitants perfectly civil; and I naturally came to have a real liking for the Chinese people.

I overtook my friends and regained my cart just as they were approaching the Ming Tombs. I do not stop to describe these or the other remarkable monuments which I saw in China, because they have been described many times by other and more competent observers. I may mention that I saw the other Ming Tombs near Nanking at a later date. We slept that night at the country palace or summer villa before mentioned, having had a delicious bath in the

warm pools, and continued our journey to Peking, where we again stayed two or three days. I was asked to accompany our Minister and the staff of the Legation to the Tsung-li-yamen on a visit to Prince Kung, uncle of the then reigning emperor, and during the emperor's minority, regent of the empire. We were specially directed to go in our ordinary travelling clothes, which by this time were shabby enough. We went to the Yamen on horseback. The prince and several other Manchu and Chinese notables received us very courteously, and asked us to sit down to a sort of late luncheon. The repast was a simple one, and the few dishes were all Chinese. To me, Chinese food—with few exceptions, birds' nest soup and, oddly enough, shark's fin amongst them—was so unpalatable that I found it difficult to make even a pretence of eating. Our Minister thoughtfully suggested that I should try some dumplings which, though real Chinese, were, he said, very nice. As we could not use chopsticks we had been supplied with steel forks of the ordinary kitchen pattern; and with one of these I attacked a dumpling and found it excellent. At this repast we had some Chinese "wine," really made out of rice, and drunk hot. It was poured out of tea-kettles.

We left Peking in carts and went in them as far as Tungchow, from which point the river was navigable to Tientsin. From Tungchow we travelled very comfortably in native boats, and spent one night on the way. At Tientsin we embarked in the commander-in-chief's despatch vessel, and went on to Chefoo where we rejoined the flagship.

We paid more than one visit to Japan, the first in the early summer of 1875. So many travellers have visited it since, that that wonderfully attractive country is now well known. I found it extraordinarily fascinating, and was greatly delighted with its charming and courteous people. In later years I was brought into frequent contact with the highest

authorities in Japan, and my recollections of my intercourse with them are especially pleasant. I found these great officials not merely consistently courteous and dignified in bearing, but also thoroughly upright and honourable.

I can never forget my first voyage in the *Audacious* through the island sea of Japan. It was at the best time of the year, and the scenery was enchanting. It has not been improved of late years by the introduction of mining works and factory chimneys on its shores. In the course of that first voyage we anchored one night in a picturesque bay. Rich perfume of flowers came off from the shore. We discovered that the beautiful Japanese lily—the *Lilium auratum*—abounded in the village gardens. Our travelling ashore at the time was carried out almost entirely in jinrickshas; and it was astonishing at what a rapid pace and for what great distances we were carried. There was a short railway between Yokohama and Tokio, and one between Kobe and the great commercial city of Osaka. These were the only two railways in the empire.

We still usually spoke of Tokio as Yedo. I was one of a party of officers who had the honour of being presented to the emperor in his palace at Tokio. I also had an opportunity of visiting Kiyoto and seeing the imperial palace there to which up to that time foreigners had been rarely admitted. I think we were all sorry to leave Japan. I know that I was. We usually anchored at Yokohama, and there I received much kindness from Mr Arthur Brent, a brother of my old friend and brother officer, Vice-Admiral H. W. Brent.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AUSTRALIAN STATION AGAIN

As the present time is approached in the record of these Recollections, they will become more disjointed. In September 1877 I was promoted to the rank of captain. I was just thirty-eight and a half years old; and, as it was estimated that about fifteen years would be required for a captain, just promoted, to become a rear-admiral—to "get his flag" as the saying is—there was a good prospect before me of reaching flag-rank on the active list. As a fact, it turned out that it took me fourteen years and a half to become a rear-admiral. Appointment to commands of the junior captains then came very slowly. The time that one had to wait fluctuated, but it usually amounted to five years, and in some cases to nearly six.

When the immense innovation in gun construction and gunnery in general, due to Sir William Armstrong, began to be generally understood, the Government established a body called the Ordnance Committee, to examine and report on artillery matters and suggest experiments. The innovation just mentioned was almost coeval with the adoption of armour protection for ships of war. There was consequently great activity in the sphere of the Ordnance Committee's influence. After having done much work during several years, the committee was abolished. Before long it was found impossible to go on without a body of the sort. A Heavy Gun

Committee was instituted, and I was appointed the representative of the Navy on this body. Part of the old Ordnance Committee still survived, viz., the sub-committee on armour plates and projectiles. Though it was still officially termed a sub-committee, it was in fact an independent committee ; and I was appointed also to it as the naval representative. Somewhat later, when the old propelling powders were giving place to newer explosives, the Government formed a committee on explosives, and on this also I was given a seat to represent the Navy. After a year or two the various committees were combined into a new Ordnance Committee. Of this there were three naval members and I was one of them, sitting on the committee until I went to sea again. My half-pay time was by no means an idle period; and a seat on the various committees just spoken of brought me into close contact with several of the most eminent civil engineers and metallurgists in the world. The experience which I gained I greatly valued. Naval architecture was undergoing a momentous transformation. The instruments and some of the methods of navigation were being modernised. Sails were more and more disappearing from ships of war. Marine steam-engines and boilers were being developed to an extent and with a rapidity which were almost marvellous. Above all, new navies were coming into existence.

One Saturday in October 1881 I was about to leave London on a short visit to friends in the country. My portmanteau had been packed and I was waiting for a cab to take me to Liverpool Street terminus, when an Admiralty messenger called with a note. It was from the First Lord's private secretary. It was brief and contained these words: "Come and see me on Monday about an appointment." I had to give up my proposed visit to the country. On Monday when I called at the Admiralty the private secretary told me that the

First Lord had directed him to offer me the command of H.M.S. *Espièġle*, fitting out for the Australian station. He said that the First Lord wished me to know that he would not disapprove if I refused the appointment. The private secretary added on his own account: "If you accept this appointment you will have a command about a year sooner than if you prefer to wait for a larger ship." That decided me, and I accepted at once. This, as I have said, was on Monday. I had little time to get my outfit together. I left London on the Thursday, and, except for some five or six hours a few days later, when I was ordered to London to receive special instructions at the Admiralty, I did not see London again for three years and ten months.

The *Espièġle* was a commander's command. She had, however, exceptionally spacious cabin accommodation, far superior to that of many captains' commands. She had already been put in commission by a captain senior to me. He had been offered and had accepted the command of a larger ship, and that was how it came about that the *Espièġle* was offered to me. She was a full-rigged barque, only a moderately fast sailer, and a fairly handy ship under sail. We beat into Havannah Harbour, on Vaté Island, in the New Hebrides, which took us nearly the whole day. We also beat into Sydney Harbour, the work of nearly seven hours, being the last man-of-war and also the last three-masted vessel to beat up as far as Garden Island. She had compound engines and a "feathering" screw, which I found a convenient arrangement, but it was not considered successful generally and was not again adopted in the Navy.

We left Plymouth Sound in November, in not very promising weather. It soon became very bad, and indeed got worse and worse. When we had gone as far as the mouth of the English Channel

we found ourselves exposed to a gale of wind of extreme violence which lasted several days. We had been for some time under a close-reefed main-topsail and a reefed foresail. One night the wind blew so hard that I took in the foresail and kept the ship under the close-reefed main-topsail and the fore-staysail. I watched the topsail from midnight to 4 A.M. without leaving the weather side of the poop, not feeling quite sure that the ropes and canvas could stand the force of the wind. Fortunately, everything in the way of sails and ropes was brand-new and held out well. Towards four in the morning the wind went down slightly, but there was still a heavy gale. After another day of it, as we were making no progress, I put into Queenstown. I found that there the gale of wind which we had been fighting against was believed to have beaten all records for violence. The Calf Lighthouse had been washed away, and, for the first time, Cunard steamers had been prevented by the bad weather from starting according to their time-table.

From Queenstown we went on to Madeira and the Canary Islands. At the Island of Lanzarote, which had not been visited by a British man-of-war for a great many years, I was asked by an English resident if I would christen a child. Captains of British men-of-war, during a very long period, were believed to have authority to celebrate marriages, and many hundreds of people were married by them. At last—and not many years ago—doubts as to the validity of these marriages were raised by certain lawyers, and an Act of Parliament was passed to make them all valid. At Lanzarote I held that, as captain of one of H.M. ships, I was not especially empowered to baptize anyone; but I added that I believed that, if there was no minister of religion available, any respectable layman—even if not in the Navy—might do it.

We called at Cape Juby in Southern Morocco,

and the Ouro River. We anchored outside a bar across the entrance to the estuary of the river, which formed an extensive lagoon. On the shore near the entrance enormous numbers of migratory birds of different species had assembled, presenting an extraordinary spectacle. One of our officers was an accomplished naturalist and drew up a report on these birds which I made official and forwarded to the Admiralty. Amongst other birds he found there the knot, which in its migrations goes farther north than almost any other bird. We landed a seining party on a beach abreast of the bar. The party had extraordinary luck. It caught in the seine-net seventeen hundred and eight grey mullet, besides a few other fish. The grey mullet is no great delicacy, but in this case it was an acceptable addition to our ship's bill of fare.

We proceeded on our way to Australia, calling at Simon's Bay. Two days before we sighted the Cape of Good Hope we came upon an almost overpowering stench. We were within its influence for several hours. After some time we saw great flocks of birds hovering over something in the water. When we got near to this we saw that it was the decaying carcase of a whale and the origin of the disgusting odour which had annoyed us. Multitudes of seabirds were having an abundant meal.

We did not stay long in Simon's Bay. I went up to Cape Town to call on the governor. At the time of my visit the journey from Simon's Town to Cape Town had to be made by road, usually in a carriage, as far as Kalk Bay and thence by rail to Cape Town. Fishing from a man-of-war in harbour used to be regarded as a rather serious offence. In Simon's Bay it was not only permitted, it was also encouraged. Our men caught large quantities of fish, mostly snook, with a long body and shining sides, so that each fish looked like a strip of silver. In clearing a boat which had brought stores from the dockyard

to the ship a coil of rope was dropped overboard. I ordered the ship's diver to search for it. He found it, and also an envelope with my name on it and a sovereign inside it which I must have dropped out of one of my cabin portholes.

Our destination was Sydney. After leaving the Cape of Good Hope we went first to Fremantle in Western Australia; then to Albany, the scene of the corroboree mentioned on an earlier page; next to Adelaide in South Australia. This was my first view of this handsome city. I was specially impressed by the beauty of the Botanical Gardens, laid out with great taste on a not by any means naturally promising site. We arrived at Sydney shortly after an extraordinarily heavy rainstorm, which for a time had made some streets impassable and had washed away part of the seawall of the charming Botanical Gardens. We anchored in the loveliest of all anchorages—Farm Cove.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

In the course of my service on the Australian station —once as a captain in command of the *Espiègle* and a second time as rear-admiral and commander-in-chief of the station—I saw a great deal of the South Sea Islands. I landed on more than a hundred of them. Once when I was at Apia in Samoa I was asked if I would like to be introduced to a German merchant-service captain, a very intelligent, pleasant-mannered man, who was believed to have landed on more South Sea Islands than anyone else. I was glad to be introduced to him. We compared notes; and it turned out that I beat him by four islands. It may be inferred from this that I had opportunities of seeing many interesting races and scenes.

Sailors divide the Western Pacific Islands into two classes—high islands and low islands. The former always rise to a good height above the level of the sea, are sometimes truly mountainous, and occasionally highly picturesque. The low islands are mostly atolls, or what on shore we generally speak of as coral islands. They are often not more than a dozen feet above the surface of the sea, though the trees on them make them look much higher. Some, the true atolls, are a mere coral reef surrounding a lagoon or sheet of enclosed water. One or two at which I called had no visible outlet to the open sea from the impounded water. Most had a channel, or several channels, between the inner waters and

the ocean, and thus formed accessible, land-locked, and secure harbours.

The question of the races inhabiting the islands of Oceania, as it is named, has been much discussed by learned men. To the unscientific eye of people like myself it seemed that there were three distinct races and many mixtures. The three races were :— The so-called Polynesian, with rich brown skins, straight black hair, and large and finely formed bodies. As regards size and beauty of feature, they are the first people in the world. Many of the men have tall and well-shaped figures and handsome faces, whilst the beauty of the women is very great. A set of Samoan girls with their bodies glistening with oil, in preparation for a *Shivoo* or native dance, looks like a group of beautiful bronze statues. Another race, which is probably akin to the Polynesian, inhabits Rotuma and many of the small islands on each side of the Equator, known amongst sailors as the "Line Islands." The members of this race have straight hair and brown skins, the tint being less rich than that of the Polynesian. They are not very tall, and beauty of feature is less common amongst them than it is amongst their Polynesian neighbours. Sailors usually speak of them as Line Islanders; but I think their scientific name is Micronesians. The third race is composed of woolly-haired negroes. Where of pure blood their skin is quite black, but their features, especially the nose and mouth, are not exactly like those of the African negro. Except where they have been brought into close and long contact with white men, especially missionaries, they are all cannibals.

Cannibalism was common in one of the finest branches of the Polynesian race, viz., the Maoris of New Zealand. In the other branches of the Polynesian race cannibalism was known but was by no means an habitual practice, and indeed seems to have been resorted to only occasionally and ceremonially. The people of the Ellice Islands declare that their

ancestors never were cannibals. Perhaps also the more warlike Line Islanders of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands have not been cannibals for many generations. Contact with white men has made most natives of the Pacific Islands ashamed of cannibalism. Even amongst undoubted eaters of human flesh, every native whom I was able to question declared that neither he nor his fellow villagers were cannibals, but that his not very distant neighbours were. "That fellow boy over there: he ky-ky man." A planter at Matupi, on the island of New Britain, told me that a native of the Solomon Islands in his employment having died, he was making preparations to bury him, when a deputation of a neighbouring tribe waited on him with a request that the remains of the deceased might be handed over to them; for it would be a pity to waste so much good food. My own belief about cannibalism—which must be taken for what it is worth and for no more—is, that it is not and never was very common, even amongst undoubted cannibals. Amongst them human flesh, I should say, was not eaten oftener than venison is eaten by people of small income in the United Kingdom. It was generally advisable when you landed on a cannibal island not to let a native get behind you. As long as they were kept in front, where their movements could be seen, I often found them pleasant and even merry fellows.

When we landed on an island the disposition of the inhabitants of which was not well known, we always approached the shore with two boats. From one we disembarked on the beach. The other remained about seventy or eighty yards off as a covering boat, the crew keeping their loaded rifles ready. If, when we landed on an island, there were no women and children about, it was necessary to be extremely cautious. The savages rarely attacked strangers until the women and children of the neighbourhood had been sent or had stayed away.

I landed on Guadalcanar Island in the Solomon group, and was received by a crowd of warriors armed with bows and arrows as well as spears. They looked very fierce, and their leader was the most truculent-looking savage that I had ever seen. There were six or seven women and nearly a dozen children collected in a little knot about thirty or forty yards from the point at which the warriors had received me and my companions. Before long we noticed that the number of women and children was diminishing. We could see them stealing away by twos and threes. This was known throughout the South Seas as a bad sign; so I beckoned to the crew of the covering boat to come closer in. The men in the boat knew exactly what to do. They brought their boat nearer the beach, laid in their oars, and taking up their rifles placed them so that the muzzles could be seen above the gunwale. The savages took the hint, and we suffered no inconvenience from them; but they were not friendly. As we were going back to the ship a trader, who had come with us in case we wanted a guide, said to me: "I have been in many unpleasant situations in the South Sea Islands, but that was the worst I have ever known." We had other experiences of the same sort.

The natives—even the cannibals—especially if they are of chiefly rank, have wonderfully good manners. Many of the chiefs, amongst whom those of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji are conspicuous, could not have been more courteous and dignified if they had been bred in a European court. On many islands the natives had learned from white men the practice of shaking hands; and were visibly mortified or made really hostile if we omitted to take their proffered hands. Not a few of them were covered by a curious skin disease, called by sailors "Tokelau ringworm," because it was supposed by them to have spread to other places from the Tokelau Islands. There was one chief in the Solomon group with

whom I particularly wished to enter into friendly relations. He was as completely covered with Tokelau ringworm as it was possible to be; and it must be confessed that I had some difficulty in screwing up my courage sufficiently to shake hands with him.

Many tribes have their own forms of salutation, some of which are quaint. On two islands, Basilaki and Woodlark—between which there was no visible communication—the mode of saluting an acquaintance was the same. The navel was gripped with the finger and thumb of the left hand and the nose with those of the right hand. White men, if only because they wore clothes, could not and, as far as could be seen, were not expected to perform this act of salutation.

In nearly all the islands, according to what I read is the general custom among savages, it was the men and not the women who wore ornaments. The native jewellery was often of elaborate workmanship and sometimes almost entitled to be called beautiful. As the men became less savage, so the wearing of jewellery was transferred more and more to the women by whom the custom of aboriginal barbarism was preserved. Some of the ornaments were unsightly. In parts of New Guinea the men wore a long rod, like a lady's ivory knitting-needle, thrust through the cartilage of the nose and looking something like the whiskers of a cat. In parts of the New Hebrides the men had a piece of white coral or shell, looking rather like a white haricot bean, inserted in a hole made for it in the cartilage of the nose. It was most unsightly, and indeed repulsive. One's first notion on meeting the people with this ornament was that all the adult male members of the tribe had lost their pocket-handkerchiefs. It recalled what sailors used to say of a man who ought to have blown his nose and didn't: "That chap's pocket-handkerchief is in the scran-

bag." Some islanders had enormous holes in the lobe of the ear, into which large ear-ornaments were sometimes thrust. When not wearing their jewellery, the hole was a convenient place in which to carry articles of moderate size. I have seen some natives whose ears have been bored to such an extent that the lobe became a mere loop hanging down nearly to the shoulder, and—for comfort's sake—often taken up and put over the top of the ear.

Betel or areca nut chewing made the saliva deep red and the teeth nearly black, and had a really hideous effect. On one of the Louisiade Islands we met a good many natives with the very peculiar formation to which the Russian savant and traveller, Micklucho-Maclay, gave the name of Macrodontism. Sir William Macgregor told me at Samarai, or Dinner Island, that the same peculiarity was found in parts of his government of New Guinea. There was practically only a single front tooth in the upper jaw. In some men the continuous tooth was longer than in others. In extreme cases it ran from eye-tooth to eye-tooth. It was much less perceptible in the lower jaw; and I, personally, never saw a woman with it.

Tattooing was very common but by no means universal. It differed greatly in different places. The chiefs in the Marshall Islands tattooed the whole body, commoners not being allowed to tattoo a wide patch below the armpit reaching nearly half-way to the hip. The women in these islands had the backs of their hands and the wrist and part of the forearm tattooed in rather graceful patterns, so that they appeared to have on openwork lace mittens, which—as it happened—ladies in England were wearing about the time that I first saw the Marshall Islands. At Yap in the Western Carolines, a long way from the Marshall group, women were tattooed in almost exactly the same manner. In the Palaos, or Pelew Islands, and also at Yap the men had their thighs and legs tattooed down to the

ankle. In the Palaos a narrow strip of skin down the back of the thigh and of the calf of the leg was left untattooed. The reddish-brown skin showing between the two parts of the dark blue tattooing looked like the scarlet piping on the outer seam of a British infantry soldier's trousers.

In New Britain, in the Duke of York's Island, and in some of the Solomon Islands, both sexes went completely naked. They belonged to the black-skinned, not to the brown, straight-haired race. Here, as amongst other very undeveloped savage tribes, it was the men and not the women who wore jewellery — jewellery of native manufacture — but ornaments were not worn below the shoulders. A curious collar of the native beads made, and obviously with immense labour and patience, out of shell and standing up like a great ruff of Queen Elizabeth's time, was worn by many men at Matupi, in New Britain. In every other island which I visited, whether inhabited by the brown or only the black race, the women wore clothes of native fashion, which was decent and not inelegant. Their dress was usually a petticoat of dried grass, reaching very nearly to the knee and rather like a ballet-dancer's skirt. In the Marshall Islands the women's dress was distinctly becoming. They wore two grass mats, each about three and a half feet long and about two and a half feet wide, woven in a pretty pattern of black and very pale yellow, almost white, with a wide border on which was a black "Greek key" on a pale ground. One mat was put on in front in such a way that the top edge was just above the breasts and the lower edge reached rather more than half-way between the knee and the ankle. The second mat was put on behind at the same height as the one in front, the sides of the latter overlapping those of the mat behind. The two mats were then girdled at the waist with many turns of a stout cord made of grass, in black and pale yellow patterns. The

shoulders, throat, collar-bones, and arms were bare. Compared with the men, the Marshall Island women were short and their dress seemed to suit them admirably.

Generally speaking, it may be reported of both the brown race and the Line Islanders that the costume of the men was neither indecent nor ungraceful. There were, however, some exceptions. At and near Port Moresby, and at other points on the southern coast of Eastern New Guinea, the brown race is found in considerable numbers. They must have come as invaders from overseas. They were, at my first visit to New Guinea, at a relatively advanced stage of culture. They built houses, sometimes wholly in the water, sometimes half in the water and half on the shore, thus reminding one of the remains of the lake-villages of prehistoric Europe. They made pottery; built canoes and manœuvred them under sail; and possessed dogs and pigs. Yet the only clothing of the men was a strip of bark, not more than an inch wide, passed round the waist and between the legs. The great missionary, Mr Chalmers — whose splendid qualities won the admiration and affection of all who knew him—once told me that he wished to present me with a curiosity, adding: "It is a native pair of breeches." He handed me a long, narrow strip of bark, looking rather like a measuring tape of unusual thickness. The people of Aoba in the New Hebrides are brown. Their first representatives on the island must have found it either uninhabited or must have expelled earlier inhabitants, because in the generation that I knew there was no sign of a Melanesian strain. Yet their clothing was extremely scanty. There was one habit of theirs by which I was especially struck. Mixed bathing was common. The men, before engaging in it, retired into the bush near the beach, where they divested themselves of their almost imperceptible garment, and put on a kind of native

bathing drawers—a bunch of twigs and leaves. Those who have only recently left school may be reminded by this of the remark of Ulysses when bathing in the island of the Phæacians.

Male costume amongst the Melanesians of the New Hebrides was of infinite variety and usually neither tasteful nor comprehensive. The women—as already mentioned—wore the short and rather becoming dried grass skirt or petticoat.

On some of the New Hebrides Islands the Melanesian women had the head partially shaved, a broad ridge of woolly hair being left on the middle of the skull from the forehead to the nape of the neck. On Espiritu Santo Island the women's heads were completely shaved. I was once walking through a village on Espiritu Santo in the early morning when the ladies were making their toilette. A lady would sit on the ground outside the door of her hut, and put herself in the hands of a barber of her own sex, who would proceed to shave the sitting lady's head with a razor made of bamboo. There was no lather, and yet the shaving was so perfect that the shaved head shone like a china bowl. After every stroke of the bamboo razor a fresh edge was given to it with the thumb-nail. Steel and iron had largely though not entirely superseded wood and shell as material for tools when I first visited South Sea Islands; but I met there white men who had witnessed the astonishing skill with which a Tongan could carve a roast pig with a bamboo carving-knife.

In Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other islands, in which the natives had become Christians or had been long accustomed to the presence of missionaries, materials of European or American manufacture either displaced the native garments or were combined with them, usually in a very attractive fashion. Amongst the so-called Polynesians, *tappa* or native cloth made of bark was very largely used for clothing. A Samoan woman frequently put a brightly coloured

European shawl round her waist and let it hang down like a shirt combined with a piece of *tappa.* In Samoa and in Tonga etiquette required that if you expressed admiration of an article the owner of it would have to give it to you as a present. This sometimes led to embarrassing situations. I once happened to remark to our vice-consul that a young Tongan girl standing near us, and half draped with a European shawl, had on a very pretty dress. She asked the vice-consul to interpret what I had said. He made some reply in Tongan, and then observed to me: "I dare not tell her what you did say or she would have to take off her dress and give it to you." At Pango-pango, in the island of Tu-tuila, a very influential female chief came on board to pay me a visit. This lady was a giantess in size. Her husband, who was greatly her inferior in rank and kept always in the background, accompanied her and several of her followers of both sexes. She was wearing, in accordance with the chiefly fashion, a long skirt of dark-coloured *tappa.* As she spoke some English, I—not apprehending what would happen—made her a complimentary remark about her costume. She promptly asked me, "Will you have it?" and was on the point of taking off her skirt and presenting me with it. Fortunately I was just in time to prevent this unnecessary generosity.

At the place just mentioned, Pango-pango, now attached to the overseas dominions of the United States, there is a very fine land-locked harbour, the only one in the Samoan group. Many of the South Sea Island women are expert swimmers; and, especially in Fiji, swim almost incredibly long distances. Whilst my ship was in Pango-pango harbour—the only defect of which is the great depth of water in a large part of it—we were anchored not very near the village. The girls, however, used frequently to swim off to the ship in groups during the forenoon, and would paddle about some few yards

off, watching the crew at drill or at work. Now and then one or two of them would come close to the ship's side, put a hand in through the scuttle of an officer's cabin, and withdraw it grasping a hairbrush or some small article which they would hold up for us to see, and with peals of laughter would carefully put it back again.

The natives of Taputewea in the Gilbert group had defensive body armour as effective against the weapons of insular manufacture as was the armour of the Middle Ages against the mediæval weapons. The Taputewea armour consisted of a sort of hauberk or body-piece covering both the front and the back of the wearer, and having a sort of turned-up collar rising to a good height, which protected the back of the neck. It was made of coarse and very stiffly woven cocoanut fibre, and was nearly as rigid as if made of steel. There were *cuisses* or leg-pieces of the same material but flexible; in fact, like very thick drawers. The helmet was the dried skin of a fish furnished by nature with many spikes. Duelling was customary amongst these islanders. Duels were fought in armour with native swords made of wood and studded with sharks' teeth. A stroke of this weapon rarely killed a man; but it gave him a ghastly wound. The duels—as just stated—were fought in armour. The leg-pieces left the calf of the leg bare, and the object of a fighter was to gash his antagonist's calves without being struck himself. A large proportion of the men had hideous scars on their calves.

The men of Jaluit in the Marshall archipelago wore the most picturesque dress that I ever saw in the South Seas. As has been mentioned already, their bodies were covered with tattooing. They wore two huge tassels of dried grass, generally brown in colour, connected by a band of plaited straw long enough to allow one tassel to hang in front and the other behind. The band was taken over a hip, and

turn after turn of variegated grass cord was passed round the waist so that the tassels hung securely in place. The grass of the tassels was distributed so as to form a complete skirt or kilt, reminding one of the Albanian *fustanella;* though usually of a rich brown tint, not white. The young warriors, when walking, adopted a slightly swaggering gait, and the "kilt" was made to swing to and fro with each step.

CHAPTER XXX

CRUISING IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC

CRUISING amongst the islands of the Western Pacific five and thirty years ago was not without its anxieties. The waters had been only partially surveyed; charts were far from complete; an island was sometimes as much as twenty miles out of its proper place; at least one island which I sighted was put down in two places, the result of observations and reports by two different navigators. The low islands, as the sailors called them, rose generally so little above the surface of the sea that they were often not sighted until you were close to them. A feature of the navigation was the rather frequent occurrence of reefs in the ocean far from any land. Sometimes these were indicated by breaking waves, but not always.

About 1 P.M. on a day on which we had left Nukualofa in Tonga-tabu, the ship was sailing nearly close-hauled, with a pleasant trade wind before the starboard beam. I was looking out of the starboard quarter port of my after cabin, when I was startled by actually seeing the bottom. When under way, leadsmen were always kept in the chains with lead-lines specially lengthened so as to give soundings up to twenty-five fathoms. I ordered the leadsman to get a long cast, and he reported twenty-three fathoms. The ship was making about six knots; and we kept on picking up the line of reefs at depths of twenty to twenty-five fathoms, and sometimes seeing the bottom, during a run of five or six hours.

This particular shoal was not marked on any chart. There were no lighthouses and no beacons in by far the greater part of the area in which we cruised. Some of the isolated reefs which rose nearly to the surface of the water were marked by the wrecks of the small vessels which had run on them unawares.

When actually amongst coral reefs, as in approaching or leaving an island, ships were navigated by sight. The guide was the colour of the water. Blue indicated sufficient and even great depth; green, shoal water, which a vessel of considerable size could not always pass; and brown, water so shallow that even a light draught craft would be nearly sure to run aground. Navigating in coral seas by sight was possible only within certain hours. It depended upon the position of the sun, which must be behind the navigator or very high above his head. If you were going east you had to wait till nearly noon before you could start, and had to stop before 5 P.M., because when the sun was low the colours of the reefs did not show up clearly. If you were going west you had to start about an hour after sunrise and had to stop soon after 1 P.M. As the water between the reefs was generally of great depth you could not count on being able to move during the whole of the hours above mentioned. You would have to anchor where anchorage was possible. The ship was navigated from the fore-topmast head. In clear weather, when you were pretty certain of finding an anchorage, navigation was not difficult. Unfortunately, dull, overcast days were not very uncommon, whilst anchoring grounds were.

The senior captains of H.M. ships on the Australian station were generally appointed Deputy-Commissioners for the South-Western Pacific under the High Commissioner. The title was not precisely correct, because a Deputy-Commissioner's jurisdiction extended to many islands north of the Line. I held office as Deputy-Commissioner for three years. It

may be mentioned that, as one of my brother Deputy-Commissioners pointed out, the naval officers in the commission—whose own duties were already heavy enough and anxious enough—did not receive a farthing of remuneration for the extra work performed, nor even have their expenses refunded to them; having, indeed, to provide at their own cost the necessary stationery. When honorary distinctions were given for Pacific Ocean services the naval Deputy-Commissioners were pointedly omitted from the list of recipients.

A Deputy-Commissioner had judicial powers about equal to those of a Justice of the Peace at Petty Sessions, of course only over British subjects and in islands which were neither possessions nor protectorates of recognised civilised powers. There were British consular officials in Samoa and Tonga, who were also Deputy-Commissioners—in fact almost their whole work was under the commission.

The white men residing and trading in the islands subject to the jurisdiction of the Deputy-Commissioners were mostly British subjects; but there were also Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Scandinavians, Spanish-Americans, and Chinese. The nomination of captains of H.M. ships as Deputy-Commissioners was not a wise measure. It diminished rather than added to the captain's influence on the white residents. Most of the islands visited never saw any man-of-war but British. White men of all nationalities, when the man-of-war arrived, came off to pay their respects to the commanding officer, to lay their troubles before him and to request him to settle disputes between them and the natives, or between members of their own body. In time they ascertained that the captain was now a Deputy-Commissioner, with jurisdiction over his fellow-subjects, and obliged in all his decisions to comply exactly with legal rules; instead, as used to be the case, of settling questions in accordance with custom

and the straightforward notions of justice which for generations won for the procedure of quarter-deck tribunals the respect and confidence of men who follow the sea.

It used to be thought of the white traders who settled on the beaches of secluded Pacific Islands that they were a lawless, turbulent, and dissipated set. To give a man the name of "beach-comber" was enough to stigmatise him as a tipsy ruffian. This was a cruel injustice. The island traders, with few exceptions, were honest, hard-working, and well-conducted men. It is to be admitted that I made their acquaintance in days when the captain of a British man-of-war in out-of-the-way places was still an authority to be dreaded; and all white men trading or sailing amongst the islands were on their best behaviour when he appeared. Allowance can be made for this; and a belief in the good conduct of the traders be still maintained. I met one personage in the Marshall Islands who was pointed out to me as an irreclaimable scoundrel. He went by the name of "Rocky Mountain Jack," and, perhaps as a precaution to avoid collision with the captain of a British man-of-war, he asserted that he was an American citizen. From what I saw of him I thought that he was really an Englishman. I am bound to say that—at any rate as long as the ship was in the neighbourhood—his conduct can be fitly described as exemplary.

As far as I was concerned, I had to bring into operation my judicial powers on two occasions only. Two men were brought up for some offence, and in each case, the culprit having been convicted on the evidence, was punished with a short term of imprisonment. There were clear and minutely detailed directions as to the way in which a Deputy-Commissioner should proceed in such cases. They were rigorously followed. I first had to apply to the senior naval officer (myself) to appoint a place at which the court

could be held. As senior naval officer I replied to myself as Deputy-Commissioner that I had appointed H.M.S. *Espiègle* as the place at which the court could sit. I then, as senior naval officer, ordered myself, as captain of H.M. ship named, to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the court. It will not be necessary to enumerate the whole of the correspondence which I carried on with myself in order to comply with the rules. It was all in writing, and the whole of it had to be sent with the proceedings of the court to the High Commissioner for review, if necessary, by the Judicial Commissioner. The correspondence closed with a letter from myself as Deputy-Commissioner to myself as senior naval officer, stating that sentence had been pronounced and requesting that a place might be assigned at which the imprisonment could be carried out, and with my answer as senior naval officer to myself as Deputy-Commissioner, and informing myself in the latter capacity that I had appointed H.M.S. *Espiègle* as the place of imprisonment. It was not added that the ship was sure to be at sea until after the expiration of the sentence in the case of each of the prisoners. This would render impossible the intervention on behalf of either of them of any legal gentleman at the Australian port at which we might call.

Having, in later years, read R. L. Stevenson's South Sea books, I have been astonished at the accuracy with which he has reproduced a condition of things which had ended years before he visited the islands. He could, indeed, have found scarcely any survivors with whom he could converse about those far-off times. Though I had seen something of the Pacific Islands before "Bully" Hayes' proceedings became notorious, that remarkable personage was dead before the series of my many cruises in the South-Western Pacific under notice here began. Several of "Bully" Hayes' contemporaries were still

living; and I had full accounts of him from that eminent missionary and great man—the Rev. James Chalmers of New Guinea—who had made a long voyage in Hayes' own vessel. To my lasting regret, R. L. Stevenson died a few months before, as commander-in-chief of the station, I made a second series of cruises amongst the South Sea Islands and again visited Apia in Samoa.

CHAPTER XXXI

MISSIONARIES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

On many of the islands at which I called in my first series of cruises there were no resident missionaries and some they had not visited at all. In others they were relatively new-comers; and in others again they had been long settled. In Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa the resident Christian ministers, though it might be technically correct to call them missionaries, were really parochial clergy, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood being, almost or quite without exception, Christians. In the New Hebrides this condition of things seemed to be approaching, but had in fact been reached only on the island of Aneiteum, or, as the sailors called it, Annatom. In the other islands, even in some of those in which missionaries had been working for a considerable time, this condition seemed far off. There was a certain delimitation of territory between the various Protestant Missions, and it was most sensibly arranged that the territory of one should not be invaded by the members of another.

Even if he is not an enthusiastic supporter of missions to the heathen, I do not see how any fair-minded man acquainted with the circumstances can refuse to admit that the missionaries of the various denominations in the Western Pacific have conferred great benefits on their converts, and not on their converts alone. When nearing an island on which it was known that there were missionaries, there was no reason for any misgiving as to the reception awai-

ing us at the hands of the natives. When we made out a missionary's house near the beach, it was at once known that we could land without the need of any covering boat. This of itself took a load of anxiety off the mind of a captain of one of H.M. ships.

The presence of a missionary encouraged decently disposed white men to continue to behave decently. Observation and experience led me to the conclusion that the best of the white traders looked upon the presence of a missionary on their island as an advantage. I heard many complaints against missionaries —none of them, it should be said, formally preferred —which, after the closest investigation, turned out to be unjustifiable. The usual, indeed the nearly invariable, complaint was that the missionary competed unfairly with the traders by dealing on his own account with the natives, over whom he exercised great influence. As far as this kind of complaint had any foundation it was based on a mistake. From what I could learn, after deliberate and sometimes prolonged investigation, no missionary traded on his own account. The Christian natives in many cases voluntarily and indeed eagerly offered to contribute as far as their means allowed to the expenses of the mission from which they had derived undoubted benefit. Where they had obtained coined money, which was in only a few places, they subscribed in cash just as people do in every part of the British Empire; where they had no money, they handed in their subscriptions in kind. The articles subscribed were, as a rule, sent by the missionary to the most convenient Australian or New Zealand port, and there sold at the proper market price, the money received in payment being added to the funds of the mission. This was a perfectly legitimate proceeding, and several traders frankly admitted to me that they so considered it.

As a sailor I am very reluctant even to appear to

be sailing under false colours, so that I feel bound to say that—for reasons which at any rate satisfy myself—I am not an enthusiastic supporter of missionary effort amongst savages. All the same, I cannot refrain from saying in favour of the South Sea Island missions what I know, from observation with my own eyes, they truly deserve to have put to their credit.

Without wishing to speak over-much in the first person, I may say that, whatever my attitude towards missions in general may be, I yield to no man in admiration for some of the missionaries whom I watched actually at work. All of them could be credited with a spirit of devotion to their work. Several of them were men conspicuous for personal courage and nobility of character.

The first missionary whom I met on the actual scene of his work was the Rev. Mr Robertson of Erromanga, belonging to the Presbyterian mission. He had voluntarily chosen Erromanga for his station, though his two predecessors had been murdered there. He had most unpromising material to deal with, yet his success was great, even astonishing. Though not of robust frame, he was a man of extraordinary courage and of immense force of character. I hold it to be an honour to have known him.

The Church of England Melanesian Mission worked in the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks Islands, and the Solomon Islands. When I first cruised amongst these islands, Bishop John Selwyn was at the head of the mission. He was a man of truly noble character. He was in close sympathy with sailors, and, in fact, was no mean seaman himself. He could and did go to a ship's masthead and pilot her through reefs with which he was acquainted. When I was in the South Seas several years later, Bishop Wilson, now Bishop of Bunbury in Australia, was at the head of the Melanesian

Mission. He won the hearts of all our officers and men. Their respect and regard for him were undiminished when they saw his performances in the cricket field and learned that he had played cricket for his county. He went with me to Norfolk Island, and I paid him a visit at the missionary establishment there. The members of the mission—there being several ladies amongst them—were persons of great refinement, having all the charm of manner which distinguishes the best class of English people. Their unselfish devotion to the mission cause was proved by their being where they were.

At Nukualofa in Tonga-tabu, the Rev. Dr Moulton was in charge of the Wesleyan Mission working in that part of the Tongan group. He was a most courteous and agreeable companion, and a highly accomplished scholar. He had translated a great part of the Bible out of the ancient languages direct into Tongan. All previous translations had been from an English version. He executed the remarkable achievement of translating Milton's *Paradise Lost* into Tongan blank verse. I was present at a meeting of students of a college under his supervision at the end of one of the terms. The students gave recitations of different kinds. One of these consisted of extracts from Milton's poem, spoken in character. In my scanty cabin library I had a copy of *Paradise Lost*, and, as it happened, had been reading the poem not long before I arrived at Nukualofa, so that much of it was fairly familiar to me. I fear that my opinion on such a matter is not worth much, but it struck me as an astonishing merit of Dr Moulton's ability as a translator that, owing to his happy imitation in Tongan of the rhythm of the English verses, I fancied that I could trace in the recitation—as I listened to it—some passages of the original. I spoke to Dr Moulton on the subject after the recitations were over, and alluded to the passages

which I had noticed. I learned from him that my inference was correct, and that the passages referred to were in the translation and had been recited that evening. I remember one of them still. At one point in the recitation I was irresistibly reminded of—

"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,"

and on bringing forward this amongst other passages, Dr Moulton told me that the very words were translated as they stood into Tongan, and occurred at the place which I had noticed.

When in New Guinea in 1884, I had what I look upon as the great privilege of making the acquaintance of the Rev. James Chalmers of the London Mission. Like most of those who knew him, I felt that in him I had met a really great man. His zeal as a missionary was manifest to all. It cost him his life in the end. He was a man of singularly cheerful, indeed merry, disposition, a delightful companion on a journey, and endowed with such courage and calmness in the face of difficulties that what at first seemed impossibilities were made at length to appear easy. He had abundance of common sense, which, no doubt, explained the ascendancy which he soon gained over natives. He once told me that his notion of mission work was to make his converts real Christians and not imitation Europeans. He would retain all good native customs and get rid of those only which were bad. I landed with him on Rook Island, where no white man had ever been seen before—at all events, none had been there within the experience of the then generation of inhabitants. We entered the town, for it was a town of considerable size rather than a village. The population was large, and in an open space in the middle of the town several hundreds of natives crowded round us, but all were too polite to come unpleasantly near to us. The hum of conversation amongst so many people was

disconcertingly loud. Chalmers, who did not know the language of the place, signed, in his commanding but always thoroughly gracious manner, to the people to be silent; and at once there was silence. He then signed to them to sit down, and down everyone sat. He next indicated to them what the object of my visit was, viz., to declare a British protectorate over the island. Gesture-language goes for much in the South Seas, and Chalmers was quite understood. Our Government subsequently gave up the protectorate over this island.

Roman Catholic missionaries were not numerous in the South Seas, and the communities of native Catholic Christians were small. I never visited Wallis Island, where there was a cathedral, and of which the whole population was Catholic. All the missionaries of this church whom I met were Frenchmen. Bishop La Maze, whose acquaintance I made at Apia in Samoa, impressed me as being a man of distinction. He invited me to accompany him on a short expedition that he was making to a small group of his converts living near Apia, but rather high up on the mountain-side. The visit to these people was interesting. The Polynesians are great orators, and oratory is held in high esteem amongst them. Every chief of importance had in his retinue his orator, or "talking man" as our sailors called him. The duty of this official was to make speeches for his chief, who sat by in silence whilst they were being delivered. The rule was that, when the orator was speaking he should lean on a spear. Converts to Christianity gave up the practice of carrying spears, and the orators substituted for them a walking-staff. On this occasion the staff had been mislaid. The bishop and his companions were received with ceremony. We all —natives and ourselves—sat down, and the orator stepped into the middle to deliver his oration. Not a word could he utter. There was a most un-

comfortable silence. A lively and agreeable French priest, who spoke English perfectly, whispered to me: "He cannot utter a word unless he has a staff in his hand. Has anyone got a walking-stick?" No one had. The priest then passed his umbrella to the orator, who immediately began to speak, and the speech went off admirably. I was reminded of the lawyer, mentioned in the *Spectator*, who could not speak in court unless he were twiddling a piece of string between his fingers.

There were two French missionaries and a lay brother at Matupi, in New Britain. Their house had been burned down, as they believed, by native incendiaries. The one or two resident white men, and all the natives whom I examined on the subject, unanimously declared that the fire had been caused by the accidental oversetting of a lamp. The missionaries, however, did not feel that their lives were safe; and at their request I took them to Sydney. They had lost everything that they possessed and we had to dress them in our clothes. The leader of the mission afterwards became an archbishop; and, I think, was in New Guinea when I visited it again many years afterwards.

I met two American missionaries in the Caroline Islands. They were very superior men and exercised a most beneficial influence over their native neighbours. I believe that their converts were not numerous. The Chief of Kusaie, whom they had brought up, spoke English wonderfully well. He wore white men's clothes. He lunched with me in my cabin, and before beginning said to me: "May I say a prayer? I am accustomed to say one before my meals." Of course I at once assented, and he said grace before meat with a dignified simplicity and sincerity which were very impressive.

The missionaries were not the only people whose presence and work in the South-Western Pacific benefited the natives and helped to establish order

and decency in what had been a lawless area. Officials of the British Government, by their personal example and zealous performance of their duties, greatly advanced the good work. When Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) came out as first governor of our then newly constituted colony of Fiji, he brought with him a band of officials, the merit of whose services it would be difficult to exaggerate. Some of them rose to high distinction as officials, and their names are known throughout the British Empire. I need mention only two—Sir William Macgregor and Sir George Le Hunte. Of the latter I can speak with something more than admiration. He took a cruise with me and it lasted five months. A more delightful shipmate it would be impossible to meet. He had a great liking for the Navy. I used to think that he would have rather been a naval officer than anything else. I am sure that if he had joined our service he would have made an excellent officer. The High Commissioner thought it advisable to send a Judicial Commissioner, with powers greater than those of a Deputy-Commissioner, on a sort of circuit through the islands. The Judicial Commissioner was also chief justice of Fiji, and could not be absent for a prolonged period from his court. The same reason prevented the attorney-general from being temporarily commissioned in his place. It was then decided, with good results in every way, that Sir George (then Mr) Le Hunte, who was a member of the English Bar, should be appointed acting Judicial Commissioner and should proceed with me through the islands. It turned out that there was not much judicial work to be done. There was some, however, and it was done with dignity and ability, and thereby greatly impressed both white men and natives. Mr Le Hunte readily rendered to me all the assistance that he could in matters not specifically connected with the work of the

high commission. I remember his support with gratitude.

There is another set of men who may justly claim a large share in the credit of improving conditions in the Pacific Ocean. They are the officers of the British Navy. Having cruised in its waters long before our imperial officials appeared there, and in many parts before the appearance of even the missionaries, it is they who laid the foundations of order and progress on which the others were able to build.

CHAPTER XXXII

INCIDENTS ON DIFFERENT ISLANDS

It may be mentioned here that some of the native tribes in the Pacific, even those a long way from being what we should call civilised, had money of their own. In the Pelew Islands, or Palaos, the so-called "money" was composed of beads of old pattern and pieces of coloured glass. Mr Kubary, the Polish savant, who knew the islands north of the Line well, told me that he believed it to have been received from the early Spanish navigators, the first white men whom the natives of the Pelew Islands had ever seen. It was regarded as a sort of sacred treasure rather than as a circulating medium. To the islanders it represented a palladium of great sanctity, the retention of which was essential to the prosperity of the country. As will be explained later, I was able to restore this treasure to the king, from whom it had been exacted by a British man-of-war as a pledge of good behaviour.

In the island of Santa Cruz, south-east of the Solomon group, the money is beautiful to look at. It is composed of a strip of bark, sometimes several yards long and about three inches wide, on which the bright crimson feathers of a small bird are stuck with some native glue. When new it has a brilliant appearance. Though it cannot be said to have a great circulation, it does occasionally change hands and gets soiled, becoming, in truth, rather dingy in appearance, just as a much-handled banknote does

in the United Kingdom. It is "coined" only by the inland people, who live in the mountains, and who are not always on friendly terms with the people of the coast. If the former have a monopoly of "coin," the latter have a monopoly of salt. Consequently, differences get themselves adjusted sometimes without war. When I was at Santa Cruz money was very short and the hill people were refusing to send in any more. I visited the leading coast chief. He was counted a wealthy man and had considerable quantities of the feather money in his house, which he showed with as much satisfaction as a picture collector might show his gallery. There was an interesting arrangement in this chief's house. Like nearly all the native houses of the South Seas its sides were composed of mats or leaves; but it had an inside lining of stout, roughly adzed plank, extending from about a foot and a half above the ground to a height of about six or seven feet. It seemed that the chief's enemies, who did not dare to meet him in open fight, amused themselves when opportunities offered by shooting arrows at the side of his house on the chance of catching the chief himself when the arrow, as it usually did, passed through. The chief, becoming tired of this, hit upon the plan of disconcerting the archers by armouring the walls of his house.

The money of New Britain was called *dawarra*. It had several of the characteristics of real money. It was comprised of small white shells, like cowries, perforated and strung on fibres or midribs of leaves. The Chief of Matupi, who was a millionaire in his way, had large coils of it in his house, each coil being encased in matting. A characteristic which *dawarra* shared with real money was that the material of which it was made was precious because it was rare, the small shells being seldom found in the neighbourhood. Another characteristic common to *dawarra* and white men's money was that it was extremely

divisible and could be easily converted into small change. You might have a yard, a foot, an inch of *dawarra*, or even a single shell, just as you might have a sovereign, a shilling, a penny, or a farthing, or a *centime*. On the other hand, you might have fathoms of *dawarra*, just as you might have scores of sovereigns.

The most extraordinary "money" was that of Yap in the Western Carolines. Each piece was like a grindstone with a hole in the middle, and most pieces weighed several hundredweight. A diameter of three and a half or four feet was quite common. I heard of, but did not see, a piece of six feet in diameter weighing more than a ton. This "money" was not generally in circulation. Houses in Yap, as in many other Pacific Islands, were usually built on platforms of earth revetted with unhewn stones. Against the faces of these platforms the money rested, being placed on edge. It was, in fact, displayed much in the same way as plate is or used to be displayed on a sideboard. When there was a marriage between members of chiefly families there was always an interchange of presents; and this money was usually included amongst them. When I have spoken of it to friends at home, they have frequently said that it could not be stolen because of its cumbrous size and weight. I thought so myself at one time; but I was told at Yap of an actual theft of some rather heavy money. One of the strangest things about this money is that it is not produced at Yap. It comes from a small islet in Korror Harbour in the Pelews. It is made from rock, crystalline and white, which, I believe, is called aragonite. When I was in the Pelews the Chief of Korror allowed about one hundred Yap men to work the quarry on the islet. In these days the money is carried to Yap from Korror in foreign sailing-vessels. How the transport across the long interval of open sea was accomplished when only canoes existed in those parts is not easy to explain.

When I was about to begin my Pacific Island cruises I had my coxswain and one of my gig's crew instructed in the art of photography by a leading photographer of Sydney. The Kodak was then unknown; but the men managed to take by the dry-plate process a number of photographs of scenes and objects which no photographer had ever visited or seen. They took a good photograph of some natives of Yap standing beside the local money, the size of which appeared by comparison with the height of the natives; and this photograph was afterwards reproduced and published in London.

In the South Sea Islands there are a great many different languages and a still greater number of dialects. On some islands, Mallicolo in the New Hebrides for example, one can almost see what happened at Babel going on before one's eyes. People who live in one village speak a language different from that of another village in sight of them. This is due to the constant state of war with their neighbours in which some of the savages live. They never exchange a word with each other. The isolation leads to the perpetuation of different pronunciations of the same family name, which, though known to two contiguous tribes, is pronounced by one so differently from the way in which it is pronounced by the other that it sometimes seems as if two totally different persons were meant.

In these circumstances it might be supposed that a captain of one of H.M. ships would find it impossible to carry out investigations when nearly all the witnesses whom he could examine must necessarily be natives of the islands. As a fact, investigations are greatly helped, indeed are rendered almost easy, by the astonishing capacity of the natives for using gesture-language. They have in reality been using it all their lives, as it was only by means of it that they could speak to anyone not belonging to their own tribe or their own village. The finger alphabet

of our own deaf and dumb is merely a form of gesture-language, and long practice in it produces something astonishingly near perfection.

One or two special native gestures may be mentioned. Shaking the head—our negative—indicates with them the affirmative. They do not exactly nod the head when they mean "No"; they nod in the reverse way, so to speak—that is, they toss it backwards. The thumb of the right hand thrust into the mouth and pressed against the upper teeth means, in many tribes, completeness or totality. "They have all gone, every one of them," could not be properly expressed unless the thumb were used as above stated. I repeatedly carried out, in the New Hebrides, the Solomons, and New Britain, long inquiries in which it was always possible to get an intelligible and connected story from a witness; and in which the testimony of some witnesses was corroborated by that of others.

Here and there one used to come across natives who had been in Queensland or Fiji, and who had picked up a few words of English which helped to make their gesture statements even clearer than usual. These men and a few other islanders understood the extraordinary pidgin-English, known as *Bêche de mer lingo*, or "sandal-wood English." This was the invention of English sailors who visited the islands. Here are a few specimens:—"That fellow woman Mary long a me" (That woman is my wife); "That fellow white man he go bung two Yam" (That white man has been dead two years, or two yam harvests); "That fellow boy he no good; he Mattee other fellow boy belong other fellow place" (That young man is no good; he killed a man belonging to another island). In the Solomons, I think it was on San Cristoval, I employed a native to do a small job for me, and, in addition to the stipulated payment, gave him a meal. To my astonishment, when he had finished feeding, he said

to me: "All same Christmas." I asked him what he knew about Christmas, to which he replied: "Me plenty Savvy Christmas; me been three yam Queensland; plenty ky-ky (plenty to eat) Christmas." I again asked what he did in Queensland. His answer was: "Cow-chasing." He had been at a cattle station. One morning I was walking near a village on the island of Api in the New Hebrides, when I passed close to a naked savage lying on his back full length on the ground, smoking a pipe. He surprised me by wishing me "Good morning." I returned his greeting, and asked where he had learned English. "Me been Bundaberg (a place in Queensland) six yam," he said. I then asked: "What boxis you get?" (What did you receive in payment?) His answer was startling: "Me get boxis two hundred pounds." I repeated rather incredulously, "Two hundred pounds!" He promptly rejoined: "Yes, two hundred sovereign." I then asked what he had done with the money, and was told: "Me put him a long bank." This was not the only case of a native having a banking account in Queensland that came to my knowledge. My friend had remained lying down all the time. He informed me that he was now so well off that he was not going to do any more work; but intended to spend the rest of his life lying on his back and smoking. There is one feature of the *bêche de mer lingo* which I have not attempted to reproduce here. Nearly every sentence is studded with oaths, which the savages pick up with extraordinary facility from white visitors addicted to profanity.

The natives of the islands who had been to Queensland had usually gone there to labour on plantations in the tropical districts. Latterly no Pacific islander could be legally employed in Queensland except in "tropical agriculture." Previously—as shown by the case of my friend who had been "cow-chasing"—employment of the islanders had

not been so restricted. As development of the country proceeded, and as settlement moved farther north, the want of labour was much felt. This gave rise to the labour trade. This much-abused occupation was a perfect godsend to people who were fond of telling and listening to ghastly stories. It was declared by some to be no better than the slave trade; and, in fact, it was often called by that name. My belief is that the stories against it were grossly exaggerated. There may have been—there probably were—abuses; but nothing like so glaring as those alleged. In days when Bully Hayes and men like him were cruising freely about the Pacific, trading was not always carried on in kid gloves. Still, I think that even in those days very few islanders went to Queensland, or even Fiji before it became a British colony, except of their own free will.

Later, the labour trade was put under strict regulation, and as far as I could see—and I had specially good opportunities for observation—was rarely, and never grossly, abused. The appointment of captains of H.M. ships as Deputy Commissioners gave them legal powers over the crews of labour vessels which they rarely had to exercise. The opposition to the labour trade did not cease. Some people who knew nothing about it advocated its abolition because they believed the stories about kidnapping and enslaving of the native islanders. The missionaries of the different Protestant sects were unanimously opposed to it. This was natural. They saw all the objections to it. It is not certain that they saw that it had some advantages. Nearly all the chiefs of tribes from which labourers were recruited opposed it strenuously. Scarcely any chief of a South Sea Island tribe had a large following, and the migration of ten or a dozen of his most energetic, able-bodied young men seriously weakened his power and was likely to leave him nearly defenceless against a rival whose young men

did not emigrate because geographical conditions prevented them from reaching a labour vessel. Married men in a tribe usually objected to the trade. It offered special advantages for elopement to ladies who had grown tired of their husbands and who longed to seek happiness with another man in a distant country. In my opinion, the islanders as a whole were in favour of the trade. Queensland was to most of them what Mexico or Peru had been to the Spaniards of the sixteenth century—a land in which wealth awaited the immigrant. Not a few of them willingly went back there for a second term. I met, on a sugar plantation in Northern Queensland, a native woman who was almost broken-hearted at being obliged, by the law, to go back to her island. She was deeply attached to the family with whom she was living, and, in return, was regarded with affection. It would be a reasonable inference, from the eagerness of many islanders to go to Queensland, from the readiness of not a few to engage for a second term there, and for the disinclination of others to leave it and return to their islands, that the life of a "kanaka" labourer was not generally unpleasant.

Ever since Fiji had become a British possession with Crown Colony government, both the labour trade and the treatment of islanders on the Fijian plantations or in other occupations called for little criticism. As a rule, Fijians did not serve the white residents. Nearly all domestic servants were immigrants, often cannibals, from the other islands. It was amusing to see black-skinned male cannibals acting as nursemaids to white babies, and showing great kindness and attention to the little ones under their charge.

CHAPTER XXXIII

NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, AND AUSTRALIA—RELATIONS WITH SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

WHEN I began the first series of cruises in the Western Pacific of which I have been speaking, the office of High Commissioner was held by the Governor of New Zealand, Sir Arthur Gordon having been transferred to that government from Fiji—of which colony he had been governor—and having been continued in the office of High Commissioner. I met and conferred with him at Sydney. I did not visit New Zealand till after he had returned to England. After that the high commissionership and the governorship of Fiji were again combined.

I took special interest in New Zealand. I was born before white men permanently settled there, and was more than a year old before it became a British colony. My father's first cousin and my namesake—Colonel Cyprian Bridge—commanded one of the first British regiments ever stationed in the country. An early recollection of mine was that of seeing the large collection of water-colour drawings of the scenery and natives painted by him. I remember my father going to the meeting in London held to receive the first report of the arrival in New Zealand of the so-called "Canterbury Pilgrims," the pioneer settlers in what became the Canterbury province. I wished very much to see the development of this important dependency, the

whole political life of which was less than my own personal life.

I first saw New Zealand in 1883, and was amazed by the astounding rapidity and grandeur of its development. I had been a boy at school when the first white man settled at Christchurch. I had little more than reached the commencement of middle age when I found Christchurch a great city, with a stately cathedral, a great college, a public school faithfully reproducing the features of similar institutions of historic name in England, a splendid museum, fine public buildings, and long lines of handsome and even sumptuous private houses. Christchurch was not the only place at which marvellous progress was disclosed. Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin were all great and flourishing cities, and there were many towns second only to those named in the numbers of their inhabitants.

Columbus reported that Cuba was "the most beautiful land that ever eyes beheld." I maintain that it must yield the palm to New Zealand. The originator of the proverb *Vedi Napoli e poi mori* had never seen Auckland. The Bay of Auckland is far more beautiful than the Bay of Naples. Dunedin is one of the most picturesquely situated cities in the world. If its beauties have not the grandeur of those of the Scottish capital, the ancient name of which it bears, it charms the eye in a way that cannot be credited to many cities. All the smaller towns which I saw I found very attractive. Probably nowhere, certainly in no modern town of moderate size, could you find street architecture more tasteful than that of Omaru; whilst for picturesque situation, its neighbour, Timaru, has no reason to envy the towns on the French or Italian *Riviera*.

New Zealand possesses a collection of beautiful and impressive scenes, such as are nowhere to be found together in the same country. I have mentioned the surpassing beauty of the Bay of

Auckland. As you approach New Zealand on the west, you see the snow-clad cone of Mount Egmont, not unworthy to be mentioned in the same sentence with Mount Etna. Milford Sound is finer than any of the fiords of Norway. The Mount Cook glacier is greater than any glacier in Switzerland; and Mount Cook itself might justly claim a distinguished place amongst the Alps. The Southern Lakes—but for the general absence of signs of human activity and settlement—could vie as regards aspect with the Italian Lakes. I had the good fortune to see the Pink and the White Terraces, and had also the melancholy satisfaction of visiting their desolated site after their destruction. They have gone; but the beautiful Lake Rotorua and the geysers in its neighbourhood still remain.

It is not its picturesque scenery alone that makes New Zealand so attractive to the visitor from the Old Country. It has the most delightful climate in the world, rather like that of Great Britain but without its defects. When passing between the hedgerows and hop-gardens, say near Nelson, the English visitor can hardly bring himself to think that he is not in Kent or Sussex.

As regards climate, the summer climate of Tasmania, freshened by breezes from the Antarctic regions, perhaps surpasses that of New Zealand; but taken as it is throughout the year, the New Zealand climate is unequalled. The beauties of Tasmania are undoubtedly very great. One sometimes hears people talk enthusiastically of the view from the seats of the ancient theatre of Syracuse from which spectators could look across the stage and catch sight of the sea. The view from the grand stand of the Hobart racecourse is far finer.

How little we really know about the Australian dominions, those great flourishing and opulent states which men of British race have either created from the beginning in a very short time, or have

immensely advanced within the duration of a single man's life! How many of us know that there are only three cities in the United Kingdom larger than Sydney and Melbourne; and only four cities in the United States larger than Sydney? The Australian cities are not merely abodes of great numbers of inhabitants; they are also the homes of a culture abreast of the finest in the northern hemisphere. Their universities are older than many in the United Kingdom; their technical schools stand in the first rank; their hospitals are of splendid, almost sumptuous, design and equipment, and, as the saying goes, thoroughly up-to-date. When a new Australian town is being laid out in the wilderness, the first step is to set apart the best possible site for a hospital, which accurately reflects the character of the generous and kindly Australian people. The medical schools of Australia are justly held in high repute. Those who can speak with authority on literature and fine art will know what—in a time almost incredibly short, if we compare it with the time taken to reach the same height in other countries—Australia and New Zealand have produced. The real state of things in these great dominions must be borne in mind whenever we discuss conditions in the South Sea Islands. Those islands are of no more indifference to King George's subjects in his great dominions at the Antipodes than are the islands in the Caribbean Sea to the citizens of the United States.

I have dwelt on the inevitable relations between the dominions and the islands in order that anyone who reads these pages may have a fairly correct notion of the extreme delicacy of the position of a captain of one of H.M. ships ordered to cruise about the South Seas. There was a public opinion in the dominions and a public opinion in the United Kingdom, neither of which he could afford to disregard; and the two opinions were not always the

same. There were two sets of authorities, to one of which he owed obedience and to the other respect. Absolute identity of view amongst these sets of authorities was not always certain. Surely it may be claimed for the naval officers, who for a long series of years managed to walk on a platform strewn with extremely fragile eggs without smashing any, that they discharged their duties with discretion and public spirit. I hope that this will not be looked upon as blowing my own trumpet. I am thinking far less of myself than of my many predecessors and successors, some of whom were confronted with problems more difficult than those which I had to face.

The High Commission had nothing directly to do with the natives of the islands. Dealing with them was the exclusive province of the Navy. The latter had the choice of only two methods, viz., persuasion or hostilities. You could give a native chief "a talking to," or you could convert him by "act of war." The islanders, especially the Melanesians of the New Hebrides and the Solomons, are singularly astute diplomatists. As nearly every tribe in several of the Melanesian islands is—or in my time was—at war with its neighbours, it would be highly important for a belligerent chief to secure the help of allies; and no ally could be more desirable than a white man commanding a goodly number of his countrymen equipped with efficient weapons.

The arrival of a man-of-war was occasionally received by the savages with friendliness and the appearance of delight. When the captain landed, he was entertained with stories of the iniquitous conduct of the neighbours of his new acquaintances; and it was delicately insinuated to him that he had a fine opportunity of inflicting condign punishment on the offenders. Much inquiry was necessary before it could be ascertained that the captain's informants were not only at war with their neighbours—which

was almost a matter of course—but were also contemplating an attack on them, and were desirous of securing the help of the newly arrived man-of-war.

Sometimes the native diplomatists tried the method of inveiglement. Hostilities were never alluded to. In every body of British naval officers visiting their shores the natives suspected that there would be a sportsman who wanted to shoot pigeons; a collector who wanted to pick up curios; a naturalist who was "out for" specimens; or a pedestrian who, after the long confinement of a voyage, was eager for a walk on shore. So they would depict in glowing colours the advantages of an excursion in the hill country. They knew that the inhabitants of that country would regard their appearance in it, especially when accompanied by white men, as an invasion in force. An attack on a party of officers from a man-of-war would certainly lead to reprisals and the probable destruction of the assailants' tribe.

One had to be continuously on the alert to avoid being led into some adventure which would almost certainly result in bloodshed and would only benefit a tribe of cunning cannibals not particularly deserving of support.

For the savages, international law had no existence. A treaty would be kept just as long as it would seem more profitable to keep it than to break it. Amongst some of the less savage islanders a flag of truce—or what answered to it, viz., a palm branch or a bough—had a certain sanctity; amongst others it had none at all. They knew that when officers of H.M. ships displayed it they meant to be friendly; but it did not follow that they themselves either ought to or would respect it. In several islands the sacred character of a herald, even in war-time, was recognised; but in others, if he dared to execute his office he would probably soon supply the principal dish at a ceremonial repast.

The savage is covetous because he sees no reason

why he should not be; unless it be the impossibility of seizing what he covets. He will not only covet his "neighbour's vineyard"; he will also continue to covet it until he gets it or is convinced that he is not strong enough to take it by force—which is the only legal process that he knows anything of. In his philosophy might is right. His whole policy is based on the principle of being prepared to make an attack on an unprepared neighbour. His art of war consists in a determination never to fight a pitched battle unless he is in overwhelmingly superior force or has a much more efficient equipment. Some chiefs made themselves a terror to their neighbours when—at enormous cost in island produce—they had bought a few magazine rifles, many years, indeed, before the crews of H.M. ships had them. Savage tactics consist of raids on unarmed men, women, and children. They are undertaken with the object of destroying their neighbours' houses and ravaging their fields, besides slaughtering the defenceless. There are only two ways in which they can be stopped—the raiding tribe must be either exterminated or disarmed. It is the well-founded conviction that there is nothing besides extermination or disarmament to determine his relations with his neighbours which makes war and preparation for war the principal occupation of the savage's life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SOME EXCURSIONS

WHEN I was at Espiritu Santo—usually called Santo—in the New Hebrides, the captain of a vessel from Fiji, who had been in the group several times, offered to accompany me on an excursion to an inland village on the west side of the adjoining island of Mallicolo. He protested that he was quite sure of the natives, who—because their village was inland and hidden in a fold of the mountains—were not to be coerced into good behaviour by the presence of a man-of-war.

We landed in Mallicolo and started in the direction of the village early in the forenoon. We were not met by the natives of the village, though they had promised to meet us on landing. The weather was very hot; the road was uphill; and the path—on which we could travel only in Indian file—ran through long grass which almost prevented any circulation of air. It promised to be anything but a pleasure excursion. When we had been making slow and really painful progress for the best part of an hour, there suddenly arose, as if out of the ground—really out of the long grass—a band of fully-armed and naked savages. These were the people who had promised to meet us at the beach. They probably had their own reasons for not coming nearer to the water and for concealing themselves. Their reception of us was friendly, but we could not have failed to notice the fact that we had been entirely at their

mercy when we dropped upon their hiding-place in the long grass.

One of the natives had picked up a few words of English and he was good enough to attach himself to me. We continued our journey for two or three hours, feeling the intense heat a good deal. At length we arrived at the village. Just before entering it we sat down to rest and get cool. The ship's gunner was one of our party. He was a very good-looking man, with an erect and well-knit figure. He was still a young man; but was very bald. When he took off his hat his baldness was revealed to the by-standers. The savages noticed it with shouts of delight. One of them came forward and touched the bald pate with his fingers; as this was not resented, others did the same until there was a small forest of hands resting on the gunner's head. This was a favourable sign as regards our friends' intentions; but other signs were not encouraging.

When we entered the village, which was compactly built and neat, there was not a living thing to be seen. The natives who had met and accompanied us could not have numbered half the able-bodied men of a village of the size of that which we had just reached. We stayed in the village for more than an hour; and yet not a woman or a child appeared. The situation was not pleasant; but it was absolutely necessary to avoid showing any sign of alarm.

In front of a house larger than most of the others a great number of bones was suspended from the eaves. I said to my companion: "Man bones?" To which he replied in the negative. On closer inspection they turned out to be principally pigs' bones. There had been a banquet at the house and —in accordance with a custom which I observed also in other islands—the giver of the banquet, instead of putting an account of it in the morning papers, had the bones that had been gnawed by his guests hung up for the information of the public and

as a memorial of his hospitality more durable than a paragraph in the "Society" column of a newspaper. In walking about the practically deserted village I went down a short lane, and in front of a house of no great size saw another lot of bones hanging up. As I was looking at them my savage companion nudged me and said in a low tone: "Man bones." Here was evidence of a cannibal feast; but I inferred, from the appearance of the bones, that it was not a very recent one.

We now squatted down in what may be called the public square of the village and handed over to our friends the various presents which we had brought with us. They were received with signs of gratitude, and I was presented in turn with a small pig. It was now well on in the afternoon, and I decided that we ought not to stay any longer and that we must get back to our ship's boat before dark. The natives, who had accompanied us on the latter part of the way up, came with us on the way down, kindly carrying my pig for me. When we had reached a spot near the place at which they met us earlier in the day they suddenly decamped, disappearing all at once in the long grass. We managed to get down to the boat just before it became too dark to see the way, very tired and generally very draggled in appearance.

We afterwards ascertained why it was that the village was deserted when we were in it. It had been proposed to make an attack on us. There was a division of opinion. It was carried by a majority that we were not to be molested; but the opposing minority was large and—as one vote counts two on a division—a few from our side going over to the opposition later in the day would have turned the scale. The uncertainty as to this rendered it desirable for the women and children to keep out of the way.

In parts of Southern New Guinea and in many of the Melanesian Islands there are signs of migra-

tions and invasions; some perhaps of very remote date, others much more recent. However it may have come to the islands, it may be taken as certain that the black-skinned race was in them before the brown-skinned or so-called "Polynesian" race. The Polynesians came from islands to windward of Melanesia and Southern New Guinea, and some of them may have drifted involuntarily before the trade-wind; while others may have engaged in deliberately planned expedition. There is a Tongan tradition of the latter on which Byron has based his poem of "The Island." When I was at Ponàpe in the Carolines in 1883, there were some Marshall Islanders who had been driven there much against their will by the wind. They had started in three native vessels —the Marshall Island craft are far too large and elaborately built to be properly called canoes—they had broken up one on the voyage for firewood; a second had been wrecked; and the survivors, much reduced in number, had at last got safely to land. They were waiting to get back to their homes, the prospect of which was remote.

Many of the Polynesian migrations to Melanesia must have been organised expeditions, as the new-comers frequently secured a foothold on the shore from which their predecessors could not dislodge them, and not seldom conquered and ruled the earlier inhabitants. In some cases the two races had coalesced sufficiently to have become virtually one. In other cases they still kept apart and were usually hostile one to another. This division of races on a single island had been long known to sailors cruising in Oceania, who distinguished between the "salt-water men" or more recent comers, and the "men of bush" or earlier inhabitants who had been driven inland, usually to the mountains.

In New Guinea the people about Port Moresby were brown-skinned, straight-haired, rather tall, of slight figures, grave and taciturn. Farther east, at

South Cape for example, the inhabitants were nearly black, of middle height, thick-set, merry, laughing chatterers. Whilst my ship was lying at the South Cape, during the proclamation of the New Guinea Protectorate, Mr Chalmers—always full of energy—persuaded me to accompany him in an ascent of South Mountain. With five or six other officers and eight or ten natives we started as soon as it was light. By Mr Chalmers' advice we each took, and handed over to a native to carry, a change of underclothing. We took very little food with us, merely a few potted meat sandwiches, because we expected to be back at our starting point before the afternoon was out.

Immediately after leaving the beach we had to cross an extensive mangrove swamp, composed of soft mud covered with water. Our flannel trousers soon became black nearly to the knee, whilst the mud gave out an odour anything but pleasant. Having gone through the swamp, we came to a river and—as no one in such localities looks for bridges or fords—went straight on, at any rate washing the black mud off our trousers. After crossing this and other rivers we began to ascend, through grassy country sparsely studded with trees and shrubs. The weather was hot and the slope, though not as yet very steep, was still steep enough to make travelling slow and fatiguing. In fact we had, by midday, made disappointingly little progress. We halted for a few minutes and ate our sandwiches. Mr Chalmers, whose costume was a flannel shirt and trousers, canvas shoes, and a sun helmet, had round his waist a leathern strap passed through the handle of an enamelled iron teacup. This we all used in turn to get water from a little rivulet trickling down the slope. We had no other meal and most of us had had only a hurried breakfast at 5 A.M. As we pushed on, the slope became steeper and steeper, and the trees much closer together.

About four in the afternoon, when there was little more than two hours' daylight left, our natives stopped and declared that we had reached the summit. We convinced them that we had not; on which they said that they could not act as guides any farther, because they had never been beyond the point at which we now stood.

After a short council of war, it was—under Chalmers' enthusiastic advice—decided to go on until we could reach the summit of the mountain. Our real troubles now began—the ascent was nearly precipitous. It was possible to ascend only by grasping a branch or the slender trunk of a tree, and pulling oneself up the successive stages. There were many pandanus or screw-pipe trees with invitingly slender trunks, usually covered with beautifully soft moss. The temptation to clutch these and use them in the pulling-up process was irresistible. We suffered much by doing so, as beneath the moss the trunks bristled with sharp thorns. My hands soon became quite bloody.

After an extremely fatiguing climb, just as it was growing dark, we at length got to the very top of the mountain. We found a small, clear space, nearly circular, and some twenty yards in diameter. Here we threw ourselves on the ground. It had been pouring with rain for the last hour or two, and the ground was saturated with water. We managed to light a fire, but it would not remain alight in the rain. We ourselves were wet to the skin. By Chalmers' advice we changed our underclothing, what we put on being not quite so wet as what we took off. We stretched a line between two trees and hung our wet underclothing on it in the hope that the rain might cease—which it did not.

We had nothing to eat or drink, and were too tired to do anything but lie down on the soaking wet ground. We were so sleepy that we did not mind the wet; but we were kept awake all night by the

sharp points of the rocks, which were numerous amidst the soft ground. Every turn of the body brought a sharp point in contact with a rib. The natives, who never lost their jollity and seemed to think that our mountain-climbing was the best joke in the world—bivouacked on the edge of the clearing just opposite where we lay. I felt something rather slimy at the back of my neck. This turned out to be a large slug trying to crawl down inside my shirt. I got rid of this visitor, and later on had the pleasant experience of finding another slug, equally large, coiling himself round my right ear. I picked it off and hurled it from me, hearing it go smack against the naked body of one of our savage companions. This caused great hilarity amongst them.

Not one of us could have slept a wink. Towards the morning the rain became intermittent; but we were still wet through. Just as it began to dawn, there was a greater than usual amount of giggling amongst the natives, and one of our party—a midshipman of H.M.S. *Nelson*, the commodore's ship—rose to see what was up. He called out: "The natives are wearing our clothes." Sure enough, they had taken the vests and drawers from the line on which we had hung them and had put them on. Being discovered, they burst into shouts of laughter. My own drawers had been appropriated by a gentleman who, unaccustomed to the use of such things, had used the legs as sleeves. He was so proud of his performance that he wore the garment in this way for several days, and I presented him to the commodore while he still had it on. As no one would have cared to wear an article of clothing which had been worn by one of the natives, we gave them the clothes which they had taken from the line.

We did not lose much time before beginning our descent. I was greatly fatigued. Except a couple of sandwiches, I had had no food since 5 A.M. the previous day, had been unable to sleep, and had had

an exhausting climb. On the way back, although it was all downhill, it was as much as I could do to prevent myself from collapsing altogether. About two in the afternoon, when we had left the more difficult part of the descent behind us, we were met by some men from the ships, sent out to look for us. They had with them some cocoa. I swallowed a cup of it, and was immediately so greatly refreshed by it that I was able to do the rest of the return journey without discomfort. As for that wonderful being, Chalmers, he looked as if he had done nothing more energetic than take a stroll in a garden. I was delighted to get back to my own cabin, to a bath, a meal, and some very necessary sleep. I never cared to repeat my experience of mountaineering in New Guinea.

CHAPTER XXXV

POLYNESIANS

CRUISING among the Melanesian groups was interesting and sometimes exciting; cruising amongst the Tongan and Samoan Islands was delightful. The Tongans and Samoans are nearly related, being in fact but two branches of the same section of the "Polynesian" race. They are the handsomest people in the world. Their colour is a fine brown bronze. They have—both men and women—large and well-formed figures and finely shaped features. The Tongans, who live in a cooler climate, are the more sturdy. The beauty of the women, especially the young Samoan women, is very remarkable. The Tongans had overflowed into the Fijian archipelago, and amongst the people a large infusion of Tongan blood was easily perceptible. It became more apparent the farther that one went east. At Loma-Loma in Eastern Fiji, the population was indistinguishable from the Tongans and much Tongan was spoken. None of the Polynesians whom I came across could be properly called savages. Except the Maoris, for whose indulgence in the practice there was a special reason and whose recourse to it has been much exaggerated, the Polynesians were not addicted to cannibalism in the same way as many Melanesians were. Some of them asserted, and I consider the assertion worthy of belief, that they and their ancestors never had been cannibals. With others

the act of eating human flesh was of rare occurrence and distinctly ceremonial.

When I first visited Samoa five-and-thirty years ago, it was tending to become a bone of contention between the English, the Americans, and the Germans. The three powers agreed to set up a king, so as to place the whole group of islands under one sovereign chief. There was one chief, Malietoa, who could trace his pedigree back for seven hundred years. He had inherited more or less indirectly five titles. If he could have legally obtained the two other titles, he would have been universally accepted by the other Samoans as legitimate paramount chief, and his kingship would have been acknowledged throughout the group. The two titles in question were held, quite legitimately, by another chief; and Malietoa, as king, was looked on as a usurper by a large party.

The three powers insisted on his assuming the kingship and establishing a parliament of two houses and all the machinery of constitutional government. There was always a party against the king, and it was more in revolt than in mere opposition. The poor king tried very hard to lay down his uneasy crown. He gave me, in open audience, several hints of his wish to do so; and once, having arranged that I should meet him in private conference, he told me plainly that he wished to abdicate and go to Fiji. He admitted, on being reminded of it, that the existing arrangement was based on a treaty or regular agreement between three great powers, and that treaties could not be set aside by only one party to them. This poor monarch—a king in spite of himself—presented a melancholy spectacle. He said to me on one occasion: "I have a parliament; the parliament passes many excellent laws; but no one in the country pays the smallest attention to them."

The kingdom of Tonga had also a constitutional

government of the Western type. The king—George Tubou—was a fine old man, nearly ninety years of age. He was as straight as an arrow, in spite of his years; and amused himself as an amateur carpenter with tools of Western make. I have seen him plying an adze as vigorously as if he were a young man. He usually went about it in a becoming dress—a European shirt and a waistcloth or skirt of native cloth, or tappa. Our Government had some rather serious difficulties with King George and I was sent to Tonga to try to settle them. The old king received me ceremoniously—dressed, and looking most uncomfortable, in a blue European uniform, adorned with gold lace, and having on the most clumsy-looking pair of lace-up boots that I have ever seen.

The difficulties above referred to were satisfactorily settled, and King George told me that he was now too old to go on board ship, but that his grandson, Prince Wellington, the Crown Prince, would go to represent him. Prince Wellington did not live to succeed the old king. He was a big man, like all his race. He spoke English just like an educated Englishman.

When he paid his formal visit to the ship, I showed him a device in the engine-room, which, though invented long before, had been only recently adopted in the Navy. When it was explained to him he exclaimed in perfect English: "How small is the mind of man! How great are its works!" I thought this remark of sufficient importance to be reported officially to the commodore, so that captains of H.M. ships visiting the place subsequently might know what to expect. The prince made himself very pleasant at a banquet in his honour, and when he was leaving the ship I asked him to accept a copy of Guillemin's book on *Astronomy*, translated by the late Mrs Lockyer, and profusely illustrated. He accepted it readily;

and, as I afterwards learnt, he spent nearly the whole night lying face downwards on the floor of his Tongan house, reading the book by the light of the fire.

The kingdom of Tonga consists of three groups of islands—the Vavau group of high islands in the north; the Haapai group of low coral islands in the middle; and the Tonga-tabu group of islands of moderate elevation in the south. At the time of my visit the king was residing in the northern group. On the island of Vavau one occasionally saw large irregular blocks of stone as big as a good-sized sheep. They differed in structure from the rocks of the island, and the natives told us how they came to be there.

A few miles north of Vavau there is a small rather mountainous island called, if I remember rightly, Amargura. A giant lived on it and another giant lived on Vavau. They were not on good terms. The first giant wished to have a hand-to-hand combat with his neighbour, but could not cross the sea, and the Vavau giant would not. There was nothing for it but to throw large stones at the giant on Vavau. The latter had only one way of defending himself against his enemy's missiles, and that was a peculiar one. The hinder part of his body, below the waist, was of dazzling brightness. Whenever he saw his neighbour poising a stone with intent to throw it, he turned his back on him and bowed away from him and not to him. He dazzled the eyes of the stone-thrower: the stones fell wide of the mark; and there they are on Vavau till this day.

There is, opposite the entrance to the harbour at Vavau, an island with a remarkable cave, which can be entered only by diving. It is described in the celebrated book on Tonga by W. Mariner, who was wrecked there in a privateer, in the early part of the nineteenth century, within the memory of the old king. Mariner relates an incident, the account of

which Byron has followed in his poem, "The Island." Prince Wellington told me the story as it was still repeated in Tonga.

In the old days there were two tribes on Vavau which were nearly always at war. The son of the chief of one tribe met and fell in love with the daughter of the opposing chief. The young man's love was returned; but the parents on both sides absolutely refused to consent to a marriage. One day, when the young man was importuning his father to consent to it, the father, losing patience, angrily exclaimed: "You had better go away altogether." The young chief took him at his word, collected his followers, stored a canoe for a voyage, and put to sea. This may be a legendary survival of an account of a real occurrence, for many over-sea expeditions did in former years certainly start from Tonga.

In secret the young lover managed to communicate with his sweetheart. He had discovered the submarine cave when diving one day, and it was known only to him. He told the secret to his lady love. Like the Samoan, the Tongan girls are expert swimmers. So the young lady swam across to the island, dived, and entered the cave; and there awaited developments.

The young chief and his companions, having embarked, made for the West. He addressed them and said that he would go with them where they might enter into possession of a new country. Some of them expressed regret that the young chief had no wife, so that he might found a line of chiefs. On this he remarked: "Perhaps the Queen of the Sea will find me one," and without another word jumped overboard and disappeared in the water. This was just as they were passing the cave island.

His followers were greatly disconcerted by the sudden disappearance of their leader. They stopped paddling, and consulted as to what they had better

do. They had not been long in consultation when the young chief reappeared, accompanied by a beautiful maiden. He said to his companions: "You see that the goddess of the sea has found a wife for me." All rejoiced, and the voyage was continued.

Prince Wellington wished very much that I should go and inspect the cave, promising to accompany me. I reminded him that when, a year or two before, the captain of one of H.M. ships had dived on his way to it, he rose in the water too soon and struck his head against the over-arching rock, with the result that he was seriously injured. The prince remembered the occurrence and promised that this should not happen to me. "I will go with you," he said, "and I won't let you rise too soon." On this assurance I arranged to go with him; but unfortunately I had to leave Vavau before the time fixed for our excursion to the cave.

On my way from Vavau to Nukualofa, the capital of the kingdom, on the island of Tonga-tabu, I called at Haapai. From that place I took to Nukualofa a very pleasant and courteous chief—Tui-Belehaki, that is, Lord Belehaki, who took his title from a place in Tonga-tabu. He was married to a sister of Prince Wellington, the Princess Fusi Pala. The lady's name had a musical sound in Tongan. It was a disappointment to learn that when translated into English it meant "rotten banana." Tui-Belehaki held the highest rank among the Tongan chiefs. Like King George Tubou, he was a descendant of the sun; but he belonged to an older branch of that illustrious family. Consequently, the king—who had fought his way to the throne—had to yield to him precedence, and did not dispute it. Tui-Belehaki, at a ceremonial banquet, would receive the *Kava* cup before the king; and if the two personages were to meet when out walking, Tui-Belehaki could continue on his way, while the king would have to squat by

the roadside till he had passed. The king contrived never to go to the same Kava party as Tui-Belehaki, and never to meet him out walking. Amongst the Tongans, as also amongst some other Polynesians, chiefs are entitled to be spoken to in a language different from that used in the case of commoners. Tui-Belehaki's rank was so exalted that he had a language all to himself, which could not be used in speaking to anyone else.

Amongst Polynesians precedence is settled in accordance with the order in which the *Kava* cup is handed to guests. This order is well known, and though not reduced to writing, it holds in Tonga and other places the same position as that held by the table of precedence prefixed to a British peerage volume. At a Kava party there is a particular official whose duty it is to call out—each in his proper turn—the names of the persons to whom the cup when filled should be handed.

Kava, which in Fiji is called *angona*, is made from the root of a shrub which scientific people call the *Piper methysticum*. In Samoa the root is chewed and then mixed with a large quantity of water and drunk at once. When I was in Samoa I fought shy of *Kava*; but I had to sip it once or twice. The chewing there is done by young girls who sit in a row in front of the assembled guests. Only the front teeth are used in chewing, and during mastication the mouth is washed out with clean water about every minute. In Tonga the *Kava* root was not chewed, but was pounded between two stones; and there I tasted it frequently. I did not find the taste pleasant; but it was not positively nauseous. My attitude towards *Kava* would be the same as that of the Rocky Mountains hunter towards carrion-crow: "I can eat carrion-crow, but I don't hanker after it."

Near the anchorage at Nukualofa there is a small islet which Tui-Belehaki said was the first land created; or rather the first land fished up by the

great god of the Tongans from the bottom of the ocean. Tui-Belehaki was good enough to tell us all about it. When the newly created land had become sufficiently dry, the god put a man on it. This being complained of being lonely; and the god planted a yam on the island to give him occupation in cultivating it. In the night the devil came and dug up the yam. Thereupon the god planted a taro, which the devil treated just as he had treated the yam. The god now planted a cocoa-nut tree. This the devil pulled up by the roots. The god now became really angry and exclaimed: "This kind of thing has got to stop." He said to the man, who had been much troubled by the devil's malignant activities: "I will put something on the island that will give the devil so much trouble that he will not have time to bother you." The god accordingly put a woman on the island; and since then she has given the devil so much to do that the man has been but little disturbed by him.

There are some interesting sights on Tonga-tabu. To begin with, there are some very extensive caves, of which I was reminded when, years afterwards, I visited the caves of Adelsberg. There is a wonderful prehistoric monument, composed of two upright monoliths of great size, and a third across the top, morticed into the uprights. I was given by our consul a photograph of this monument. I brought it to England with me, it being the first that had reached this country, and gave it to a scientific friend, whom it interested greatly.

There are some curious terraced mounds called *langi*, believed to have been sepulchres of ancient chiefs. They are low pyramids, rising in successive steps. Some of them are of great size, the base covering something like an acre. Each step is faced with large blocks of stone, accurately cut. The upper surface of the terrace has a slight slope; and the stone at each of the four corners is so exactly placed that

it receives on its upper face a slope from each of two sides of the pyramid. The junction of the two planes forms a ridge cut with perfect accuracy and running as a diagonal to the right-angled corner of the stone. The work indicated an astonishing amount of dexterity amongst the ancient operatives, who could not have known the use of metals.

Tonga was, like Samoa, a constitutional monarchy, with a parliament. King George was a monarch of strong character who, having won his crown by knocking all competitors and malcontents on the head, meant to and did administer the affairs of his kingdom well. Dr Moulton showed me the old king's club, given him by his majesty when he had secured his position and there was no more knocking on the head to be done.

The parliament consisted of one chamber, and a powerful chief named Tungi—with whom I was on very friendly terms—was offered and accepted the post of Speaker. Before he had been very long in it a malicious white man insinuated to him that the Speakership was beneath the dignity of a great chief, because all Speakers are commoners. Tungi was very indignant and resigned the Speakership, nor could he be induced to resume it, until his title was changed from Speaker to President.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ANCIENT REMAINS—WAR AND PEACE IN OCEANIA—PEACE-MAKING

As already indicated, my most extensive cruises amongst Pacific Islands were made in the years 1882, 1883, 1884, and the early part of 1885, when I was captain of H.M.S. *Espiègle*. I made others, as admiral in command of the Australian station, in 1895, 1896, and 1897, but more than once these cruises took me to islands which I had already visited in the earlier years. The longest cruise, which has been alluded to before, was made in 1883. It took me to, amongst other places, the Ellice, Gilbert, Marshall, Caroline, and Pelew groups of islands. I also visited one secluded and interesting little spot called Greenwich Island, just north of the Line. Its few inhabitants were of Samoan type. The island was ruled by two queens. I paid them a visit and found two enormously fat, good-natured-looking ladies squatting side by side on a mat in what seemed to be the palace.

As I proceeded north from Fiji, I first called at Rotuma, which—though not inhabited by Fijians but by Micronesians—had recently been made part of our colony of Fiji, or at any rate had been put under its government. There is an extraordinary islet near the anchorage at Rotuma, which looks as if it had been chopped with an axe, and in the gash caused by the chopping a huge mass of rock had fallen and stuck half-way down.

In some of the Caroline Islands the natives, five-and-thirty years ago, were still quite savage; but the people of the Ellice, Gilbert, Marshall, and Pelew Islands had long before emerged from the state of mere savagery and had evolved by themselves efficient, orderly, and highly interesting systems of government. The Ellice Islanders were especially quiet and peaceable, and were all Christians. They had no weapons, and some of them assured me that their ancestors had never had any. This was not intended to deceive; but, all the same, it was a mistake. The truth was that the use of weapons had been discontinued so long ago that the traditions concerning them had died out.

As we went north we got beyond the reach of missionary effort, at all events of resident missionary effort. Where there were not white missionaries enough, their places were taken by Rarotongans, Samoans, and Tongans, usually in the capacity of "teachers." I saw several of these men and of most of them I formed a high opinion. A few of them had been regularly ordained as ministers of the congregational denomination. An ordained Samoan, the Rev. Mr Samuela, whom I met on Arorai in the Southern Gilberts, seemed to me the pattern of what a missionary should be. He ruled his flock firmly, but with more common sense than is always found in ecclesiastical autocrats. He was a worthy contemporary of Chalmers of New Guinea and Robertson of Erromanga.

In the Northern Gilberts the kingship still existed. In the Southern it had been abolished and had been replaced by a republican form of government. On at least one island, polity had been so far developed that its people had established a federal republic. In this I think they had anticipated Switzerland; and perhaps, though less likely, the United States also. All the so-called republics were really oligarchies. The governing body was a true senate,

being an assembly composed of elders — I think fathers of families, the *patres* of a very early day. The Kaupuli — sometimes pronounced Faipuli — house or senate house was a conspicuous object in the village. In the senate house of Vaitupu there were several rather curious pieces of furniture. In shape they were like European sofas, and were made, legs and all, out of a single piece of wood. I was told that they were for the use of legislators who were determined that they would not give in to long-winded orators trying to talk out a proposal. When this form of obstruction was tried the members favouring the proposal would take it in turns to lie down on the sofas and go to sleep, letting the obstructionists go on talking all night and thus preventing an adjournment and the failure of the proposed measure.

The Marshall Islands were all under chiefs, there being sometimes more than one chief on a single island. The inhabitants are classed as Micronesians; but I thought that, in some of them at any rate—the people of Majuro, for example—there must be a Polynesian strain. Some of the Majuro warriors were stalwart fellows. The Marshall Islanders are great seamen and navigators, and build, not canoes, but real ships. These are regularly built of pieces of wood, which, for want of nails and bolts, are sewn together with sennit, plaited of cocoanut fibre. A canoe has a sloping platform rigged out on each beam. The platform is several feet square, and usually has on it a regularly constructed house, of miniature dimensions it is true, and low in the roof, but big enough to let a couple of men, if not more, lie down inside it. The Marshall Islanders make long voyages, and even understand the art of preserving provisions for sea stock. The fruit of the pandanus looks like a coarse pine-apple. It is pulled to pieces. These are placed on a mat in the sun until they exude juice. They are then rolled much

as a cook rolls dough for pie-crust, until there appears what looks like a piece of blanket soaked in treacle. It has a rather sweet and not unpleasant taste. The "blanket" is made into a roll, is "parcelled" or covered with a dry leaf, and is then regularly "served" over with cocoanut fibre sennit; the whole process being exactly like that by which bluejackets in my time used to "make up" their ship's tobacco. The rolled pandanus fruit, thus treated, will keep for months, and in its wrappings is impervious to salt water.

The Marshall Islanders even make charts. Four narrow strips of wood tied together make a roughly square frame. Lines of twisted fibre are stretched across the frame at irregular intervals and roughly at right angles to each other. On the intersections of these lines shells or small pieces of coral are tied to represent islands. I think that the relative bearings are approximately correct. Sir John Thurston, the distinguished Governor of Fiji, a great part of whose life had been spent in the South Seas, told me that most islanders could point correctly in the direction of islands far distant from their own.

That the Marshall Islanders possessed a rather highly developed art of shipbuilding, and had also some perception of the scientific side of navigation, may be accepted as proof of their natural capacity and of their progressive tendencies. In several islands one came across material evidence of bygone civilisation, which was so completely prehistoric that it lay far beyond the oldest traditions current among the natives of the present day. The *langis* of Tonga-tabu were of comparatively recent date, and their construction was included in the range of credible tradition; but the great cromlech or trilithon a few miles from Nukualofa must be much older.

Some remains are so colossal in size, and cover

such extensive areas, that they would only have been constructed by a very numerous population. On many islands there is a tradition that in former times they were much more densely populated than they are now. Vaitupu, where there had been an ancient custom—long given up when I was there—of putting up headstones at graves, was largely a cemetery. That even the low and relatively unproductive islands could support a very large population was proved by the case of Taputawea, which had thousands of inhabitants and presented the appearance of an almost continuous village. When I was there the people were expecting a drought. They were not in the least alarmed by the prospect, but were busily preparing for it by preserving large quantities of pandanus fruit in the manner already described.

The greatest architectural remains were on two of the Caroline Islands. There is an islet called Lele, in Chabrol Harbour, in the island of Kusaie or Ualan. When I was landing there, I was at once struck by the strong likeness of some ancient boat harbours or cambers to structures of the same kind at different points in the inland Sea of Japan. On the islet were the ruins of what looked like a great castle or fortress, built of rough blocks of stone of different shapes and sizes, some of them being very large. The "king," a chief, told me that these places had been built by the ancestors of the present inhabitants, but it was clear that they had not even a traditional account of them. The buildings could only have been constructed by a population many times as numerous as that at present on the island.

Still more remarkable ruins are to be found near Metalanim on the larger island of Ponape. Here there are traces of a veritable city, a sort of Micronesian Venice, constructed in the water with canal streets. The people who laid it out must have

been experts in town-planning. The platforms or artificial sites for the buildings, and the buildings themselves, were constructed of basaltic columns like those of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. A resident American missionary told me that these columns were found at only one spot on the north-eastern coast of Ponape, some twenty miles by nearest route from the ancient city. Some forty years ago, the distinguished Polish man of science, Mr Kubary, whose acquaintance I afterwards made in the Pelew Islands, described these ruins and made an admirable plan of them. They have also been described by Mr F. W. Christian, together with the remains at Lele, in his book, *The Caroline Islands*, published in 1899.

Probably enough has been said in the foregoing pages to make it clear that, as a rule, the natives of the Pacific Islands are deserving of the sympathy and the help of white men. To those who were personally acquainted with the islanders, it was certain that one of the greatest benefits which the white man could confer upon them was to induce them to keep the peace among themselves.

Those who can carry their recollection back for some five-and-thirty years will be able to recall the scramble of the great powers of the west for Pacific archipelagos. Possibly signs that the scramble was coming might have been discerned earlier, but certainly in 1883, to those who sailed amongst the Micronesian groups, if to no one else, its approach seemed certain. A war between different tribes of natives would not only help to precipitate the action of the scramblers, it would also encourage the least scrupulous amongst them.

Native wars, as far as they came under my personal observation, were generally due to two causes. They were due either to retaliation for the abduction of a woman—the Tale of Troy repeating itself—in which case they were usually

short; or to the desire of a particular chief, supported by the covetousness of his followers, to become sole monarch in his island, in which case they were likely to drag on for years and, indeed, to become chronic.

I anchored one forenoon near a Southern New Guinea village of a remarkable kind. It was in two separate parts, perhaps thirty or forty yards from each other. One part was much smaller than the other, and both parts were built on piles right out in the water and the best part of a hundred yards from the shore. The villagers had cultivated ground on the mainland near the beach, and houses were here and there built high up in trees for the protection of watchers who remained all night near the cultivated spot, and who, but for these refuges, would have been exposed to attack by wild beasts or hostile tribesmen.

The smaller part of the village had been burned, and only charred remains of houses and of the piles on which they had stood were to be seen. The larger part of the village was intact, and the people were in a state of great excitement. All the women and children and many household goods had been hurried into canoes, and several of the men had climbed to the roofs of the houses and were keeping a lookout. I went to the village as soon as the ship had anchored.

An attack had been made on the place about six or seven hours before our arrival by a neighbouring tribe, which alleged that one of its young women had been carried off by a young man of the village, and that his friends refused to give compensation to her family. In the attack the outlying part of the village had been set on fire and burned. The villagers declared that the girl had eloped with the young man of her own free will, that she was, in fact, "of a coming on disposition." Even if she had not been forcibly carried off, some compensation

would, amongst many tribes, notably those on Sandwich or Vaté Island in the New Hebrides, have been due to her family. Anyhow, she was the cause of a war.

Many white men, met with in the Melanesian Islands, believed that amongst the natives wives were bought. As far as I could find out, this was a mistake. A present was always made to the bride's parents, even when they raised no objection to the marriage. The payment was a primitive form of marriage settlement. One could understand a prudent father refusing his consent to his daughter's marriage with a bridegroom so destitute of property that he could not "put up" the moderate amount at which custom had fixed the pre-nuptial "settlement." Such fathers are sometimes heard of in civilised countries. Where the practical part of the settlement came in was in the provision that it made for the maintenance of the bride in the event of her becoming a widow. If the proper payment had been made to her parents before her marriage, they would—in case of her husband's death—be bound to maintain her, and she would not be a charge on the resources of any of her late husband's relatives.

In no less than four islands which I visited during a long cruise in 1883 there were rather important wars—the islands were Milli, Arhno, Majuro, and Pelew (Palao). In all these cases I had the good fortune of being able to induce the belligerents to make peace. In Majuro and in the Pelews, hostilities had been going on for a long time, and were, circumstances considered, on a large scale. In the Milli and Arhno cases matters were settled in a rather short time. In the other cases the negotiations were more complicated and more prolonged. I was very glad to have Mr Le Hunte with me. Dealing with native belligerents was outside his special duties; but he gladly helped in every way that he could. His sympathy with all that was good in native

customs and institutions; his long experience in Fiji; and, as much perhaps as anything, his courteous and conciliatory manner, favourably impressed the natives. When trying to put a stop to a war I never asked Mr Le Hunte to do anything that he did not readily consent to do and do well.

The war in Majuro, which had been going on for years, was due to the desire of a fine old chief to reduce the whole island under his sovereignty. His daughter, a very good-looking little woman, with a grown-up daughter, was the wife of the leading chief on the other side. Both sides had rifles, even breech-loaders, and plenty of cartridges. There was a rather large commercial establishment in Majuro, where a New Zealand firm had an agency, at the head of which there was a well educated and agreeable English gentleman, who could speak the native language, and made himself very useful in my negotiations with the belligerent chiefs.

The old chief was besieging his enemy, who had constructed and was occupying a fortified camp, rather more than twenty miles from our anchorage. I went there and had an interview with him. I told him that I wanted him to stop the war. He asked, but in courteous phrases, what business it was of mine. To this I replied that it was my business to see that British interests did not suffer; that he had encouraged a British firm to extend its trade on the island; that he had derived great advantage from this; and that the war which I asked him to stop was very injurious to the firm's trade.

He did not dispute this; but asked what would happen if he refused. I told him that he knew that the man-of-war had big guns and many well-armed men, and he could judge for himself in what position he would be if, because of his obstinacy in continuing the war, he forced the captain of the man-of-war and his crew to join his enemies. He saw the force

of this, and after a little reflection agreed to treat with his opponents if I could manage to persuade them to come to an agreement. This I promised to do, and went off to speak to the chiefs on the other side, leaving Mr Le Hunte to look after the old chief.

The latter was a fine old man, taller than most of his companions, and of notably courteous manners. I had read, just before I left school, or rather had driven into me with much application of the rod, several books of the *Iliad*, so that I was well up in the account of the Trojan War. I now had its principal features displayed before my eyes. The old chief, leaning on a long spear at the head of his warriors, looked a veritable king of men, and recalled one's schoolboy idea of Agamemnon. The besiegers had drawn up their ships on the shore and made a wall to protect them. The besiegers' camp was composed of rows of booths on the open space beyond the wall. On the far side of this space was the fortress of the other side; for the quite scientifically fortified camp could be justly called a fortress. It had been beleaguered for years.

In the end, the leaders on both sides were induced to meet. There was a most affectionate renewal of intimacy, with sobs and embracing on both sides. The interview between the old chief and his daughter, who came to present her husband, touched all of us who saw it. The war was at an end and peace was firmly established. The old chief, in whose eyes tears were visible, addressed both sides in a short speech, saying that it was discreditable to them all that they had not settled their differences themselves, but had waited until white men had come to do it for them.

In view of the coming events in Oceania, which were already casting their shadows before them, and the steadily growing rivalry of the western nations in that part of the world, it was satisfactory to have

succeeded in inducing the islanders to stop their wars, which offered so many opportunities to unscrupulous intruders. The action of British naval officers in the South Seas had long been in favour of peace in the islands, though it was rarely known to their countrymen in general. There, as elsewhere, they had to work in the cold shade of Foreign Office dulness, not of the Secretaries of State themselves, but of their understrappers. Two of our greatest Foreign Ministers—Lord Palmerston long ago, and Lord Salisbury much more recently—expressed cordial approval of the services of naval officers, when obliged by circumstances to engage, beyond their own special and sufficiently exacting duties, in what was really diplomatic work. At a still later date I have myself heard Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey express admiration of the way in which naval officers had dealt with a delicate and difficult diplomatic situation. In performing it they too often found themselves "up against" the bureaucratic stolidity of Foreign Office clerks, doubled with the smug self-satisfaction of second-rate men.

Another opportunity of putting an end to a war in an important group of islands occurred in the Pelews, and here again I had the advantage of Mr Le Hunte's help. In my early schooldays most English boys were given to read a book called *The History of Prince Le Boo.* He was the son of a Pelew Island chief or "king." A man-of-war belonging to the East India Company had been wrecked in 1783 near Korror. Her crew had been most hospitably treated by the then chief, Abba Thoul, whom the English persuaded to allow his son, Le Boo, to go to England with them. Le Boo seems to have been a charming young man of high character. He died young in England, and his life was published for the guidance of English boys.

The Pelews were divided into two "kingdoms"—Malegojok, which claimed to be the older and, by right, the superior; and Korror, the ruler of which always bore the name or title of Abba Thoul. The latter monarch, whenever a British man-of-war—whether Royal or of the East India Company—called at Korror, ingratiated himself with the captain, and tried to get the support of the ship's crew in the war which was being almost continuously waged against Malegojok. Not very long before my visit, some of the people subject to Malegojok had plundered the wreck of a vessel belonging to a British subject. They were not entirely without excuse, but the act of plundering was undeniable. A British man-of-war was sent—not from the Australian but from the China station—and the captain, acting on the information furnished to him, decided that Malegojok must either give compensation or be punished. The Abba Thoul of the day, the same chief that I met when I visited the Pelews, did his best to paint the conduct of Malegojok in the darkest colours. He urged that strong measures should be taken against the offenders. Strong measures were taken. The principal village was burned; a heavy fine was imposed; and the "money," the sacred treasure which I have already spoken of, was seized and held as a pledge until the fine was paid.

Abba Thoul and the people of Korror saw a splendid opportunity for a war of conquest now that the other kingdom had been so weakened. I went to Malegojok and induced Abba Thoul to go there also, and succeeded in getting him and his enemy "king," Aracklye, to meet on board the *Espiègle*. Again Mr Le Hunte's assistance was valuable, as also was that of the distinguished Polish man of science, Mr Kubary.

I thought it desirable to reduce considerably the fine on Malegojok, and to engage to restore the

"money" as soon as a moderate instalment of the fine had been paid. I then urged the two kings to make peace. After some discussion they agreed to do so. A formal treaty was drawn up and signed by both of them, and friendly relations—which had been interrupted for many years—were firmly established. The last I saw of the two kings was when I left them sitting side by side at a banquet in amicable conversation. I brought the original treaty home with me and kept it for a long time as a document of great interest.

The commodore in command of the Australian station, having reported my proceedings to the Lords of the Admiralty, received instructions to send me the following communication:—

> "Their Lordships highly appreciate, moreover, the judicious and successful manner in which Captain Bridge induced the native chiefs to arrange their difficulties peacefully in several instances where a state of war existed. They consider that such influence, when used by one of the captains of H.M. ships, brings credit on the British nation, and greatly induces to the spread of civilisation among Pacific Islanders."

I made several more cruises among the South Sea Islands. Although they were not without incidents which, to me at least, seemed interesting, I do not intend to inflict an account of them on the people who may care to read these pages.

Here the record of my recollections may cease; what I remember of the later years of my service in the Navy, and in special positions which I had been chosen to fill, would probably be much more interesting to me than to anyone else.

Looking back on a long period of service—fifty-one and a quarter years from the day on which

I joined my first sea-going ship till the day on which, ten thousand miles from England, I left my last—one sentiment fills my mind. It is one of deep gratitude to the officers and men whom I was so fortunate as to have under my command, and to whose loyal support I owe what I am.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A POSTSCRIPT

A POSTSCRIPT to the disjointed and fragmentary record of my recollections is itself likely to be still more disjointed and fragmentary. It must necessarily refer to times so much nearer the present that most of the occurrences will have happened within the memory of a large number of people who will have no wish to be told what they already know.

On my way home from the Australian station in H.M.S. *Espiègle*, I was stopped by Admiralty order for several weeks at Singapore, in view of foreign complications and the desirability of retaining our squadrons in the Far East at full strength. This delayed my arrival in England until the length of my absence from it was not much short of four years.

My next appointment was to the command of H.M.S. *Colossus* in the early part of 1886. She was a sailless battleship. The change to a ship of that kind from the *Espiègle*, which had cruised many thousands of miles under canvas and beaten into harbours, and in which making and shortening sail and reefing topsails were operations of frequent occurrence, was very great. The *Colossus* was in several ways a rather remarkable craft. She was the first ship in commission which was armed with 12-inch breech-loading guns; she had a secondary armament of 6-inch breech-loading guns of a new type, on recently devised mountings. She was the first ship in the Navy to be lighted throughout with

1904.

CYPRIAN ARTHUR GEORGE BRIDGE
ADMIRAL, G.C.B.

the electric light: in other ships in which this light had been installed, it was confined to particular parts. The *Colossus* had also a peculiar arrangement for reducing rolling in a sea-way, viz., the "fully extended water balance chamber." This had been introduced already into other ships, but only in partial form. It was a compartment above the armour deck, extending right across the ship from one side to the other, into which a large body of water was admitted. As the ship rolled, this water rushed from side to side later than the roll, which it thus reduced. The strain brought from inside on the ship's side-plating was so severe that, after a rather exciting trial in heavy weather in the Bay of Biscay, it was found prudent to give up using it.

Just as the ship was about to proceed to sea, 12-inch guns, similar to hers, were tried on board a ship not yet in commission, and one of them burst. I was on board her at the time, to witness the trial, as the behaviour of the guns would naturally be of great interest to me. Fortunately no one was hurt; but the authorities decided to replace the 12-inch guns of the *Colossus* by others of a different "mark" or pattern.

Lord Jellicoe was the gunnery lieutenant of the *Colossus*, and took a most energetic part in the work of re-armament. We were delayed a long time until this could be completed, and spent several weary weeks at Spithead. Whilst we were lying there, an incident occurred which is still fresh in my memory. An unusually heavy gale was blowing and a very strong tide was running, the weather at the same time being rather cold. One of our bluejackets fell overboard from a boat, and was being quickly swept away by the tide, whilst the waves seemed big enough to overwhelm him. Lieutenant Jellicoe promptly jumped overboard and swam to his assistance. I did not see the man fall overboard, as I was on the other side of the deck; but I ran across just in time

to see Lieutenant Jellicoe jumping into the water. He swam with extraordinary vigour, breasted the waves continuously, and succeeded in reaching the man before the latter sank, and in keeping him afloat until a boat which I at once despatched picked them both up. The bluejacket was brought on board insensible, but soon recovered. Lieutenant Jellicoe smilingly received my congratulations and commendation, and walked quickly to his cabin to put on dry clothes.

The *Colossus* was sent to the Mediterranean station, of which H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was the commander-in-chief. The duke was certainly the ablest flag-officer whom I ever served under. He had an extraordinarily retentive memory; and had a remarkable knowledge of all the details of the structure and armament of the ships under his orders. A distinguished member of the Admiralty Constructor's Department came out to Malta on official business connected with the dockyard. He told me that he had been fairly astonished by the Duke of Edinburgh's intimate and accurate knowledge of the design and fittings of the different ships. H.R.H. was exceptionally well-informed on many subjects. In our cruises with the squadron we often called at most interesting places; and if we wanted to know anything of their antiquities and history, we usually decided to ask the commander-in-chief to tell us about them, which he always did.

He had a special aptitude for handling ships in a squadron, and was untiring in exercising his command in what were called "Fleet Evolutions." He held the office of Master of the Trinity House. It is an honorary post; but H.R.H. took his connection with it seriously, and greatly interested himself in lighthouse illumination. A new system had just been installed in the lighthouse of Europa Point, at Gibraltar. The Duke of Edinburgh took a party of us to see it. He explained the

arrangement, and gave us what was really a short lecture on the equipment of lighthouses, lightships, and illuminated buoys. I think that we all found it both interesting and instructive. I certainly did.

When I had been nearly two years in the Mediterranean, and nearly three in command of the *Colossus*, I was appointed by Lord George Hamilton, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to the post of Director of Naval Intelligence. The department then included branches which of late years have been erected into separate departments. When I had held the appointment for a little over three years, I went to sea for a short time in command of H.M.S. *Sans Pareil*. She carried two 110-ton guns of 16½ inches calibre. From her I returned to the Naval Intelligence Department, of which I was Director for, altogether, five years and a half. During this time I was brought into communication with many prominent officials of different ministries. I was greatly impressed by, and have never lost my admiration of, the zealous and public-spirited manner in which the civilians in office at the Admiralty did their work. They were remarkably keen in their interest in the good name of the Navy; and showed the most kindly feelings for the officers and the seamen and marines.

In the autumn of 1894, Lord Spencer, then First Lord, told me that the commands of the Australian station and that of the East Indies station were about to become vacant, and that he intended to submit my name to H.M. Queen Victoria for one of them. He would allow me to express a preference. I said that I did not wish to pick and choose, but that I hoped that he would nominate me to the first that would be vacant. That turned out to be Australia, to which I was in due time appointed.

I went by P. & O. steamer to Sydney, and there joined the flagship, H.M.S. *Orlando*, armoured cruiser. She has been enormously surpassed in size,

engine-power, and armament by recent ships; but in her day she and the ships of her class were regarded as formidable craft. As indicated in an earlier part of this record of recollections, I made one or two cruises to the South Sea Islands in her. At many of these no ship of anything like her size had ever been seen. Some of the savage natives were greatly interested in her. One morning, when the ship was lying at Ugi, in the Solomon group, several canoes filled with natives came close to the ship's side. They collected in a little knot, and then began tying their fishing-lines together. They next started to measure the length of the ship; but all their fishing-lines together would not reach much more than half way between the rudder and the bow. The carpenter of the flagship happening to pass at the moment, I told him that the natives were trying to measure the length of the ship, on which he said: "I think, sir, that they must have had an argument about it in their village last night." This is probably what really happened. One wonders if they had reached the stage of betting.

After three years as commander-in-chief on the Australian station I was relieved in 1898, and started in the flagship on my way back to England. As had happened to me thirteen years before, when I was also on my way home from Australia, I was again stopped at Singapore because of foreign complications. Just as I was entering Singapore Roads—having come from Batavia—I sighted on her way out the steamer which was carrying Sir Edward Seymour to Hong-Kong to assume the post of commander-in-chief of the China station. I had just time to send him a signal of congratulation and good wishes. Three years later I myself relieved him in the post.

Singapore is a remarkably interesting place, principally because of its varied population—Malays, Hindoos, Chinese, Javanese. When I first knew it,

many of the Malays still lived in villages built on the same system as that with which I afterwards became familiar at Port Moresby in British New Guinea. The houses stood on piles in the water close to the beach, and were entered by sloping platforms between the beach itself and the house floor. It is held, I believe, by scientific investigators that the people of Port Moresby and its neighbourhood are of Malay origin. If so, they seem to have brought with them to Papua their domestic architecture and their scheme of town-planning.

Cruising, and still more lying at anchor, in tropical waters lead to a rapid fouling of ships' bottoms, which seriously diminishes their speed when under way and increases steamers' consumption of coal. There was no dock at Singapore large enough to take in the *Orlando*, and yet her bottom had to be cleaned somehow. Our diver reported that it was covered with marine growths. A party of Malays offered to clean it for a sum of money which, compared with that which docking would have cost, had it been possible to dock the ship, was almost ridiculously small. I directed the captain to make a contract with them to scrub the ship's bottom. All that they asked for was that a plank should be suspended from the ship's side, so as to be just above the surface of the water, and that it might be shifted from place to place as their work proceeded. This was done. The Malays simply jumped into the water, dived under the bottom, scrubbed vigorously at the fouling, and came to the surface again for a short rest on the plank. The party was not large, about nine or ten men and lads. The jumping in and diving under the ship was of course repeated many times by each individual. The whole operation was completed in a surprisingly short time, and was so thoroughly done that on the voyage from Singapore to England the ship was easily able to proceed at her best speed without undue consumption of coal.

I remained at home more than two years and a half, when, in the beginning of 1901, I was nominated by Lord Selborne commander-in-chief of the China station. As it was most likely that the commander-in-chief—my predecessor—would be in the northern part of the station when I was timed to reach it, it was decided that I should go there across America. Accordingly I proceeded to New York, and thence *via* Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Moose-Jaw to Vancouver. At Vancouver the commander-in-chief on the Pacific station most considerately sent a destroyer to meet me, and in her I proceeded to Victoria in Vancouver Island, visiting that place again after an interval of many years, as mentioned in an earlier part of these recollections.

From Vancouver Island I went in one of the Empress Line steamers to Yokohama in Japan, where my new flagship, the *Glory*, met me. In her I proceeded to Wei-Hai-Wei, and there relieved Sir Edward Seymour. It is perhaps unnecessary to say—but it is to me a pleasure to say it—that Sir Edward turned over to me the fleet and the station in splendid order. No one who knows that distinguished officer, and the services which he has rendered to the country, would have expected anything else. My old gunnery lieutenant in the *Colossus*—the present Lord Jellicoe—was Sir Edward's flag-captain. He had, I was glad to see, recovered from a serious wound which he had received in the Boxer Campaign.

The active part of that campaign was now over. There was no more fighting; but the country was still in a disturbed state in places; and the foreign armies were in occupation of Peking, and of the railway line between Tientsin and Peking on one side, and between Tientsin and Shanhai-kwan on the other. The railways had been temporarily restored; but all the stations which had been burned down had not been replaced, and the many bridges

over the watercourses were hasty substitutes for the permanent structures.

One of the first duties of a commander-in-chief on a foreign station is to confer with the British ambassadors and ministers at the capitals of the countries adjoining his station. It was desirable that I should go to Peking as soon as possible. Accordingly, I left Wei-Hai-Wei in the commander-in-chief's despatch vessel *Alacrity* for Ching-wang-tao, and there took the train for Tientsin and Peking. I was given one of the Imperial carriages, a gorgeous construction with plate-glass sides. The weather was very hot. The glare of the sun coming through the glass was intense, and there was nothing to keep out the rays but a thin silk curtain of the yellow tint exclusively adopted by the Imperial House. I would gladly have exchanged it for a good thick curtain of a much lowlier hue. The members of my staff and myself felt the high temperature so much that we took off one article of clothing after another, till we had very little on. Whilst we were in this condition we ran into a station, and it was reported to me that a military guard was drawn up on the platform to receive me. Our stoppage at the station was to be short, and I had to choose between receiving the salute of the guard whilst I was nearly naked, or huddling on my clothes and rushing on to the platform only half dressed. How I managed I cannot remember, but I received the comforting assurance that everything had gone off all right. I hoped that it did.

I found in Peking many changes since my visit five-and-twenty years before. The springless carts —the street cabs of the place—had largely given way to jinrickshas; the streets, as a result of the efforts of the foreign armies, were cleaner; and the French had converted one of the widest streets into a very respectable boulevard.

One of the most interesting features of Chinese

geography is the river Yang-tze. It has its picturesque parts—for instance, the Ichang Gorges, which no one who has ever seen them can have failed to admire. This great stream flows past many populous and busy cities, and near, though not in sight of, the ancient capital, Nanking. Ships of the largest class can, in the proper season, go up as far as Hankow—more than six hundred miles from the sea. The river changes surprisingly, according to the time of year. In some places during the high river months there are sixty feet of water in a channel across which men can wade in the low river season. Shifting of channels is frequent. For much of its course, charts of the river would be useless to the navigator, who has to depend on the knowledge and experience of the river pilots. Most of these pilots were Englishmen; and the efficient manner in which they performed their work was remarkable. Amongst them Mr Mobsby, C.M.G., held a prominent place, and was known to and respected by many officers of H.M. ships, both as a skilful pilot and as a highly patriotic British subject.

My duties took me up the Yang-tze several times. Once I went as far as Ichang, over nine hundred and fifty miles from the sea, going on from Hankow on one of the light draught stern-wheel river gunboats. In one of my Yang-tze cruises I stopped at Ngan-king-fu, the capital of the province of Nganhwei. I sent to inform the governor of the province that I proposed to call upon him. He sent to meet me at the landing-place, several chairs, with their bearers, for myself and the officers who were going with me, and an escort of about eighty or ninety soldiers. These troops were well dressed in uniform, but carried no arms. Nearly everyone, however, had a fan. Eight of them marched two-and-two at the head of the line of chairs and the others in Indian file on each side of it.

When the governor returned my visit, he was good enough to invite me to dinner. The dinner party was a large one. The dinner itself was served partly in the Chinese and partly in the European style. The menu was in English, having been written by the Chinese instructor in English of the local school. The translations were literal; for example, fillets of beef appeared on the menu as "beef-pieces." We were given forks to convey the food from the plates to our mouths. The governor, next to whom I sat, almost overwhelmed me with kind attention. He even—and I think it was a great compliment—offered me the use of his own toothpick. I felt obliged to decline; and hope that I did so in a manner that prevented my refusal from being mortifying to His Excellency.

On the Yang-tze I made the acquaintance of two eminent Viceroys—Liu-Kun-Yi and Chang-Chi-Tung. I attended, later on, Liu-Kun-Yi's funeral. He was greatly respected and liked by the British officers who knew him. It is a mark of politeness in China to ask the age of a person whose acquaintance you have just made. At my first visit to Liu-Kun-Yi, without any intention of paying him a mere compliment, I asked—through the interpreter—how old he was. He immediately exclaimed: "How rude you will think me. I ought to have asked you first." The custom of inquiring as to a person's age was not very uncommon in Japan. About the time to which I have been referring, an English lady, no longer very young, came out to deliver lectures on household management to the Japanese. Her first lecture was attended by people of both sexes. Before beginning, she told the audience that when her lecture was finished she would be glad to answer any questions. Amongst the Japanese in the front seats was a young man who had followed the lecture with close attention. When it was over he said to the lecturer, "How old

are you?" This question she indignantly refused to answer, and persisted in her refusal to disclose her age, though the young Japanese said, "You told us that you would be glad to answer any questions."

Different nations were casting longing eyes on the trade of the Yang-tze basin. The British were the first to open it, and naturally their share of it was large. Other people thought that they would like to take away some of it for their own advantage. In the Far East, even in the case of commerce, much is supposed to depend upon prestige. Something does depend on it; but, in my opinion, the effect of what we call prestige has been enormously overestimated. What do tell in our relations with Far Eastern officials and in our commerce are honesty and good faith, qualities with which Orientals justly credit British officials and British merchants. Our prominence in the commerce of the East is much more due to the knowledge that, as a rule, British subjects are honest dealers and keep their word, than to prestige; though, perhaps, the last cannot be entirely ignored.

Anyhow, a British commander-in-chief has to see that the prestige of his country is maintained. It seemed desirable to give the officials and inhabitants of the Yang-tze basin a clear notion of our sea-power. Accordingly I went up to Hankow in the *Glory*, which was thus the first battleship to ascend the river so far, to reach a point more than six hundred miles—nearly all of them in fresh, not salt, water—from the river's mouth, and seventy feet above the level of the sea. As far as one could make out, the effect was great. As the various cities were passed the crowds of people who turned out to look at the battleship were enormous. At one place, Wu-Hu, I was told that every male inhabitant of the city able to walk had gone to the river front to gaze at the spectacle. It was an astonishing sight. There were tens of thousands of Chinese

standing in close ranks along some two or three miles of river frontage. From Hankow a telegram was sent to the Admiralty, saying it had been considered desirable that the first battleship to ascend the Yang-tze to Hankow—the head of navigation for sea-going ships—should be British. Their lordships were pleased to approve the proceeding.

In 1902 the memorable treaty between this country and Japan was made. It seemed to me desirable to pay a special visit to Japan with a considerable squadron. With this I started from Hong-Kong, and after a voyage made very uncomfortable by almost continuous fogs, reached Yokohama when the news of the signing of the treaty was still quite recent. The Japanese people were most enthusiastically in favour of it.

H.I.M. the late Emperor was specially gracious. He received me in audience, and I was invited to a banquet at which he was present. On several occasions I had the honour of receiving invitations to entertainments at which also H.I.M. appeared. At one audience he was pleased to ask me if I would like to see the game of Japanese polo. To my great disappointment I had to leave Japan before the day fixed for the game.

As some compensation for this, the Emperor gave directions that I should be asked to a Japanese duck hunt. I was able to take part in this, and I found it most exciting sport. In the late autumn—almost on the same day every year—great numbers of wild duck come into a coast lagoon some dozen miles from Tokio. By the side of this lagoon there is a sort of hunting park belonging to the Emperor. In this park there are many short canals, about twenty feet broad, connected by narrow winding channels with the lagoon. On each side of a canal there is a low bank of earth, and at the inner end of it a wooden screen with a peep-hole cut in it.

The hunting party remain in the background, each member of it being provided with a rather stout butterfly net. A Japanese gamekeeper creeps to the peep-hole, and, when the wild ducks have entered the canal—as they usually do—in sufficient numbers, he beckons to the hunters to approach. This they do, crouching down behind the low banks at the sides of the canal. It is impossible to keep fully concealed from the wild ducks which soon rise and endeavour to fly away. The sport then consists in trying to catch the birds with the butterfly nets, taking great care not to get entangled with a neighbour's net, which is not always easy.

As a rule, the bags made at these hunts are not big. The hunt immediately before the one in which I took part had been arranged for the entertainment of the foreign diplomatists at Tokio. The whole *corps diplomatique* only succeeded in catching one duck. It is satisfactory to know that this solitary contribution to the bag was caught by the British Minister. In our case we had what was considered exceptionally good sport, the bag amounting to about seventy birds. A young Japanese naval officer who was of the party outdid all of us, having caught twenty-three. I had the good luck to catch seven, and twice over to get a "right and left," that is, to catch one bird on my right and another on my left before bringing my net down. The Emperor was said to have been very fond of this sport when a young man. At my farewell audience he was pleased to express great satisfaction on my telling him, in answer to his inquiry, that I had been lucky enough to catch seven wild ducks.

I met many of the most prominent personages in Japan—ministers, generals, admirals, and other high officials. I look back with unalloyed pleasure to my intercourse with them. I invariably found them honourable and high-minded men, on whose word I could implicitly rely. Some of the most

distinguished are now no longer living, and I count it a privilege to have associated with such men as the late Prince Katsura, Prime Minister; the late Count Komura, Minister for Foreign Affairs; and the late Count Kodama, whom I look upon as the greatest strategist, not even excepting the celebrated Moltke, of modern times.

When I was relieved in March 1904, I returned to England across the United States, visiting San Francisco again after an interval of forty-eight years. Of course it had grown so greatly that I could not recognise any point in it. The Russo-Japanese War had broken out before I left the China station.

The steamer in which I crossed the Pacific from Yokohama to San Francisco called at Honolulu and remained there two days. The development of this beautiful place, under the intelligent rule of the United States, since I had seen it nearly fifty years before, was astonishing.

I reached England in May 1905, after an absence of three years. A few months after my arrival I was appointed, with the eminent King's Counsel, Mr Butler-Aspinall of the Admiralty Bar, to inquire into what was known as "the North Sea incident." We sat for some time in public, hearing oral evidence; but much longer, in association with Mr E. S. Roscoe, the Admiralty Court Registrar, in private, settling pecuniary claims. We had the singular gratification of learning that our decisions were accepted as satisfactory by both sides.

In 1916 I received an invitation from H.M. Government to sit on the Statutory Commission established to inquire into the conduct of the campaign in Mesopotamia. With great reluctance I accepted this invitation, simply because I believed that it would be wanting in public spirit to decline it. The work was quite as unpleasant as I expected that it would be, and—to say the least—not less hard than seemed likely when

I received the invitation to take part in it. I was very glad when it was over. Its cessation allowed me to continue the writing down of these recollections, which I had begun not long before I was asked to join the Mesopotamia Commission, and which I then had to give up for the time.

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